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MODERN GAELIC BARDS

M·C·MACLEOD
ENEAS MACKAY

1908

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MODERN GAELIC BARDS.

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MODERN GAELIC BARDS

[First series.]

EDITED BY

MALCOLM C. MACLEOD

STIRLING
ENEAS MACKAY, 43 MURRAY PLACE
1908

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PREFACE.

AT the present time, when a wave of Gaelic enthusiasm is passing over the country, and the language, its literature and music, engage so great a share of public attention, the moment seems favourable for issuing a collection of present-day Gaelic poetry.

Stated broadly, the object of this work is twofold: in the first place, to present a short but accurate account of the lives of contemporary and recent Gaelic poets, comprising a few of those who appeal to the Gael through the medium of English; and, secondly, to supply a large and varied selection of their compositions, including, in many cases, the melodies to which they are sung.

The information brought together in the biographical sketches has been gleaned from a variety of sources, all of which are deemed authentic. We would fain disarm criticism by protesting that we do not pretend to offer any addition to the knowledge of those who are already familiar with the productions of present day poets. Into nothing does the personal element of taste and predilection enter more than into one's appreciation of poetry, in whatever language and of whatever country. No attempt is, therefore, made to enter upon anything like minute criticism. Indeed, that is entirely alien to the design, which is limited in extent to furnishing some slight biographical material by way of contribution

to a felt want, leaving the several selections to speak for themselves as regards their individual merits.

In selecting from a mass of poetry, one is liable to be censured for omissions on the one hand, and on the other for including pieces of inferior claims instead of others of superior merit. That, however, resolves itself into a matter of opinion, upon which it is not always possible to receive the sanction of general approval. Nevertheless, the choice here offered is so extensive that probably no reader will experience disappointment because a favourite song is missing, and many will doubtless be gratified by discovering others with which they were not familiar.

But the volume is not merely intended to be used as a song book. We had also in view the forming of a repository where instruction and agreeable entertainment would be available, even for those who may have no knowledge of, or aptitude for music. In order that the work might be better adapted for such purposes, we decided to give each song complete, in addition to printing the first verse along with its accompanying melody. We hope that these features will conduce to make the collection a welcome friend at Gaelic gatherings and at the fireside.

The Gaelic orthography, in the following pages, is not uniform throughout, and this is in deference to the wishes of one or two of the authors, who each desired that his own method of writing his compositions should be adhered to.

In conclusion, it behoves us to mention that this book is an extension of articles contributed during the past year to the *People's Journal.* We are indebted

to many correspondents for their kind assistance and encouragement. In particular, we owe Mr. John MacCallum, Taynuilt, a deep debt of gratitude for a considerable number of melodies which were received from him; also, Mr. Henry Whyte ("Fionn"), Glasgow, and Mr. T. D. MacDonald, Appin, who helped in many ways. Here, also, we gratefully own our indebtedness to An Comunn Gaidhealach and The Gaelic Society of London for granting permission to include prize songs and melodies, further acknowledgment of which is made in the text.

7 Garland Place,
Dundee, *January, 1908.*

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Lieut.-Colonel JOHN MACGREGOR, M.D.

"The Bard of Clan Alpine."

MODERN GAELIC BARDS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN MACGREGOR, M.D.,

THE BARD OF CLAN ALPINE.

DURING the long persecution of the Clan Macgregor after the battle of Glenfruin, when they were unjustly outlawed and their name forbidden to be borne under penalty of death, John Macgregor, of the Macgregors of Glengyle, Perthshire, found his way to Carloway, on the west coast of the island of Lewis, and settled there. Lieut.-Colonel John Macgregor, M.D., the subject of the present sketch, is the great-great-grandson of this refugee, of whom he is the present representative, and of the Macgregors in Lewis, as well as honorary bard to his ancient and royal Clan.

He is the youngest and only surviving son of the late John Macgregor and Janet Macdonald, Stornoway; was educated at Stornoway, the Glasgow University, by private tuition in London, and at the Royal Army Medical College, Netley. From this last institution he passed first-class into the Indian Medical Service, and was promoted to his present rank first on his list in his Presidency, shortly after which he retired.

He has had various important Government appointments, has acted as Professor of Materia Medica and

Surgeon to European General Hospital, Bombay; Civil Surgeon and Superintendent of gaol, Aden; and has faithfully served his country in India, Arabia, Beluchistan, and Burmah. During the Burmese war he was senior medical officer with the Frontier Brigade at Bhamo, on the remote borders of China, with the Mougong Expedition, and various flying columns. On two occasions his horse was killed in action He was mentioned in despatches, and received a medal and two clasps when the war was over.

An enthusiastic Freemason from the Fortrose Lodge of Stornoway, he has been Worshipful Master of the Masonic Lodge at Aden, and afterwards Grand Master of Ceremonies of all Scottish Freemasonry in India.

One of the widest of travellers, partly on Government service and partly for love of adventure on his own account, he has crossed sandy deserts, thick forests, and climbed high mountains, including the famous volcano of Popocatepetl, in Mexico, 18,000 feet, which rivals St. Elias, in Alaska, in claiming to be the highest mountain in the whole continent of North America.

During the critical time when war was pending between France and Siam, accompanied only by native servants, he travelled through parts of Borneo and the wilds of Siam, and, passing through regions never previously visited by Europeans, he safely reached the Great Mekong river and, later on, the China Sea, after a trying and dangerous journey.

Shortly after the Afghan war, he made a forced cross-country ride through a difficult mountainous country from Sibi in Scinde to Thull-Chotiali in Beluchistan, and was then the first European to cross over the Zembar Pass, single-handed, though a reconnoitring party in force had crossed it once before, commanded, as it happened, by the late General (then Colonel) Sir Charles Macgregor, whose elegy is given here in dead-march time.

Picking up a native at Gamboli at the foot of the Pass, who was prevailed upon to guide him, he attempted this journey as a shorter route to his destination. But the country was so disturbed at the time, that the guide afterwards got frightened, and deserted him. He consequently lost his way, but eventually succeeded in reaching the British outpost, with a single trooper of the Scinde Horse as his only escort from Gamboli.

Changes of fortune and narrow escapes by land and sea have been indeed very much his portion in former days, many of which, when not on active service, have been duly recorded in some of his own books. He was on board the "City of Paris," for instance, then the largest ship in the world, when she got water-logged, and nearly foundered crossing the Atlantic, with three thousand tons of water on board of her when she was rescued; and it was he that wrote the description of the disaster that appeared in the *Times* of that date.

Though his life, till of late years, has been very much a life of action, Colonel Macgregor has written a good deal, more especially of travel and verse, and he still writes on various subjects, both in Gaelic and English.

Besides numerous articles, poems, and short stories in various periodicals, enough to make several volumes, he is the author of "Through the Buffer State," a record of travel through Borneo, Siam, and Cambodia. This book took the leading place when reviewed by the *Athenæum*, the principal critical journal, and was probably the best book of travel of its year.

He also wrote "Toil and Travel," a record of wanderings through several out-of-the-way countries; "The Girdle of the Globe," a poem of adventure in ten cantos; "De Morte Gladiatoris," a poem; and "Luinneagan Luaineach," a book of Gaelic verse, expressly written in distant lands to keep the Gaelic language in his memory. This device succeeded so well that he returned

home a better Gaelic scholar than when he left, and a Gaelic poet besides.

As a Gaelic poet, perhaps the best known of his songs is "Tir nam Beann-ard," not because it is his best by any means, but because it is more often sung at Highland gatherings; "Beannachd leis na Beanntan," purporting to be written when leaving the Highlands, and "Ceud Failte do m' Dhuthaich," on first returning there after fourteen long years of continuous foreign service, as well as many others, are quite as good, and perhaps even better, though not till now set to music, and therefore not so familiarly known.

He is one of the few Gaelic bards who has succeeded to any great extent in writing Gaelic verse with real rhymes, such as "Tir nam Beann-ard" and "Beannachd leis na Beanntan," while "Smaointean Diomhair," and the Gaelic version of General Sir Charles Macgregor's Lament, are two examples of real rhymes in double syllables, a very rare thing in Gaelic. Being almost all written abroad, the Gaelic poems sometimes take the colour of their surroundings, such as the lyric on cholera, and others, while they also claim to have been written in more varied parts of the world than those of almost any other poet, ancient or modern.

As Clan bard he wrote in 1903 "An Ode on the Battle of Glenfruin," to celebrate the 300th anniversary of that fateful conflict. This ode appeared at the time in the *Scotsman* and several north country journals, and is greatly prized by the members of the Clan. We give it here, and "The Storming of Dargai," which also appeared at the time of that stirring incident, as a couple of simple samples of his English patriotic verse.

But though most closely associated with his own Clan as Honorary Bard and a Director of the Clan Gregor Society, he has taken the warmest interest in whatever conduces to the welfare and good fellowship of his fellow Highlanders, altogether apart from individual Clans, and has always lamented the downfall and

desolation of the Highlands. He is Honorary President of the Lewis and Harris Association and of the Paisley Gaelic Club, Vice-President of the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association, Patron of the Edinburgh University Shinty Club, ex-Vice-President of the Gaelic Society of London and of the "Comunn Gaidhealach," for the preservation of the Gaelic language; member of the Highland Society of London and of the Society of Authors, &c.

In 1896 Colonel Macgregor married Mabel Phœbe Annie Mary, elder daughter of the late Samuel Hyde Parrish and Elizabeth Mary O'Brien, Ravensworth, Essex. He has two sons, Alastair Alpin Douglas and Iain O'Brien; and two daughters, Jessie Alpina and Margaret Helen Mabel. He has always been a genuine Highlander, fond of his country, the Gaelic language, and the loyal race from which he springs.

PORT BROSNUCHAIDH NAN GAIDHEAL.

KEY E Flat.—*Beating twice in the measure.*

s$_l$	d:-. d:d	m:-. r:m	s:-. s:s	l: -
Oh,	cruinn - ich - ibh,	cruinn-ich-ibh,	cruinn-ich-ibh,	cruinn,

:l	s:-. m:m	r: - :m	r: - : -	d: -
Oh,	cruinn-ich-ibh,	cruinn ri	cheil —	e:

:s$_l$	d:-. d:d	m:-. r:m	s:-. s:s	l:-
Cha'n ann	air-son	cath - raid le	claidh-eamh no	lann,

:l	s:-. m:d	r: - :m	r: - : -	d:-
Ach	cuid - eachd an	ceann a'	cheil —	e;

:m	s:-. l:t	d':-. t:l	t:l:l	s:-
Chum	cum - ail air	cuimh - ne na	laith - ean a	thriall,

:s	d':-. t:l	l:-. s:m	l:-. s:m	r:-
Na	laoich do'm bu	dual a bhi	uas - al us	fial,

:s$_l$	d:-. d:d	m:-. r:m	s:-. s:s	l:-
A'	chainnt' a bu	sheol - ta leinn	ceol ag - us	ciall,

:l	s:-. f:m	d': - :m	r: - : -	d:- ‖
'S gu'm	bàs - aich gach	miann nach	treig	sinn.

Oh, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh cruinn,
Oh, cruinnichibh cruinn ri cheile,
Cha'n ann airson cathraid le claidheamh no lann,
Ach cuideachd an ceann a' cheile ;
Chum cumail air cuimhne na laithean a thriall,
Na laoich do 'm bu dual a bhi uasal us fial,
A' chainnt' a bu sheolta leinn ceol agus ciall,
'S gu 'm basaich gach miann nach treig sinn.

Bidh gillean us nigheanan òga ri seinn
Gu fìleanta binn 's a' chànan
Bha blasda le 'n sinnsear feadh aireamh gach linn,
'S a sheinneadh gu grinn le Adhamh ;
Gach aon aca feuchainn co 's airde bheir luaidh
Air morachd nan Gaidheal—gach piseach us buaidh
A dh' fhas ris na h-armuinn a b' abhaist bhi cruaidh,
'S bho chian do 'm bu dual a' Ghaidhlig.

A nall as gach aite 's an dàn dhuibh bhi tàmh,
Ceud failte do chlann mo dhuthcha,
Tha cruinneachadh cuideachd le furan 's le baigh,
Mar chomunn 's mar chairdean cùbhraidh ;
Cha chuimhnich sinn idir gach aimhreit us strith
Chuir moran d' ar sinnsear le deuchainn gu dìth,
Oir, O ! 's ann bhios sinne, fo bhratach na sith,
Ri ceileireadh binn 's ri sùgradh.

Gach òg agus aosd, as gach taobh agus treubh,
An nochd bidh sinn eibhinn ceolmhor,
Gun chàmpar, gun churam do chuis tha fo neamh,
Ach cuideachd bhi reith ri cordadh ;
'S fadheoidh, nuair a sgaoileas gach aon a bhios ann,
Le cridheachan dileas do Thir ard nam Beann,
Sud slainte 'nur deigh—'s gu 'n robh deadhghean nach gann
Gu bràth air bhur crann ri comhnuidh.

FONN-ARD :—

Oh, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh, cruinnichibh cruinn,
Oh, cruinnichibh cruinn ri cheile,
Cha'n ann airson cathraid le claidheamh no lann,
Ach cuideachd an ceann a' cheile ;
Chum cumail air cuimhne na laithean a thriall,
Na laoich do 'm bu dual a bhi uasal us fial,
A' chainnt' a bu sheolta leinn ceol agus ciall,
'S gu 'm basaich gach miann nach treig sinn !

TIR NAM BEANN-ÀRD.

KEY A Flat.

{| : s$_1$. l$_1$ | d : d . l$_1$ | d : d . r }

FONN—

Tog- aibh fonn air an fhonn a bha

RANN—

Air dhomh-sa bhi sgìth anns na

{| m : r . m | d : —. | . d }

calm' ag- us cruaidh, Am
h-Inns - eachan céin, Us

{| m : r . m | s : m . m | r : r . m }

fonn thar gach fonn feadh an t-saogh-ail thug
m' fheòil air a pian - adh le dian-theas na

{| s : —. | . s | l : — . l , s }

buaidh, 'S do dhuth - aich nam
gréin', Gur tric ann am

{| s : l ., s | l : s , l.— | m : —. }

beann annsgach cruad - al us càs
inn - tinn thig muinn - tir mo chridh',

{| . s | r :—. l$_1$. l$_1$ | d : d . r }

Air cuan no air tir bidh sinn
Us Tir nam Beann - àrd anns

rall.

{| m : l ., s | r : — | s$_1$: l$_1$, d.— | d ‖

dil - eas gu bàs. Tir nam Beann - àrd.
na dh-àraicheadh mi. Tir nam Beann - àrd.

SEISD :—

Togaibh fonn air an fhonn a bha calm' agus cruaidh,
Am fonn thar gach fonn feadh an t-saoghail thug buaidh,
'S do dhuthaich nam beann anns gach cruadal us càs,
Air cuan no air tir, bidh sinn dileas gu bas.
Tir nam Beann-àrd.

Air dhomh-sa bhi sglth anns na h-Innseachan céin,
Us m' fheòil air a pianadh le dian-theas na gréin',
Gur tric ann am inntinn thig muinntir mo chrìdh'
Us Tir nam Beann-àrd anns na dh-àraicheadh mi.
Tir nam Beann-àrd.

Ged shiùbhlainn an saoghal feadh aonach us fonn,
Ged sheòlainn gach àite feadh bhàrcaich nan tonn,
Ged thriallainn gach gleann agus beann tha fo 'n ghréin,
'S e 'n tìr a rinn m' àrach is àillidh leam féin,
Tir nam Beann-àrd.

Nuair dh' éireadh na Gàidheil le chéil' as gach gleann,
'S a thòisicheadh bualadh us sguabadh nan lann,
Cha d' fhuaireadh na nàimhdean bho làithean bho thùs,
Nach sgapadh, nach sgàineadh, 's nach fàgadh an lùghs.
Tir nam Beann-àrd.

'S nuair shéideadh a' phìob ann an cluasaibh nan laoch,
Cuir cuimhne gu deònach air mòinteach an fhraoich,
Gu 'n éireadh gach inntinn ri cluintinn a' chiùil
A chuala na beanntan 's gach àm chaidh air chùl.
Tir nam Beann-àrd.

Gur prìseil an dìleab a shealbhaich na suinn,
Fuil chraobhach an sinnsear bu riomhaiche loinn,
An cànan cho uasal 's a chualas a riamh,
Us trusgan an fhèilidh do 'm b' èibhhinne sgiamh.
Tir nam Beann-àrd.

Bho chian anns gach gàbhadh 's gach àite fo 'n ghréin'
Bu dual do na Gàidheil a riamh a bhi treun,
Oir b' fheàrr leo am bàs na bhi strìochdadh do nàmh,
Us slnte 's an uaigh a bhi suaineach 'nan tàmh,
Tir nam Beann-àrd.

Mar sin cuiribh fàilte, cuir fàilt' air gach aon
De 'n t-sluagh do 'm bu dual a bhi cruaidh agus caoin,
'S a chaoidh bidh sinn caomh agus caoimhneil ri chéil',
Mar dhream nach robh riamh do na nàimhdean fo ghéill.
Tir nam Beann-àrd.

BEANNACHD LEIS NA BEANNTAN.

Key F.

{. l_1 : d ., t_1 | d : r . m : l ., s | m : s_1 }
Tha m' inntinn lionta le cùram cianail,

{. l_1 : d ., r | m : l . s : m ., r | d : — }
'S mi air mo phianadh le pian nach gann,

{. l_1 : d ., t_1 | d : r . m : l ., s | m : s_1 }
Oir 's trom a thà mi 's mi caoidh gu craiteach,

{. l_1 : d ., r | m : l . s : m ., r | d : — }
Do bhrigh bhi fagail Tir ard nam Beann;

{. m : s ., l | s : m . m : l ., s | m : r }
Gu dubhach, tùrsach, ri tionndadh cùlaobh

{. r : m ., s | l : t . l : s ., m | s : — }
Ri tir mo dhuthcha bu mhuirnich leam,

{. m : l ., l | s : m . m : l ., s | m : s_1 }
Gu tirean ceine, fo theas na greine,

{. l_1 : d ., r | m : l . s : m ., r | d : — ||
Ni m' fheoil a cheusadh 's mo cheum cho trom.

Tha m' inntinn lionta le cùram cianal,
'S mi air mo phianadh le pian nach gann,
Oir 's trom a thà mi 's mi caoidh gu craiteach,
Do bhrigh bhi fagail Tir ard nam Beann;
Gu dubhach, tursach ri tionndadh culaobh
Ri tir mo dhuthcha bu mhuirnich leam,
Gu tirean ceine fo theas na greine,
Ni m' fheoil a cheusadh 's mo cheum cho trom.

A' chainnt bu bhinn leam le tlachd a chluinntinn,
'S bu tric a sheinn mi gun chuimhn' air bron,
Cha chluinn mo chluasan 's na tirean truagha,
'S an tric is dual dhomh bhi tinn fo leon ;
'An aite manran guth-cinn mo mhathar,
'S e chluinn mi canran gun suim, gun bhrigh,
Bho ghraisge neonach cho dubh ri rocais,
'S nach ionann comhradh ri ceol mo chridh'.

Bu tric a dhirich mi aird nam beanntan,
Tre choill nan gleanntan bu tric a thriall,
'S gu 'm aotrom, deonach, mo cheum air mointeach,
'N am' bhalach gorach 's mi og gun chiall ;
Ach 's ann is eigin dhomh nis an treigsinn,
Gun fhios am feud mise chaoidh gu brath,
Toirt sealladh sula feadh fonn mo dhuthcha,
Bu mhor bu mhuirnich leam cliu na cach.

Tha 'n long ri seoladh gu grinn fo 'comhdach,
Bho dhuthaich m' eolais ri cumail curs',
Tha ghaoth ri seideadh 's na tuinn ag eiridh,
'S tha mise deurach le meud mo thurs' ;
'S cha mhor an t-ioghnadh mi-fhein bhi cianal,
'An àm bhi triall dhomh air aird nan tonn,
Le cudthrom inntinn bho thir mo shinnsear,
Bu ghuirme frithean 's bu riomhaich fonn.

Mo chairdean gradhach, ceud soraidh slan leibh,
Ceud soraidh slan leis gach ribhinn bhinn,
Ri 'n taobh a b' aill leam bhi cluith 's ri manran,
'S a riamh a b' abhaist bhi baigheil, grinn ;
Gach bodach aosda, gach cailleach chaoimhneil,
Gach oigear aoidheil, slan leibh gu leir,
Oir 's eigin fagail gach gleann a b' fhearr leam,
Os ceann gach aite fo aird nan speur.

Ach ged is falbh dhomh bho chriochan Albainn,
Air-leam nach searg bhuam, air muir no tir,
An gaol gun ghò thug mi dhuthaich m' oige,
'S cho fad 's is beo mi bhios daingeann, fior ;
'S ged dh-eireadh buaireas no bas mu 'n cuairt dhiom,
'S ged bhiodh an cruaidh-fhortan goirt 'g am chlaoidh,
Bidh mise dileas do thir mo shinnsear,
Le gaol nach diobair mi-fhein a chaoidh.

Cha-n fhios an till mi, cha-n fhios an till mi,
Cha-n fhios an till mise chaoidh gu bràth,
Ach ma 's e bàs dhomh, ceud soraidh slan leis
An dream a b' fhearr leam toirt buaidh air càch ;
Biodh sibhse treun mar bu dual d' ur treubhan,
Toirt gradh d' a cheile le speis nach gann,
'S gu 'n tig an tim anns an eigin striochdadh,
Biodh sibhse dileas do Thir nam Beann.

Ach 's coir dhomh tamh bho bhi seinn an dàn so,
Gu fior 'tha fagail mo chridhe trom,
Le run bhi 'g eiridh mar Ghaidheal eudmhor,
Os ceann gach eigin a dh-eireas rium ;
'S mar sin cha chaomh leam bhi caoidh no caoineadh,
Ach seasmhach daonnan le gaol nach traigh,
'S a chaoidh gu' n till mi 's gu 'm bliath a' chill mi,
Bidh durachd m' inntinn do ghlinn mo ghraidh.

CEUD FÀILTE DO M' DHUTHAICH.

Key E.

{ : r | f : - : m | r : - : d | f : - : r | d : - }
Ceud fàilt - e, fàilt - e, thir mo ghraidh,

{ : d | l : - : s | f : - : s | r : - : - | d : - }
Gur fad, a' ghraidh, bho thriall mi

{ : r | f : - : m | r : - : d | f : - : r | d : - }
A null thar cuan bho d' bheannt-an ard,

{ : l | l : - : s | f : - : s | r : - : - | r : - }
Gu dubh - ach, crait - each, cian - al ;

{ : r | f : - : s | l : - : s | d' : - : l | s : - }
Ach ge do thriall, a riamh cha d-thraoth

{ : s | l : - : s | f : - : d | d : - : - | r : - }
Mo ghean 's mo ghaol do 'n duth - aich,

{ : d | r : - : d | r : - : f | s : - : s | l : - }
A dh-àr - aich mi nuair bha mi maoth,

{ : f | s : - : l | f : - : m | r : - : - | r : - ‖
'S nuair bha mi aot - ram, sunn - tach.

Ceud fàilte, fàilte, thir mo ghraidh,
Gur fad, a' ghraidh, bho thriall mi
A null thar cuan bho d' bheanntan ard,
Gu dubhach, craiteach, cianal;
Ach ge do thriall, a riamh cha d-thraoth
Mo ghean 's mo ghaol do 'n duthaich,
A dh-araich mi nuair bha mi maoth,
'S nuair bha mi aotram sunntach.

Os ceann gach tir an ear 's an iar,
A thriall mi feadh an t-saoghail,
Bu tusa fein amhàin mo mhiann,
Gun fhiaradh riamh no caochladh;
Oir ged bhiodh tirean cein car ùin
Gle neonach leam 'n an iomhaigh,
Bu tusa, tusa, thir mo ruin,
An tir bu mhuirnich sgiamh leam.

Cha chuireadh beartas mor no maoin
Do raointean gorm air dichuimhn',
'S cha b' urrainn gloir no solas faoin
Cuir as do m' ghaol do d' chriochan;
Oir cha-n 'eil neach no ni fo 'n ghrein,
Cruaidh-fhortan breun no buaireas,
A chlaonas m' aigne, ghraidh, bhuat fein,
Gu 'n slnear seimh 's an uaigh mi.

Ged bhiodh an geamhradh greannach, fuar,
Ri cuairteachadh nan gleanntan,
'S ged bhiodh an sneachda, mar bu dual,
Air uachdar fhuar nam beanntan;
Gidheadh gu 'm b' fhearr leam fhein an sgiamh,
'S na neoil ag iathadh dluth orr',
Na tirean cein 's am biodh a' ghrian
Cho teth 's cho dian ri ghiulan.

Leig leis na h-Innseanaich bhi blath,
'N an tamh fo theas na greine,
'S le mnathan dubh bhi lom a ghnath,
Gun chota-bàn, gun leine!
'S biodh iadsan toilicht' anns an doigh
A dh-orduicheadh le Dia dhoibh,
Ach b' annsa leamsa mhuinntir choir,
Do 'm buineadh clò us bian geal.

A riamh cha d-thug mi suim no speis
Do 'n diathan-breige neonach,
'S do 'n iodhal-aoraidh oillteil, bhreun,
Cha sleuchdainn sios gu deonach;
'S gur tric a dh-fhag e mise tinn
Bhi cluinntinn sgreach an canain,
Oir O, os ceann gach cainnt a's binn,
Gur binn leam-fhein a' Ghaidhlig!

Thoir dhomhsa mointeach choir an fhraoich,
'S a' ghaoth bhiodh fallain, fialaidh,
Ri seideadh suas tre thir nan laoch,
Le slainte sgaoilt' fo 'sgiathan ;
'S biodh acasan 'an tirean cein,
Gach euslaint bhreun a dh-innsear,
An uair bhios mise falbh leam fein,
'S mo cheum feadh fonn mo shinnsear.

Nuair bhiodh na naimhdean guineach, dàn,
'S am Bàs gun iochd mu 'n cuairt dhiom,
B'e sud an uair bu mhiann le m' lamh
Bhi fior gu brath do d' bhruaichean ;
'S ged bhiodh am faoileach fiadhaich, fuar,
No teas 'g am' bhualadh iosal,
Cha b' urrainn iad gu bàs toirt buaidh
Air meud mo luaidh do d' chriochan.

Ge lionmhor ceol a chuala mi,
Bha binn gu fior us gleusda,
Nuair sheideadh suas ceol mor na piob,
Dè 'n ceol bhiodh binn 'na m' eisdeachd ?
An sin gu 'n teicheadh cach air cul,
Mar ni nach b' fhiù leam cluinntinn,
Oir O, b' e sud am balgan-ciuil
A thogadh surd air m' inntinn.

Tha moran seorsa gearraidh grinn,
Us dathan grinn air aodach ;
'S tha cuid cho seolta, sgiobalt, cruinn,
'S tha cuid gun loinn cho slaodach ;
Ach 's áithne dhomhsa trusgan gearr,
A ruigeas barr nan gluinean,
Bu tric a choisinn buaidh air blàr,
'S a b' aluinn snuadh air urlar.

Gur fior gu 'n d-fhas mo chiamhag liath,
'S gu 'n chaill mi sgiamh na h-oige,
'S mo cheann air fas cho lan de chiall
'S gu 'n thriall am falt ri m' bheo dheth ;
Ach 's coma leam—tha 'n cridhe blath,
Gun fhailneachadh bho thùs air,
'S gur cinnteach mi gu 'm bidh gu brath,
Gu 'n cairear sios fo 'n uir e.

O 's iomadh bliadhna thriall a null,
Bho dh-fhag mi fonn mo dhuthcha,
'S chaidh iomadh caraid caomh air chall,
Bho thionndaidh mi mo chul riut ;
Tha pairt dhiubh anns a' chuan 'n an tamh,
Us pairt 'an cearnan ceine,
'S mo chreach, nach faic mi chaoidh gu brath,
Am pairt a b' fhearr leam fein dhiubh.

Cha b' ann gu dearbh 'an laithean aois,
A chlaon iad as gun eifeachd,
Ach gearrta sios air cuan us raoin,
Gu 'n chaochail iad 'n an treunachd ;
'S gur iomadh teaghlach truagh fo bhron,
A dh-fhag iad leonta, cianal,
Ri gul 's ri caoidh na suinn a sheol,
'S nach till iad beo gu siorruith.

Seadh, dh-fhalbh iad sud 's cha d-fhag 'n an deigh
An leithid fhein 'n an àite,
'S gur tric a bhios mo chridhe reubt',
Le cuimhne gheur 'g an àireamh ;
'S air leam gu 'm faic mi cruth nan laoch,
Gu caoimhneil, caomh, mar b' àbhaist,
Ge cian a null bho Thir an Fhraoich
A dh'aog iad fad bho 'n cairdean.

Cha-n 'eil, cha-n 'eil iad ann ni 's mò,
Gidheadh gur mor mo run-sa
Do thir mo ghraidh, 's am b' abhaist leo
Bhi comhnuidh cridheil, sunntach ;
'S ge d-fhas mo cheum, a ghaoil, cho fann,
Gu direadh beanntan arda,
Gidheadh sud ort, a Thir nam Beann,
'S le run nach gann—*ceud fàilte ! !*

GRINNEAS NA GAIDHLIG.

KEY E Flat.

FONN { | · l_1 | m : m · r | m ., s : l }
Cha d' fhuair - eadh 's cha' n fhaigh - ear fios

{ | · l_1 | d : d · r | d ., l_1 : s_1 }
Air cainnt riamh bu bhinn - e leam ;

{ | · l_1 | m : m · r | m ., s : l }
Cha d' fhuair - eadh 's cha 'n fhaigh - ear fios,

{ | · l | s · m : r · m | d : d . — }
Bu ghrinn-e leam na Ghaidh - lig.

RANN { | · s | l ., l : d^1 ., l | l ., s : s }
An àm bhi dubh - ach, turs - ach dhomh,

{ | · s | s , m · — : r · d | l ., s_1 : s_1 }
'S an saogh-al ri cuir cùl - aobh rium,

{ | · l_1 | d ., l_1 : d ., r | m ., r · m }
Chum fuad - ach gruaim us cùr - am bhuam,

{ | · s | l ., l : s ., m | r : d ||
B 'e cainnt mo ruin a' Ghaidh - lig.

FONN :—

Cha d' fhuaireadh 's cha 'n fhaighear fios
Air cainnt riamh bu bhinne leam ;
Cha d' fhuaireadh 's cha 'n fhaighear fios,
Bu ghrinne leam na Ghaidhlig.

An àm bhi dubhach, tursach dhomh,
'S an saoghal ri cuir culaobh rium,
Chum fuadach gruaim us cùram bhuam,
B 'e cainnt mo ruin a' Ghaidhlig.
Cha d' fhuaireadh 's cha 'n fhaighear fios, &c.

Cha chuireadh glaodh nan Innseanach
Air dìchuimhn cainnt mo shinnsear bhuam,
'S cha b' urrainn Beurla mhìchiatach
Cuir cìs air blas na Gaidhlig.
Cha d' fhuaireadh 's cha 'n fhaighear fios, &c.

Ged ghoid na meirlich airgiod bhuam,
A dh' fhàg cho falamh, feargach mi,
Air-leam nach goid na balgairean
Mo ghaol nach searg do 'n Ghaidhlig.
Cha d' fhuaireadh 's cha 'n fhaighear fios, &c.

A dh-aindeoin tir a chuairtich mi,
Nuair b' aotram, gòrach, luaineach mi,
B' e chainnt nach fàgadh gruaimeach mi
Bhi cluinntinn fuam na Gaidhlig.
Cha d' fhuaireadh 's cha 'n fhaighear fios, &c.

Os ceann gach treubh a 's treubhanta,
'S gach tir a 's mora feinealachd,
Gu 'm b 'annsa leamsa 'Ghaidhealtachd,
'S an treubh bho 'n d' fhuair mi m' àrach,
Cha d' fhuaireadh 's cha 'n fhaighear fios, &c.

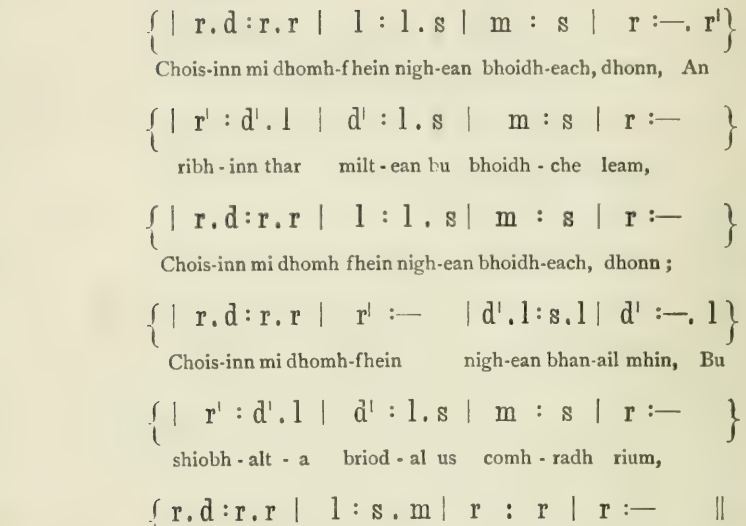
Nuair sheideadh gaoth ro bhuaireasach,
'S an long ri leum cho luaisgeanach,
'S ann shaoilinn gu 'm biodh nualanaich
Nan tonn ri duanachd Ghaidhlig.
Cha d' fhuaireadh 's cha 'n fhaighear fios, &c.

Gu siorruith buan 's gu firinneach
Bidh mise daingionn dileas dìth,
Oir, Oh, s'e cainnt ro phriseil i,
Nach dichuimhnich gu bàs mi.

FONN-ARD :—
Cha d' fhuaireadh 's cha 'n fhaighear fios
Air cainnt riamh bu bhinne leam ;
Cha d' fhuaireadh 's cha 'n fhaighear fios,
Bu ghrinne leam na Ghaidhlig.

BEAN NA BAINNSE.

KEY E.



Choisinn mi dhomh-fhein nighean bhoidheach, dhonn,
An ribhinn thar miltean bu bhoidhche leam,
Choisinn mi dhomh-fhein nighean bhoidheach, dhonn;
Choisinn mi dhomh-fhein
Nighean bhanail, mhin,
Bu shiobhalta briodal us comhradh rium,
Choisinn mi dhomh-fhein nighean bhoidheach, dhonn.

Cha b' e nighean ghorach a roghnaich mi,
Ach fior nighean bhoidheach a leon mo chri',
Cha b' e nighean ghorach a roghnaich mi;
Ach nighean chridheil, chiuin,
Do 'n d-thug mise run
Nach caochail 's an uir gus an duinear mi,
Cha b' e nighean ghorach a roghnaich mi.

Nuair a chuir mi cul ri mo ghruagach dhonn,
'S e b' eigin dhomh seoladh muir mor nan tonn,
Nuair a chuir mi cul ri mo ghruagach dhonn ;
Nuair a chuir mi cul,
Shil gu fliuch mo shuil,
Ri fagail mo ruin, 's i cho tursach, trom,
Nuair a chuir mi cul ri mo ghruagach dhonn.

Bha sinn uile deuchainneach, doruinneach,
Ach nis bidh sinn duanagach, dochasach,
Bha sinn uile deuchainneach, doruinneach ;
Oir thainig mis' thar tuinn,
Gu posadh m' ainnir ghrinn,
'S a chaoidh bidh sinn aoibhneach us solasach,
Bha sinn uile deuchainneach, doruinneach.

Choisinn mi dhomh-fhein nighean bhoidheach, dhonn,
An ribhinn thar miltean bu bhoidhche leam,
Choisinn mi dhomh-fhein nighean bhoidheach, dhonn ;
Choisinn mi dhomh-fhein
Nighean bhanail, mhin,
Bu shiobhalta briodal us comhradh rium,
Choisinn mi dhomh-fhein nighean bhoidheach, dhonn.

CUMHA 'N T-SEANAILEAR SIR TEARLACH MAC GHRIOGAIR.

KEY G.

{ s₁ | s₁ : - . l₁ : d | r : - . m : s | r : - . m : r | d : r : - . }
Nis cò chum - as suas claidh-eamh buadh- ach Chloinn-Ghriog-air?

{ s₁ | s₁ : - . l₁ : d | r : m : - . r | r : l₁ : d | l₁ : - }
No cò anns an tuas - aid a sheas - as an còir?

{ s₁ | s₁ : - . l₁ : d | r : - . m : s | r : - . m : r | d : r : - . }
Oir sìnt' ag - us fuar anns an uaigh ás nach tig - ear,

{ s₁ | s₁ : - . l₁ : d | r : m : - . r | r : l₁ : d | s₁ : - }
Tha 'n Gaidh - eal bu chruaidh-e gu buan - ach - adh glòir;

{ r | s : - . l : s | s : r : m | r : l₁ : d | l₁ : s₁ : - . }
Nuair sheid - eadh an tromp - aid 's a dh'eir-eadh am buair-eadh,

{ r | s : - . l : s | s : r : m | r : l₁ : d | s₁ : - }
'S a ghluais - eadh na sloigh gu bhi cò - streap us strith,

{ r | s : t : - . l | s : r : m | r : l₁ : d | l₁ : s₁ }
'N an arm - ailt gu leir fear bu treun - a cha d' fhuair-eadh,

{ s₁ | s₁ : - . l₁ : d | m : m : r | r : l₁ : d | s₁ : - ||
Chum ruaig chuir air naimhdean mar mhuinn-tir gun bhrigh.

Nis cò chumas suas claidheamh buadhach Chloinn-Ghriogair?
No cò anns an tuasaid a sheasas an coir?
Oir sint' agus fuar anns an uaigh ás nach tigear,
Tha 'n Gaidheal bu chruaidhe gu buanachadh glòir;
Nuair sheideadh an trompaid 's a dh-eireadh am buaireadh,
'S a ghluaiseadh na sloigh gu bhi cò-streap us strith,
'N an armailt gu leir fear bu treuna cha d' fhuaireadh,
Chum ruaig chuir air naimhdean mar mhuinntir gun bhrigh.

Cha-n ioghnadh leam cluinntinn Clann-Alpain ri caoineadh,
'S an Giubhas fo thursa ri lùbadh gu làr,
Tha 'n uiseag 's an smeorach le deoir ghoirt a' braonadh,
Ri caoidh an duinuasail thug buaidh anns gach blàr;
An gaisgeach gun mhorchuis bu sheolta ri iarraidh,
An saighdear gun bheud a bha treun anns gach cùis
Tha lion-aodach bais air a phasgadh gu siorruith,
'S na lamhan bu laidir air fas lag gun lùghs.

Na 'm bithinn 'am bhard dheanainn dànachd ro ghleusda,
Toirt luaidh air do bhuadhan thar cuan agus caol,
'S gu 'n sniomhainn gu seolta deadh orain ro bheusda,
Gu binn ri cuir cuimhn' air do chaoimhneas 's do ghaol;
An dealbh glan 's an giulan bu mhuirnich' ri aireamh,
An ceum-chois a b' ailidh air sraid no air feill,
Mo thruaighe, fo n' fhòd bhi cho òg air an cáradh,
Us deadhghean do naduir do 'n Bhàs bhi fo gheill.

A mhisneachd a chinn ris bho shinnsear nach geilleadh,
An cridhe glan cubhraidh nach lùbadh do namh,
An calpa bu bhoidhche fo chomhdach an fheilidh,
O Bhàis, anns an uaigh chuir thu suaineach 'n an tamh;
Mar chraobh mheas fo bhlàth gu n' do ghearr thusa sios e,
An Gaidheal bu dillse do Thir ard nam Beann,
An gaisgeach bu treuna chuir euslaint fo chis e,
'S gur truagh leam ri innseadh gu 'n dhiobar e fann.

Bidh chlann bheag ag eisdeachd gach sgeulachd a dh-innsear,
Mu thimchoill nan sonn a bha fonnmhor us treun,
'S bidh cuimhne gu dluth ac' air cliu ard an sinnsear,
'G a leantuinn gu bàs anns gach cearnaidh fo 'n ghrein;
'S nuair thoisicheas naimhdean ri bagradh gu dàna,
'S a ghairmear na Gaidheil ri chell' as gach gleann,
Air-leam nach bidh h-aon dhiubh nach cuimhnich an aithne—
Gu brath a bhi dileas do Thir ard nam Beann!!

SMAOINTEAN DIOMHAIR.

KEY G.

{ . s_1 | d . l_1 : s_1 : m_1 . r_1 | m_1 . s_1 : m : r }

Nuair thach-ras dhomh - sa leam fhein bhi smaoin - tinn

{ . d | d . t_1 : l_1 : s_1 . m_1 | s_1 . l_1 : s_1 : - }

Air sgleo an t-saogh - ail, 's air cor an t-sluaigh,

{ . s_1 | d . l_1 : s_1 : m_1 . r_1 | m_1 . s_1 : d : l_1 }

Gur tric thig cian - al - as mòr air m' inn-tinn,

{ . l_1 | d . r : m : l . l | s . m : r : - }

A dh-fhag-as tinn mi le caoidh ro thruagh ;

{ . s_1 | d . r : m : l . l | s . m : r : d }

Cho gearr ar laith - ean 's cho lan de dhòr - uinn,

{ . r | m . r : r : d . l_1 | s_1 . m_1 : s_1 : - }

Mar sgail nan neoil a theid seach-ad, sios,

{ . s_1 | l_1 . s_1 : l_1 : s_1 . s_1 | l_1 . d : r : m }

Oir dh 'ain-deoin inn-[l]eachd us ioc-shlaint mhor - ain,

{ . m | l . s : m : r . m | d . t_1 : l_1 : - . ‖

Mar bhlath an fheoir theid gach feoil fo chìs.

Nuair thachras dhomh-sa leam fhein bhi smaointinn
Air sgleo an t-saoghail, 's air cor an t-sluaigh,
Gur tric thig cianalas mor air m' inntinn,
A dh-fhagas tinn mi le caoidh ro thruagh ;
Cho gearr ar laithean 's cho lan de dhòruinn,
Mar sgail nan neoil a theid seachad, sios,
Oir dh-aindeoin innleachd us iocshlaint mhorain,
Mar bhlath an fheoir theid gach feoil fo chìs.

Gur tric mi sealltuinn air gloir nan speuran,
Cho lan de reultan ri boillsgeadh ciuin,
'S mi faicinn foillseachadh fior nam meuran
A sgaoil na neamhan a reir an ruin ;
'S le cridhe bruite gu 'n tuit mo shuilean,
Ri deanamh urnuigh ri Righ nan righ,
A tha 'g an stiuradh gu leir 's 'g an giulan,
'S a ghairm air tùs iad a brugh gun bhrigh.

Tha clann nan daoine cuir suim an sòlais,
Air gloir us stòras 'theid bun os ceann,
'S mar sin cha 'n fhiach leo bhi gabhail eolas
Air ni ach goraich us pròis nach gann ;
Ri deanamh gleadhraich le òr us seudan,
Cho faoin 's cho feineil bho linn gu linn,
An uair bu choir dhoibh le ceol us teudan,
Bhi moladh Dhe tha cho gloirmhor, grinn.

Cha 'n fhaodar rannsachadh leud nan neamhan,
No gloir nan speuran a mheas le sreang,
Ni modha fhuaireadh am measg nan treubhan
An gaisgeach treun sin gun bheud, gun mheang,
Do 'n comas fiosrachadh miorbhuil Naduir,
No chunntas aireamh gun chrich a suim,
Us cait' an d' fhuaireadh an uaghair laidir,
A thuigeas ardachd us doimhneachd Tim'.

O THIM gun aois, agus RUM gun chriochan !
Air leam gur diomhair tha sgail bhur gnuis,
Ged rachadh saoghail gu tur air dhichuimhn,
Bidh sibh-se siorruith gun chrioch, gun tùs ;
Gun sgios ri cuairteachadh raidh us bliadhna,
'S gach reul tha dian-ruith tre aird nan speur,
Oir dh-aindeoin uin agus crioch a 's ciana,
Tha sibh-se cian os an ceann gu leir.

Theid sinne chaochladh mar aiteal greine,
'S cha-n fhaicear ceum dhinn air raoin no gleann,
Maraon am fiamhach 's an triath a's treuna,
Theid as le cheile, 's cha bhi iad ann ;
Oir luath no mall thig am bas g' an leonadh,
Theid as do 'n lochrain, 's an cuimhn air cul,
Ach mairidh TIM agus RUM an comhnuidh,
Mar bhreacan gloirmhor mu Righ nan dul.

O Dhe nan gras, nach ro dhiomhair d' fhalluinn,
'S am bheil Thu ghnath air do chomhdach dluth,
Ri folach bhuain-ne do ghnuis cho aluinn
'S nach tuig ar nadur cho ard 's tha Thu ;
Thoir dhuin-ne, Dhe, bhi gu tric 'na d' iarraidh,
Le inntinn rianal 's le cridhe ciuin,
A chum gu 'n seinn sinn do chliu gu siorruith,
'S gu 'm faic sinn miorbhuilean mor do ruin.

STEORNABHAGH MHÒR A' CHAISTEIL.

KEY D.

FONN { | s ., f : m ., d | r ., r : d ., d }
Steorn - abh - agh, 's e Steorn - abh - agh Am

{ | s ., f : m ., m | r ., m : d' }
bail' is boidh - che leam fo 'n ghrein;

{ | s ., f : m ., d | r ., r : d Fine ||
Steorn - abh - agh, 's e Steorn - abh - agh.

RANN { | d' ., d' : d' ., m' | r' ., d' : d' ., s }
Steorn-abh - agh mhòr a' chaist-eil,

{ | d' ., d' : d' ., m' | r' ., d' : d' }
Bail' is mòdh-a th'air an t-saogh'l,

{ | d' ., t : l ., s | s ., l : d' ., t }
Ach co - dhiu, ge beag no mòr e,

{ | l ., l : s ., m | r ., m : d' D.C. ||
'S ann d' a leoid is mòr mo ghaol.

FONN:—Steornabhagh, 's e Steornabhagh
Am baile 's boidhche leam fo 'n ghrein;
Steornabhagh, 's e Steornabhagh.

Steornabhagh mhor a' chaisteil,
Bail' is mòdha th'air an t-saogh'l,
Ach co-dhiu, ge beag no mor e,
'S ann d' a leoid is mor mo ghaol.

Bha thu riamh cho briagha, boidheach,
Ceart mar oighe laghach, ghrinn,
'S cuiridh mis' 'an ceil dhut oran
A bhios seolta blasd ri sheinn.

Tha mi 'n drasda 'na mo shineadh
Anns na h-Innseachan 's mi fann,
'S mi le luaidhe dhubh ri sgriobhadh
Sios gach nì a thig 'na m' cheann.

Agus 's iomadh smaoin ro neonach,
Agus ghorach, bhios gun tamh,
Ruith tre m' eanchainn fhein an comhnuidh,
Null gu Steornabhagh mo ghraidh.

Saolaidh mi gu 'n dearc mo shuilean
Air gach cnoc us cuil us gleann,
'S ge do bhiodh mo shuilean duinte,
Chi mi soilleir stuc nam beann.

B' òg thug mise gaol us gradh dhut,
Thar gach àit an ear 's an iar,
'S ged is cian bho rinn mi d' fhagail,
Chaoidh cha-n fhalnaich dhut mo mhiann.

Baile-mòr gun chron, gun fhiaradh,
Ris 'm bu mhiann leam fhein bhi dluth,
Anns am faighte gillean fiallaidh,
'S ribhinnean 'bu chiataich cliu.

Bodaich laghach, caill'chean caoimhneil,
Maighdeanan 'bu bhriagha sgiamh,
Oganaich 'bu dual bhi aoidheil,
'S anns nach d' fhuaireadh foill a riamh.

'S iomadh oidhche chridheil, ghorach,
Chaith mi comhla ris na suinn,
Ris na ribhinneann 'bu bhoidhche,
'S do 'm bu dual bhi doigheil, grinn.

'S tric a shiubhal mi do shraidean,
'S och, bu shraiceil (!) bhiodh mo cheum,
Mas do dh-fhas mi odhar, grannda,
Le bhi tamh fo theas na grein.

'S iomadh feasgar soilleir samhraidh,
Rinn mi sealltuinn air gach bàt,
Bhiodh ri seoladh mach á m' annsachd,
Nuair bhiodh sgadan teann do 'n bhàgh.

'S nuair a dhuisginn anns a' mhaduinn,
Gu 'm b' e sealladh maiseach leam,
Bhi 'g am faicinn lan de sgadan,
'N an ruith dhachaidh bharr nan tonn.

O, b' e sud an sealladh eibhinn,
Bheireadh geilleadh air gach bròn,
Bhi 'g am faicinn ruith 's a' leumnaich,
'S cop ri 'g eiridh ris gach sroin.

Cait am facas bàgh cho aluinn
Ris a bhàgh mu 'm bheil mi seinn?
Ni-mò fhuaireadh port cho sabhailt,
Anns gach gàbhadh cruaidh us teinn.

Nuair a b' abhaist dhomh cuir cul riut,
Dol do dhuthaich dhubh nan Gall,
'S tric le deoir a shil mo shuilean,
Fagal tir mo dhurachd thall.

Ach nuair thigeadh àm dhomh tionndadh
Null a dh-ionnsuidh Tir an Fhraoich,
O, gur mi bhiodh cridheil sunntach,
Falbh a null gu fonn nan laoch.

'S nuair a ruiginn Gob na Càbaig,
Air bord bàta mor na smuid,
Bhiodh mo chridhe leum 'an airde,
Dol a steach do bhàgh mo ruin.

Chi mi fathast fallain, slàn thu,
Ma tha 'n dain dhomh fhein bhi beo,
'S ged bu bhas dhomh—sud ort slainte,
Thir mo ghraidh le gradh gun ghò.

FONN-ARD :—*Steornabhagh, 's e Steornabhagh*
Am baile 's boidhche leam fo 'n ghrein;
Steornabhagh, 's e Steornabhagh.

From the *Scotsman* of 7th February, 1903.

THE BATTLE OF GLENFRUIN.

A COMMEMORATION ODE on the 300th anniversary of the Battle of Glenfruin. Dedicated to Lieutentant Sir Malcolm Macgregor of Macgregor, Bart., Royal Navy (Chief of the Clan), and to the Clangregor Society, by their Honorary Bard.

This was the famous Clan battle fought on the 7th February, 1603, the victory of which by the Macgregors, over greatly superior numbers, led to the cruel persecution of the Clan, and the abolition of their name under penalty of death, till it was finally revived by a special Act of Parliament in 1774. It is probably the only name in the annals of history that ever rose from the dead, after being buried, so to speak, for nearly two hundred years; as it is also the only one in the United Kingdom privileged to carry the crown on its crest in recognition of ancient royalty:—

I.

With mingled thoughts of joy and woe
We hail once more that stormy day,
When, three long hundred years ago,
Was fought Glenfruin's fateful fray;
That doomed Clan-Alpine's royal line
To be deprived of name and land,
Betrayed by traitors' dark design,
And vile usurpers' ruthless hand.

II.

Though few they were, compared with those
Who gloried in their hoped-for fall,
Our fearless fathers faced their foes,
And there opposed them one and all;
And if in self-defence they drew
The sword, and slew with might and main,
Not theirs the crime—but of the crew
That on Glenfruin's field were slain.

III.

Methinks I see the warrior band,
Surprised—yet not at all dismayed,
As on they rushed, with sword in hand,
In that wild, furious charge they made;
Methinks I hear their slogan's roar:—
"Ard-Choille," while they closed in fight,
Until the field reeked red with gore,
And fled their foes in hopeless flight.

IV.

Ill-fated day, with triumph crowned,
Yet clouded with results so grave,
In years to come, when Fortune frowned
And rudely trampled down the brave;
Who fell a prey to worthless laws
That lacked regard for justice due,
And suffered for the sacred cause
For which they warred so staunch and true.

V.

But as the Phœnix from the fire
Arises into life again,
E'en so the brave, through trials dire,
Will often rise from grief and pain;
For heroes, since the days of old,
Come forward for the hour of strife,
To wrestle with the wrongs untold,
With which this woeful world is rife.

VI.

And if 'tis not to heroes all
Is granted to command success;
If not a few are doomed to fall
By lurking foes, in sore distress:
Yet, e'en when dead, their fame survives,
To keep alive the fiery glow,
That marked the tenor of their lives
Against the wiles that laid them low.

VII.

We pledge ourselves with loyal zeal,
Due homage to our Chief to pay,
While each and all, for woe or weal,
Shall cleave together—come what may:
So was it with our sires of old,
Those stormy years that now are fled;
So be it of our sons re-told,
When we, their sires, lie cold and dead.

VIII.

The Royal Unicorn is ours,
And ours the Lion, crowned, for crest;
The antlered Stag, that lightly scours
Along the heath-clad mountain's breast;
Our badge—"Clan Alpine's Honored Pine,"
So fresh and fair, and fadeless green:
These be the emblems of our line,
And such, since ancient times, have been.

IX.

Mere gilded lords may spring from naught,
As creatures of created kings;
But yet an older stock than that
Lived long before such modern things;
The offspring of the kings of old,
The Clan that died—*and rose again!*
Within our royal selves we hold
The oldest and the noblest strain.

X.

Though long, alas, our tribal star
Was wrapped in clouds of awful gloom,
Macgregor still, in peace and war,
Shall flourish with untarnished bloom;
On Highland heath while grows our Pine,
Or blows the breeze through Lowland vale,
So long shall old Clan-Alpine shine
In many a fireside song and tale.

XI.

And thus throughout our lives' brief round,
Where'er on earth our footsteps stray,
Be ours to live in honour bound
To be as faithful found as they;
Who fought through conflicts dark and drear,
Against the fearful wrongs they bore,
And left to us, through far and near,
Proud memories of the years of yore.

XII.

For though our fathers' lifeless clay
Has mingled with their parent dust,
To us they have bequeathed for aye
A solemn and a sacred trust—
The trust to guard with watch and ward,
The heirloom of their warlike fame,
And treasure, with devout regard,
The magic of their matchless NAME!

THE STORMING OF DARGAI.

(Dedicated to the Gordon Highlanders).

The path was rough, the rocks were high,
And hard it was, I ween, to scale them,
And woe to those who climbed Dargai,
If that last try should likewise fail them;
A deadly space was placed between,
Swept ever by the foemen's firing,
And those who dared to cross that scene,
The moment next might lie, expiring.

For there, upon the topmost height,
Were hordes of warlike tribes assembled,
Beneath whose deadly aim and sight
The stoutest wights might well have trembled;
Concealed among the rocks so sure,
And well inured to toils and dangers,
They vainly deemed themselves secure
Against the rudest brunt of strangers.

Again, again our brave troops tried,
But failed to climb those rocks and boulders,
Till to his men Mathias cried,
And thus addressed his Highland soldiers:
"The General says that yonder post
(However hostile they may make it)
Must taken be at any cost—
The Gordon Highlanders will take it."

Then rose the slogan, loud and shrill,
On Highland heath that oftimes sounded,
And to its wild and warlike thrill
The Highland soldiers forward bounded:
The bagpipes played with all their might,
And Findlater fell limp and gory;
But still, to cheer his mates to fight,
He skirled his pipes for death or glory.

The hissing shot came down like hail,
And promptly killed or lamed full many,
But yet must not the remnant fail
To force their way, while spared was any;
On, on—though panting do not pause,
And let your arms brook no denial,
For Victory forsakes the cause
Of those who pause in hour of trial.

"Cock o' the North" the bagpipes blew,
"Cock o' the North" the rocks repeated,
Which, when they heard, the tribesmen knew
Their braves were sure to be defeated.
A trackless route, a steep, steep climb,
With gallant comrades dead or dying,
Till now arrives the wished-for time:
The Gordons charge—their foes are flying!

Blest be the dead, who bravely died
To keep alive our Highland glory;
Blest be the living, who abide
To tell their fine heroic story.
We bless you for your valour's sake,
With all the praise that we can make it,
And trust, when there's a prize at stake,
"The Gordon Highlanders will take it."

Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

(Of St. Columba Parish Church, Glasgow).

"CARAID NAN GAIDHEAL."

1783-1862.

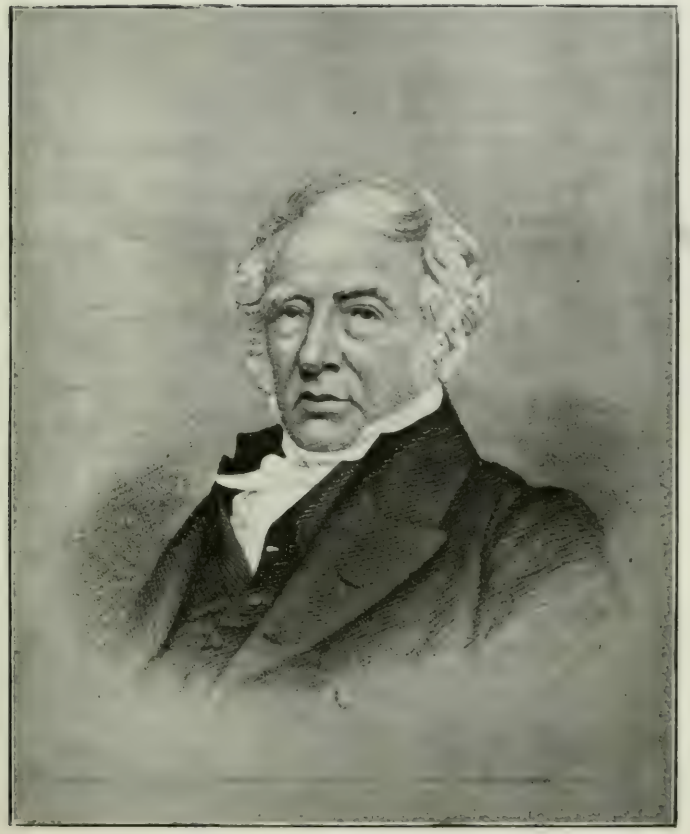
THE MacLeods of Morven are reputed to be descendants of the family of Assynt. Mackenzie, while setting down this tradition in his "History of the MacLeods," says that the first of the family of Morven of whom he could find any trace was Donald MacLeod of Swordale, in the parish of Durinish, Isle of Skye, armourer to Norman MacLeod XIX. of MacLeod. He was known, and is spoken of to this day in Skye, as "An Gobhainn Mor," a name ascribed to him, not only on account of his powerful physique, but also for his skill and dexterity as an armourer and swordmaker. In addition to the duties of his profession, he was manager of several of his chief's farms in Skye and Harris, and also tacksman of Swordale—or, as it is sometimes called, "Swordland."

He took part in the '45 Rising, but MacLeod of MacLeod being ranged on the Hanoverian side, Swordale's efforts on behalf of Prince Charlie were rendered abortive.

His eldest son was the Rev. Norman MacLeod of Morven, who was born in the fateful year 1745. He was ordained minister of the parish of Morven on the 23rd of November, 1775, and died on the 5th of March, 1824.

> "A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

His parish comprised 130 square miles, with a seaboard of 100 miles, and over this extensive track of



The late Very Rev. Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD,
of St. Columba Parish Church, Glasgow.

Dean of the Most Noble Order of the Thistle, &c., &c.

"Caraid nan Gaidheal."

country he ministered for forty-nine years to 2000 souls. Although for some time after entering on his charge the stipend was only £40, it was afterwards £80, and before his death reached £150, in addition to which there was a good glebe.

In 1777 Norman MacLeod married Jean, daughter of John Morrison of Achnaba. They had a family of sixteen children, of whom four were sons. The eldest son died in infancy. The second son, Norman, "Caraid nan Gaidheal," was born on the 2nd December, 1783. He was educated at home and in the University of Glasgow. In 1804 he entered the Divinity Hall of Edinburgh University, and in 1806, when in his twenty-third year, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Mull. Soon afterwards he was appointed assistant in the parish of Kilbrandon, and in June, 1808, he was ordained to the first charge of Campbeltown, Kintyre. In 1825 he was translated to Campsie, near Glasgow, where his ministry was most successful, and there was great regret in the parish when in 1836 he accepted a call to the Gaelic congregation in Glasgow, then known as the Ingram Street Church, from its place of meeting, and afterwards named St. Columba's Church. The same year he was made a D.D. by his Alma Mater, and chosen Moderator of the General Assembly. He was also appointed Dean of the Chapel Royal and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains, in which capacity he preached before the late Queen and the Prince Consort at Blair Atholl during their visit to Scotland in 1842. Dr. MacLeod took a leading part in the Church Courts in the eventful years that preceded the Disruption of 1843. He adhered to the Establishment, and the bonds of sympathy and affection which knit the pastor and his people are evidenced by the fact that while most of the Gaelic-speaking people of the Northern Highlands went over to the Free Church, the St. Columba congregation was not in the least affected.

In a series of autobiographical reminiscences which

he dictated in old age to one of his daughters, Dr. MacLeod gives an account of some of his experiences while endeavouring to establish schools in destitute places in the Hebrides:— . . . "In the spring of 1824, a contention, carried on with great party warmth, took place among the leading men in Edinburgh, about the election of Moderator to the ensuing General Assembly. When Principal Baird, Dr. Inglis, and others (the leaders of the Moderate party in the Church) applied to me for my support and influence, I replied that I could on no account support them as a party, for they had never given me any support in matters connected with the Highlands, which I had repeatedly brought under their notice, and they had declined in an especial manner to assist the efforts which were then being made to obtain a quarto edition of the Gaelic Scriptures, although it had been repeatedly brought under their notice; and that after explaining to them the grievance of having only a Bible of so small a text as a 12mo edition, which no one advanced in life could read, I received for answer from the leader of that party (on which I thought I had made some impression, as he walked in his drawing-room, before breakfast): 'That is the breakfast bell; just advise your Highland friends to get spectacles.'

"The subject came under discussion again that day, and it ended by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge most generously coming forward and offering to give us the long wished for quarto volume, to our great joy, and somewhat to the annoyance of our opponents.

"Dr. Stewart, of Luss, was appointed Convener of the Committee chosen to carry out the resolution, and no better man for the purpose could be found in the Church. I and several others were associated with him in the work, and I did my best to aid him; but to him belongs the praise for the perfect manner with which it was executed.

"It was during the sittings of this Assembly that I resisted all the applications made to me by Principal Baird to throw in whatever little influence I possessed in support of the Moderate interests, unless he and his party would aid us in promoting the education of the people in the Highlands and Islands, where a melancholy destitution of the means of education prevailed.

"We got up a public supper, at which all the members, lay and clerical, from the Highlands were present. We drew up an address to the Principal and his friends, in which they were requested to institute a scheme for the promotion of education in the Highlands and Isles.

"As several overtures to that effect had been forwarded to the Assembly, and would be discussed in the course of the following week, when Dr. Inglis was to bring forward his motion in reference to the Indian scheme, the worthy Principal instantly consented to be chairman in an Educational Scheme for the Highlands and Islands, but with this condition, that he should not be asked to speak in the General Assembly. As I was in possession of all the facts connected with educational destitution in the Highlands, he put into my hands the "Educational Statistics," by Lord Brougham, which were very voluminous and valuable. I at once agreed to the request made by the Principal and several of my Highland friends, that I should bring this matter under the notice of the General Assembly."

Dr. MacLeod's strenuous endeavours resulted in Gaelic Schools being established throughout the Highlands. It was in this connection that his first Gaelic book was published in 1828, being a "Collection for use in Highland Schools." Then followed "Leabhar nan Cnoc" in 1843. In 1829 he started a Gaelic monthly magazine, "An Teachdaire Gaelach"—"The Gaelic Messenger"—which continued for two years. In 1840 he issued "Cuairtear nan Gleann," which lasted for two years and seven months. His contributions to these

magazines, as well as those to "Fear Tathaich nam Beann," were published in a collected form in 1867, edited by his son-in-law, the late Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie, and entitled, "Caraid nan Gaidheal." This volume comprises a biographical sketch from the pen of his gifted son, the late Dr. Norman MacLeod, of the Barony, Glasgow. In 1831 he issued the well-known Gaelic Dictionary, which he prepared along with Principal Dewar, Aberdeen. Along with an Irish scholar, Mr. Thaddeus Connellan, Dr. MacLeod translated the Psalms for the Protestant Church of Ireland. He is admitted to be the best of the writers of Gaelic prose. Of "Long mhor nan Eilthireach," in which is described the affecting scene that occurred on an emigrant ship about to sail with people evicted from homes in the west Highlands, Professor Blackie says that "for graceful simplicity and profound pathos, it is second to nothing that I know in any language, unless, indeed, it be the account of the death of Socrates in Plato's Phaedo and some well-known chapters in the Gospel of St. John." He is the author of "Fiunary," a song equally popular in English and Gaelic. The Gaelic translation in common use was by the late Archibald Sinclair, printer and publisher, Glasgow. Among Dr. MacLeod's services to the Highlands mention must be made of the great efforts put forth by him to relieve the suffering people during the famine of 1836-7, and again in 1846-7. His labours for Highlanders secured for him the enviable sobriquet of "Caraid nan Gaidheal."

In 1811 Dr. MacLeod was married to Agnes Maxwell, eldest daughter of James Maxwell, Aros, Mull, Chamberlain to the Duke of Argyll. They had a family of five sons and six daughters. The eldest son was Rev. Norman MacLeod, D.D., of the Barony Church, Glasgow, who was distinguished as a pastor, a poet, a preacher, an editor, an orator, and a novelist. The other sons are Colonel John N. MacLeod, of Glensaddel, Kintyre; the late Sir George H. B. MacLeod, M.D.,

who was Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow, and Surgeon to the Queen in Scotland; Rev. Donald MacLeod, D.D., minister of Park Parish Church, Glasgow, for many years editor, and now joint-editor of "Good Words." The eldest daughter was married to the late Archibald Clerk, LL.D., minister of Kilmallie.

Dr. MacLeod died at Glasgow, on 25th November, 1862, in the 80th year of his age and 57th of his ministry.

AN GAIDHEAL.

An Tir Chein Air Oidhche Challuinn.

Key A.

: s_l | d : — : r | m : — : s | l : — : s | m : —

Is tiamhaidh, trom, mo chridhe 'n nochd,

: r | d : — : r | m : — : l | s : — : m | r : —

Is mi am aon - 'ran bochd leam féin;

: s_l | d : — : r | m : — : s | l : — : s | m : —

Cha 'n iarr mi tàmh, cha 'n fhaigh mi lochd,

: s_l | d : — : l_l | l_l : — : d | l_l : — : s_l | s_l : —

Is mi fo sprochd an dùthaich chéin.

Is tiamhaidh, trom, mo chridhe 'n nochd,
Is mi am aon'ran bochd leam féin;
Cha'n iarr mi tàmh, cha'n fhaigh mi lochd,
In mi fo sprochd an dùthaich chéin.

Is iomadh cuimhne thùrsach, throm,
Dhomh dùsgadh fonn a' bhròin gu goirt;
'S e thog an osna so am chom,
Nach 'eil mi 'n Tìr nam Beann an nochd.

Tha Tìr nam Beann mar bha i riamh—
Gach gleann, is sliabh, is creag nam faobh,
An creachann àrd 's am bi am fiadh,
'S an leacann liath tha sìos o 'thaobh.

Tha fòs gach allt a' leum le toirm,
Bho chreig gu creig a sìos gu tràigh ;
Tha bàrr an fhraoich le 'bhadain ghorm'
Gu trom 's gu dosrach mar a bha.

Ach c' àit' a bheil na cairdean gràidh,
D' an tug mi bàigh an laithean m' òig' ?
'S e fath mo mhulaid is mo chràidh
A mheud 's a tha dhiubh nochd fo'n fhòid.

An t-athair thog mi suas ri 'thaobh
'S mo mhathair chaomh cha'n 'eil iad ann ;
Is dh' fhalbh mo cho-aoisean gu léir
Mar cheò roimh 'n ghréin air uchd nam beann.

O slàn le comunn caomh mo ghaoil,
A chuireadh faoilt am chridhe bochd !
Mo chreach cha'n 'eil iad air an t-saogh'l
A dheanadh aobhach mis' an nochd.

Ach tha iad beò an dùthaich chéin,
Tìr ard na gréin, gun oidhch' a chaoidh,
Is coinnichidh sinn ri ùin' a chéil,
Gun sùil fo dheur, gun chridh a' caoidh.

Tha àl a falbh is àl a' teachd,
Mar shlachdraich mhear nan tonn air tràigh ;
Ar bliadhnaichean, tha iad gu léir
Mar bhruadar faoin, no sgeul gun stà.

Ach gloir do Shlan'ghear caomh nam buadh,
A thug a nuas o thir an aigh
Deagh sgeul an aoibhnis-mhoir do 'n t-sluagh,
Air beatha bhuan nach mill am bàs.

Choisinn e bheatha so gu daor,
An uair a thaom gu lar as 'fhuil ;
Ach O ! cia gràsmhor, fialaidh saor,
Do'n chinne-dhaonn' a h-àgh 's a bhuil !

C' ar son a bhithinn brònach, bochd,
A' caoidh fo sprochd an so leam féin ?
Do shùil, a Dhé, tha orms' an nochd,
Fo dheòrachd bhochd an dùthaich chéin.

Cha bhi mi caoidh cha toir mi géill ;
Fo thaic do sgéith gun iarr mi tàmh ;
Do thoil-sa deanar leam, a Dhé.
Ga m' strìochdadh féin a chaoidh fo d' làimh.

BLAR CHUIL-FHODAIR.

Tha 'm blàr air a chur leo air monadh an fhraoich,
Tha 'n sgiath air a splonadh á ghuaillibh nan laoch ;
Chaidh 'n claidheamh a bhrisdeadh an làmhaibh nan saoi,
'S tha fuil nam fear geala fo bhonnaibh nan daoi.

Tha 'm breacan 's an t-éileadh leis an d' éiteadh na sàir
Le marcaichimh Shasuinn air an saltairt ri làr ;
Tha 'n suaicheantas uasal a chòmhdaich na suinn,
Ri fhaicinn 'san àraich, gun àilleachd, gun loinn.

Ann an dùthaich nam mòr-bheann tha uamhas is caoidh ;
Luchd nam boineid 's nam breacan cha 'n fhaicear a chaoidh,
Na fiùrain bu tréine nach geilleadh 's iad beò
Tha sìnt' air Cuil-fhodair gun phlosg is gun deò.

Nis slàn leat, a Thearlaich, chaidh 'n iomairt le càch,
Chaidh oighreachd do shìnnsre a dhìth ort gu bràth,
Thug thu 'n oidhirp, 's bu treun i, le gaisgich mo ghràidh,
'S bidh iomradh do chruadail air a luaidh gu là 'bhràth.

TORRADH SHIR IAIN MOORE.

(Bho 'n Bheurla).

Cha chualas fonn téise no bròn air a' Mhùr,
Mar thog sinn a chorp air ar guailnibh ;
Cha do loisgeadh urchair le saighdear mu'n ùir ;
Druma cha chualas a' bualadh.

Thlodhlaiceadh esan 'an uaigneas na h-oidhch',
Airm chatha a' cladhach na h-ùrach,
A' ghealach gu fann troi' neulaibh a' soills',
Leus soluis 'g ar seòladh gu tùrsach.

Cha robh feum aig an laoch air cist a bhiodh buan,
No ollanachd anairt g' a chuairteach' ;
Ach luidh e mar ghaisgeach a' gabhail a shuain,
Le 'thrusgan cogaidh mu 'n cuairt air.

B' aithghearr, 's bu tearc an ùrnuigh 'chaidh suas,
'Us shil sinn na deòir gu sàmhach,
Ag amharc air creubh an tréin a thug buaidh,
'Us buairte mu theachd an là màireach.

Oir thug sinn fainear a' cladhach na h-uaigh',
'S mar bha sinn gu truagh 'g a dealbhadh,
Gu 'n deanadh coigrich a saltairt le fuath,
Agus sinn' air a' chuan a' seòladh.

Le tàir air a spioraid gu 'n deanadh an nàmh,
Air an uaigh so suidhe 'g a chàineadh ;
Ach 's suarach sin dha-san a' gabhail a thàimh
Far an d' rinn a luchd-dàimh a chàradh.

Ghairmeadh air falbh sinn o obair a' bhròin,
'Us cian mu 'n robh crìoch air an tòrradh,
Chuala sinn toirm a' chogaidh 'teachd oirnn,
'Us gaoir nan gunnacha mòra.

Ach leig sinn e sìos gu h-athaiseach, ciùin,
Mar thuit e an tréin' a mhòrachd,
Gun leac-lighe r'a cheann, gun chàrn os a chionn,
Ach sìnte le 'ghlòir 'n a ònrachd.

IAIN GILPIN.

(Bho 'n Bheurla).

Iain Gilpin bha 'na bhùirdeiseach,
Bu mhòr a chliù 's a nì ;
Gu'n robh e uair 'na cheannard-ceud,
'Am baile-mòr an rìgh.

Thuirt bean Iain Ghilpin là r'a gràdh,
"M' aighear thu 's mo chiall,
Ged tha sinn fichead bliadhna pòsd',
Là féill' cha d' ghabh sinn riamh.

"'S e 'm màireach là co'-ainm ar bainns',
Théid sinn gu sùgradh 'mach,
Sìos gus an ruig sinn Edmonton,
'An carbad an dà eich.

"Mo phiuthar is a leanabh mic,
Mi féin 's mo thriùir le chéil',
S a' charbad théid, is leanaidh tus'
A' marcachd as ar déigh."

"A bhean mo ghaoil!" ghrad fhreagair e,
"Dhuit féin gu'n d' thug mi gràdh
Os ceann gach té a tha fo'n ghréin,
Is gheibh thu mar is àill.

"Tha mise 'm mharsanta gu beachd,
Mar 's aithne do gach neach ;
'S mo charaid maith Tom Callander
Bheir iasad dhomh d'a each."

"Piseach ort," ars' is', "a ghràidh,
Is o'n 'tha 'm fion co daor,
Gu'n toir mi leam mo shearrag féin,
O' n 'tha e maith, is saor."

Thug Iain sgailce pòige dh' i,
Mar b' àbhaist dha gu tric ;
Oir bha e subhach toilichte,
I bhi co crionna ghlic.

Thàinig an carbad 'nuas gu moch
'S a' mhaduinn mar a gheall ;
'S air falbh 'n a dheann-ruith ghabh e leo,
Troimh eabar, is troimh pholl

Bu shiùbhlach luath na cuibhleachan
'S a' chuip mu chluas' nan each,
Le gleadhraich shaoileadh tu gu'n robh
An cabhsair as a bheachd.

Sheas Iain Gilpin taobh an eich,
Is ghlac e 'mhuing gu deas ;
Ach 's gann a fhuair e suas gu h-àrd,
'Nuair b' éiginn teachd air ais.

Cha luaith' a ràin' e 'n dìollaid shuas,
Le 'thulchainn air an each,
Na chunnaic e triùir cheannaichean
D'à bhùth a' dol a steach.

Theirinn e, 's cha b' ann d'a dheòin,
Oir bha e dian gu falbh ;
Ach leis an t-sannt cha dùraigeadh e
An sgillinn-ruadh a chall.

Bu mhàidheanach na ceanaichean,
Bha greis mu 'n robh iad réidh ;
'N sin Beati ghlaodh a mach gu h-àrd,
"Dh' fhàgadh am fion 'n ar déigh!"

'Nall e!" ars' Iain, "'s maith an t-àm ;
Thoir dhomh a nuas mo chrios,
Crios leathair mo dheagh chlaidheimh ghéir,
'Nuair bha mi 'm shaighdear deas."

Bha aig bean Gnilpin (làmh a' ghrùnnd!),
Dà shearraig làidir ghlas,
'S am b' àbhaist d'i an deoch a b' fhèarr
A chumail teann fo ghlais.

Bha aig gach searraig dhiubh fa leth,
Dà chluais tre 'n deach' an crios;
Is chroch e iad mar sin r'a thaobh,
Té dhiubh air gach leis.

Na dheaghaidh sin, a chum is gu 'm biodh
E sgeadaichte le sgoinn,
A chleòca maiseach sgàrlaid ghabh,
Is thilg e air a dhruim.

Faic e 'nis 'na dhìollaid shuas,
Air muin an steud-eich dhuinn,
Ag imeachd air a' chabhsair chruaidh
Gu socrach, is gu ciùin.

Ach 'nuair a fhuair e 'n t-slighe réidh
Fo 'bhròg aibh cruidheach cruaidh,
Le sitrich dh' fhalbh gu trotan garbh
'Rùisg màsan Iain thruaigh.

"Gu réidh," ars' Iain, "deas de! 'eich dhuinn:"
Ach labhair e gun fheum,
A throtan chaidh gu dian-ruith luath,
Gun suim do mhuiseal sréin'.

Chrom e 'sìos, mar dh' imreas iad
Nach urrainn suidhe 'suas,
Ghlac e muing an eich gu teann,
'S e dol a nis 'n a luath's.

An t-each a mhothaich air a dhruim
Uallach cho deacair ùr,
Theich e le geilt; 's mar theich e, dh' fhàg
E 'n saoghal air a chùl.

Air falbh chaidh Iain 'n a shradaibh dearg',
Air falbh chaidh 'n ad 's a' ghruag;
Is beag a shaoil an duine còir
A dhol air a' leithid do ruaig.

Chaidh coin gu tathunn, 's clann gu sgriach,
Bha cinn a mach 'n an ceud,
Is ghlaodh gach aon, le 'uile neart,
"'S tu féin an gille-steud!"

Air falbh chaidh Iain, cò ach e?
Na miltean air a thoir:
"Is réis tha 'n so! 's cha lugha 'n geall,
Na mile bonn do 'n òr!"

'S a nis, 'nuair dhlùthaich e gu dàn'
Air luchd na cìse cruaidh,
'An tiota thilg iad fosgailte
A' chachaileith gu luath.

'Nuair chrom e sìos os ceann an eich
Le 'cheann 'n a smùidibh teth,
Bhuail an dà shearraig air a chùl,
Is spealg 'n am mile bloidh.

Bu mhuladach an sealladh so,
Am fìon dearg mar a dhòirt,
'Thug smùid á cliathaich an eich dhuinn,
Mar cheithreamh muilt-fheòil ròist'.

Gidheadh bha e mar mharcaiche,
A' ruith na réis le 'chrios,
Is amhaichean dà shearraig ghlais,
Ag udal air a leis.

Mar so troimh bhaile Islington,
Faic e le mire 'triall,
Is fòs a suas troimh Edmonton,
'S a stigh feadh lub nan giadh.

'S ann ann an sin bha 'phlubartaich,
'S an t-each a' diùltadh smachd,
Mar sgaoth do gheòidh no 'thunnagan
'Gan lubradh féin le tlachd.

Aig uinneig ann an Edmonton
Gu'n d' sheas a bhean a suas,
Is chunnaic i dol seachad e
Le iongantas r'a luath's.

"Stad, stad, Iain Ghilpin, so an tigh!"
Gu'n d' ghlaodh iad uile ris,
"Tha 'n dinneir deas 's tha sinne sgìth;"
"Cha lùgh',; ars' Iain, "tha mis'!"

Ach 's beag an t-suim a ghabh an t-each,
De ghlaodh nam ban gu léir,
Bha prasach mhaith a mhaighstir féin
Deich mil' air falbh aig Ware.

Mar shaighead luath o làimh na treòir,
O'n iughar righinn chruaidh,
Gu'n d' theich an t-each—'s tha so 'ga m' thoirt
Gu darna leth mo dhuain.

Air falbh chaidh Iain le séideadh àrd,
'S gu dearbh cha b' ann d'a dheòin,
'S aig dorus tigh', Thom Challander,
Gu'n d' sheas an t-each fa-dheòidh.

'Nuair chunnaic esan e mar so,
A' teachd gun ad, gun ghruag,
Thilg e 'phiòb thombac' air falbh,
Is ruith e 'mach gu luath.

"Do sgeul, do sgeul—thoir dhomh do sgeul!
Do naidheachd innis dhomh;
C'ar son a tha thu ceann-ruisgte?
C'ar son a tha thu 'n so?"

Bha Iain làn do fheala-dhà,
De shùghradh beag, 's de chleas,
'S a réir so ri Tom Callander,
Gu'n d' fhreagair e gu deas:

"Tha mise 'n so, oir thigeadh t-each,
'S mur 'eil mi 'm fhàidhe bréig',
Bi'dh m' ad 's mo ghruag 'an so gun dáil,
Oir tha iad as mo dhéigh."

Bha sòlas air Tom Callander,
A charaid bhi co ait,
'S cha dubhairt e tuilleadh ris 's an àm,
Ach thill e stigh gu grad.

'S a mach gu'n d' thug e ad is gruag,
Gruag mhòr nan dualan cruinn,
Is ad a's gann a chuir e riamh
Seachd uairean air a cheann.

Chum e suas iad, 's thubhairt e
Le feala-dhà 'n a chainnt;
"Mo cheann-sa tha dhà mheud ri d' cheann-s',
'S théid iad ort gun taing.

"Leig dhomh an t-eabar sin 's am poll
A ghlanadh bhàrr do ghnùis;
Fuirich ri biadh, oir 's cinnteach mi
Gum bheil thu 'call do lùis."

"'S e so," ars' Iain, "co-là mo bhainns',
'S bu sgeigeil e ri ràdh,
Gu'm biodh mo bhean aig Edmonton
'S mise 'n so fo phràmh."

'N sin labhair Iain ris an each,
Tha cabhag orm gu m' bhiadh;
Air t' àilleas thàinig mise 'n so,
Théid thus' air t-ais do m' riar."

O! bòsd na tubaist' a bha 'n so,
Mar dh' fhiosraich e gun dàil;
Oir asail fhad-chluasach bha dlùth
'Thog raoichdeil choimheach àrd.

Le srann gu'n d' thog an t-each a cheann,
Ceart mar roimh leóghann garg;
'S air falbh le 'uile lùs a rìs,
Theich e 'n a shradaibh dearg.

Air falbh chaidh Gilpin, is air falbh
Chaidh 'ad 's a ghruag 'n an deann;
'An tiota thuit iad, chionn gu'n robh
Iad motha 's mòr d'a cheann.

'Nuair chunnaic bean Iain Ghilpin e
A' marcachd nuas co bras,
Tharruing i 'n sporan sìoda mach,
'S bonn leth-chruin thug i as.

'N sin thuirt i ris a' charbadair,
'S a crìdh' le iomaguin làn,
"Gur leatsa so, mo ghille gleusd',
Is thoir air ais e slàn."

Dh' fhalbh e, 's choinnich iad gun dàil,
Is dh' fheuch e 'n t-each a stad,
Ach 's ann a chuir an oidhirp so
An rosad air air fad.

'Nuair dh' fhairtlich air na bha 'n a bheachd
A chur a nis 'an gnìomh;
Gu'n d' chlisg an t-each, 's air falbh gu'n d' theich
Na 's luaith' na rinn e riamh.

Air falbh chaidh Gilpin, is air falbh
An carbadair co bras,
Gun straoidhlich chuibhleachan 'na dhéigh,
Gu meamnach a' dol as.

Bha sèathnar uaislean 'chunnaic e
A' teicheadh air an each,
'S an gille-carbaid air a thòir.
Gu'n d' ghlaodh iad uile 'mach,

"Mèirleach! mèirleach! glacaibh e!"
Gu'n d' ghlaodh iad dh' iarraidh fòir;
Is dh' fhalbh iad féin 's na chunnaic e
'N an teann-ruith air a thòir.

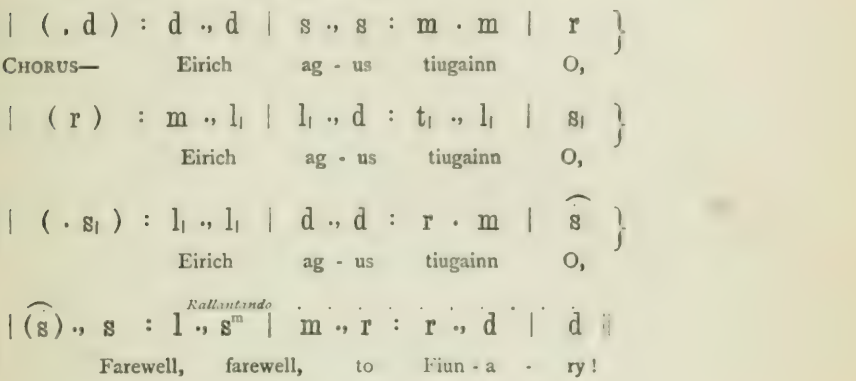
'S a rithist dh' fhosgladh dha gu luath
Cachaileith mhòr na cìs';
Oir shaoil na daoine, mar air tùs,
Gu'n robh e 'ruith na réis.

Bha e mar sin, is choisinn e;
Oir fhuair e buaidh le 'luath's:
Cha d' rinn e stad gus 'n d'-ràinig e
An t-àit' an deach' e suas.

Nis seinneamaid fad-shaogh'l do'n rìgh,
'S air Gilpin, gu'n robh àgh;
'S an ath-uair 'theid e mach 'chur réis,
Bu mhaith leam féin 'bhi làthair!

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY!

KEY A Flat.—*Moderato, with feeling.*



CHORUS—

Eirich agus tiugainn O,
Eirich agus tiugainn O,
Eirich agus tiugainn O
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary!

The wind is fair, the day is fine,
Swiftly, swiftly runs the time;
The boat is floating on the tide
That wafts me off from Fiunary.

A thousand, thousand tender ties—
Accept this day my plaintive sighs;
My heart within me almost dies
At thought of leaving Fiunary.

With pensive steps I've often strolled
Where Fingal's castle stood of old,
And listened while the shepherds told
The legend tales of Fiunary.

I've often paused at close of day
Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
And viewed the sun's departing ray
Wand'ring o'er Dun-Fiunary.

Allt-na-Caillich's gentle stream
That murmurs sweetly through the green,
What happy joyful days I've seen
Beside the banks of Fiunary!

Farewell ye hills of storm and snow,
The wild resorts of deer and roe;
In peace the heath-cock long may crow,
Along the moors of Fiunary.

'Tis not the hills nor woody vales
Alone my joyless heart bewails;
A mournful group this day remains
Within the Manse of Fiunary.

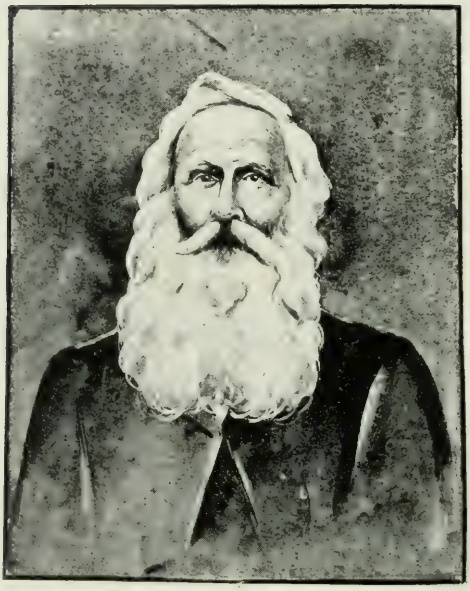
Can I forget Glenturret's name?
Farewell, dear father, best of men:
May Heaven's joys with thee remain
Within the Manse of Fiunary.

Mother! a name to me so dear,
Must I, must I leave thy care,
And try a world that's full of snares,
Far, far from thee and Fiunary?

Brother, of my love, farewell—
Sister, all your griefs conceal—
Your tears suppress—your sorrows quell—
Be happy while at Fiunary.

Archibald, my darling child,
May Heaven thy infant footsteps guide;
Should I return, oh! may I find
Thee smiling still at Fiunary.

Oh must I leave these happy scenes?
See, they spread the flapping sails,
Adieu! adieu! my native plains;
Farewell, farewell to Fiunary!



From a Photograph.

Dr. JOHN MACLACHLAN.

"The Sweet Singer of Rahoy."

DR. JOHN MACLACHLAN.

"THE SWEET SINGER OF RAHOY."

1804-1874.

DR. JOHN MacLACHLAN was born in the year 1804. Before then shadows had gathered which afterwards darkened and fell upon the Gaelic race. In his youth MacLachlan saw the social condition of the Highlands undergo a great change, and the people cast down by oppression and poverty. Many of his lyrics express the vivid impressions of one who felt keenly for the misery of his people, and the misfortunes brought about by hard-hearted landlords and their minions. Take "The Depopulated Glen" ("Och, och, mar tha mi"), for instance, where the bard sings in a very touching way of a visit paid to the once populous glen where his youth was passed. A lonely, weary, and sad stranger amid familiar and endearing scenes, he laments the changed times. The ancient customs have passed away. The Gaels are dispersed, and Lowland shepherds and sheep are in their place. It is painful to recall that the gloom was still further accentuated when the remnants of the people delivered themselves over to their spiritual guides, who, with a few notable exceptions, always endeavoured to shut out from their lives such sunshine as song and story afford.

But Dr. MacLachlan's poetical gifts were not confined to patriotic effusions alone. In rich, rhythmical cadence he sings of love, and many other themes are brought out by him in melodious verse of enduring popularity. He is known wherever Gaelic is spoken as "The Sweet Singer of Rahoy."

Some time after the death of "Nether-Lochaber," Mr. Henry Whyte ("Fionn") examined Dr. Stewart's literary remains, and while doing so found the following

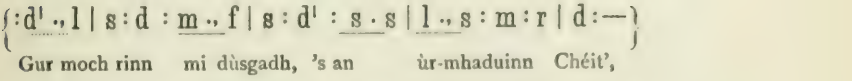
scrap bearing on the early history of the bard of Rahoy, and explaining the origin of the popular song "Gur moch rinn mi dusgadh." "Nether-Lochaber's" note is as follows:—

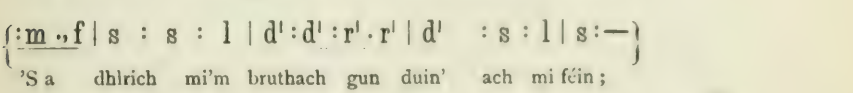
"John MacLachlan, the author of the following song, was the son of the late MacLachlan of Rahoy, in Morven, in his day one of the most respectable men in the county. John was the youngest son, and by profession a surgeon. He composed many beautiful songs well known and admired by the Morven, Mull, and Sunart people, and by all who admire Gaelic poetry, it must be confessed, deservedly so. The circumstances under which the song was composed are peculiar, and to appreciate it aright it is worthy of notice. The poet's friends had applied for a situation for him as assistant surgeon in one or other of the Glasgow hospitals or infirmaries. The application was long of being answered, and the issue doubtful. A vessel was about to sail from Tobermory, Mull, with emigrants for the Cape, in which it was arranged that John should take his passage to try his fortune in another land. The day appointed for sailing had arrived, and mid-day was the hour at which all passengers were ordered to be on board. Our poet, after bidding farewell to his friends, ascended a small hill behind the village of Tobermory, and gave vent to his thoughts and feelings in the song before us. He descended as the hour of sailing approached, and had stept into the barge which lay ready to convey him on board, when a messenger arrived saying that the post of that morning had brought tidings of a favourable answer to his application for the desired situation in Glasgow. With a joyful heart John leapt on shore, returned home, and straightway started for Glasgow, where he remained for some years. Afterwards he returned to his native district, and continued to practise there as a medical man with much success, beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

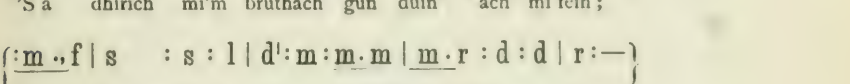
Dr. MacLachlan died at Tobermory in 1874.

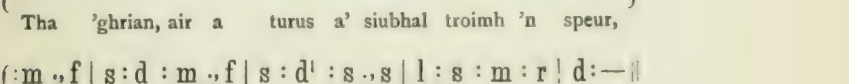
GUR MOCH RINN MI DUSGADH.

KEY D.—*With expression.*









Gur moch rinn mi dùsgadh, 's an ùr mhaduinn Chéit',
'S a dhìrich mi 'm bruthach gun duin' ach mi féin;
Tha 'ghrian air a turus a' siubhal troimh 'n speur,
'S dealt na h-oidhche a' tùirlinn thar ùr-dhos nan geug.

A' dìreadh an aonaich ri aodann a' chùirn,
'S binn torman a' chaochain a's aoidheala bùrn,
Le ròis air gach taobh dheth ag aomadh fo 'n driùchd,
'S e ri deàrrsadh na gréine ag éirigh 'na smùid.

'S binn na h-eòin feadh nam preasan gu leadarra 'seinn;
Tha 'n uiseag làn sòlais ri ceòl os mo chionn;
Na ba-laoigh anns a' ghleumnaich air an réidhlean ud thall,
'S mac-talla nan creagan 'gam freagairt air ball.

'S àlainn trusgan a' ghlinne suas ri binnean nan stùc;
'S cùbhraidh boltrach nan luibhean 'nam chuinnein mar thùis;
Ged 's bòidheach gach doire anns a' choillidh 's a' bhrùchd,
Ged tha 'm barrach cho ùrail cha dùisg e mo shunnd.

An so air faobhar a' mhullaich gur muladach mi—
Ceann-aobhair mo thuiridh leam gur duilich r' a ìnns':
Nach dìrich mi tuilleadh ri munadh 'san tìr—
Nach dìan mi cùis-ghàire 'n gleann àillidh mo chridh'.

Cha' n' eil gleannan cho aoibheil ri fhaotainn mu 'n cuairt,
Le d' bheanntainean àrda 'cur sgàth ort o 'n Tuath ;
Ann an dùdlachd a' gheamraidh gun ghreann ort, gun fhuachd—
Mo sgaradh 's mo chràdh-lot a bhi d' fhàgail cho luath !

Ged is iomadh fear finealt' anns na h-Innsean ud thall,
'Chaidh a dh-iarraidh an stòrais, o 'n tha 'n t-òr oirnn cho gann ;
Am fear ainneamh de 'n àireamh a thig sàbhailt' a nall,
'N a bhodach gun spéirid, odhar, éisleineach, fann.

Air tilleadh do 'n dùthaich, 's e 'dhùisgeas am bròn,
'Bhi 'faicinn m' a choinneimh luchd-comuinn na h-òig',
Cho sunndach, geal, loinneil, ged tha 'ghoinne 'n am pòc—
Gun uireasbhuidh slàinte, ged tha iad gun stòr.

'S mairg a mholadh na h-Innsean 's gach rìoghachd o dheas,
'S am bi cholann 's an inntinn 'g an strìochdadh le teas ;
Far nach urrainn dhuit gluasad gun fhuathas 'us geilt,
Agus uamh-bheist 'g a chùbadh fo dhùiseal nam preas.

'S mi 'ghluaiseadh gun smalan ann an gleannan an àigh—
'S moch a shiùbhlainn do phreasan gun teagamh, gun sgàth ;
Anns an òg mhadainn chùbhraidh, 'nuair bhiodh drùchd air gach bàrr
Nàile dhirinn ri d' stùc bheinn gun chùram roimh nàmh !

Ach 's tiom dhomh bhi 'g éirigh, 's bhi téurnadh o 'n àird ;
Cha dean luinneagan feum dhomh, cha dean éigheach dhomh stàth ;
Feuch am bàta fo còmhdach aig còmhnard na tràigh,
Tha gu m' ghiùlan null thairis á gleannan an àigh.

Bheir mi sùil thar a' bhealaich air na beanntan mu 'n chuairt ;
So an sealladh mu dheireadh air gach gleannan 'us bruach :
A' fàgail leibh beannachd, 'n àm dealachadh uaibh,
A' tèarnadh an aonaich 's iad mo smaointean tha truagh.

Ach 's diomhain mo smuaintean, nach faoin dhomh bhi 'caoidh,
Cha 'n 'eil neach anns an t-saoghal 'g a fhaotainn le 'dhiù ;
Ge blàth an fhuil chraobhach 'tha 'taosgadh o 'm chrìdh,
'S ro ghearr gus nach plosg i fo phlocan 's a' chill.

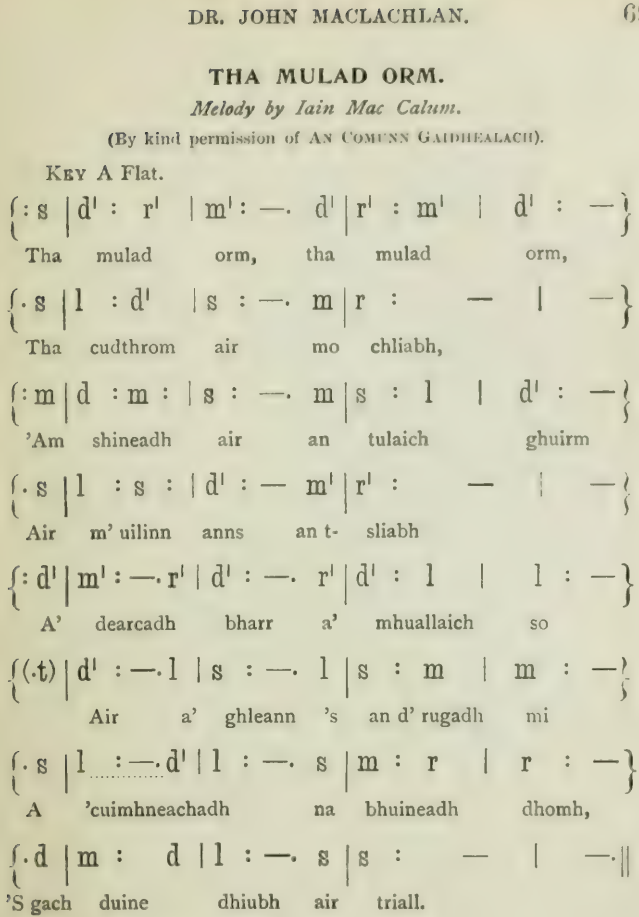
'Thi 'chruthaich an saoghal, 's a chuir na daoine so ann,
'S a thug dhuinne Fear-saoraidh a dh-aontachadh leinn,
Tha thu 'g éisdeachd ri m' òran cho brònach 'g a sheinn,
Bìdh mi 'striochdadh do d' òrdugh, bheir thu dhomhsa mo roinn

THA MULAD ORM.

Melody by Iain Mac Calum.

(By kind permission of An Comunn Gaidhealach).

Key A Flat.



Tha mulad orm, tha mulad orm,
Tha cudthrom air mo chliabh;
'Am shineadh air an tulaich ghuirm,
Air m' uilinn anns an t-sliabh;
A' dearcadh bharr a' mhullaich so
Air a' ghleann 's an d' rugadh mi,
A 'cuimhneachadh na bhuineadh dhomh,
'S gach duine dhiubh air triall.

'S iomadh òigear curanta
A chunnaic mi 's a' ghleann,
Gu lùthor, làidir, fulangach,
Gun uireasbhuidh, gun mheang;
Bu chaoimhneil, càirdeil, duineil iad,
Gu bàigheil, pàirteach, furanach—
An sàr dhuin' uasal urramach
'N a churaidh air an ceann.

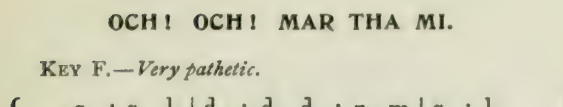
'Nuair chruinneachadh an còmhlan ud
An déigh trà-noin fo bheus,
Gum b' fhonnar, binn na h-oigheanan
A' téiseadh ceòl nan teud;
Cha 'n ìoghnadh mi bhi 'g osnaich,
'S mo chridhe bhi 's a' phlosgartaich;
Air nàile, gur a coltach mi
Ri Oisean 'n déigh na Féinn'.

Tha mulad orm, tha mulad orm,
Gur duine mi gun toirt,
A' cuimhneachadh air m' uireasbh'ean,
Cha 'n urrainn dhomh 'bhi 'tosd;
Am aonaran 's an t-saoghal so,
Gun phruip, gun taic', gun daoin' agam,
'S mi air an udail fhaontraighe,
Mar fhaoilinn feadh nam port.

Tha dealt na h-oidhche 'drùghadh
Air na dh' fhuirich orm de m' chiabh;
Tha 'n speur a' nochdadh rionnagan
Gu tiugh an ear 's an iar;
Ag éirigh thar na tulaich ghuirm,
A teurnadh leis na mullaichean,
Tha mulad orm, tha mulad orm—
Cha 'n urrainn mi 'chur dhiom.

OCH! OCH! MAR THA MI.

KEY F.—*Very pathetic.*



Och! òch! mar tha mi 'us mi 'nam aonar
A' dol troimh 'n choill far an robh mi eòlach,
Nach fhaigh mi àit' ann am fhearann dùthchais,
Ged phàidhinn crùn airson leud mo bhròige.

Neo-bhinn an fhuaim leam a dhùisg á m' shuain mi,
'S e 'tigh'nn a nuas orm a chruaich na mòr-bheinn—
An ciobair Gallda, 's cha chòrd a chainnt rium,
E 'glaodhaich thall ri cù mall an dòlais.

Moch maduinn chéitein an àm dhomh éirigh,
Cha cheòl air gheugan, no geum air mòintich,
Ach sgreadail bhéisdean 's a chànain Bheurla,
Le coin 'gan éigheach 'cur féidh air fògar.

An uair a chi mi na beanntan àrda,
'S an fhearann àigh 'san robh Fionn a chòmhnuidh,
Cha 'n fhaic mi ann ach na caoraich bhàna,
'Us Goill gun àireamh 'sa h-uile còdhail.

Na gleanntan ciatach 'sam faighteadh fiadhach,
'Us coin air iallan aig gillean òga,
Cha 'n fhaic thu 'n diugh ann ach ciobair stiallach,
'S gur duibhe 'mhiaran na sgiath naròcais.

O, chaidh gach àbhaist a chur air fuadach ;
Cha chluinn thu gruagach ri duan no òran ;
Nach bochd an nì e gu 'n shearg ar n-uaislean,
'S na balaich shuarach 'nan àitean-còmhnuidh !

An uair a chi mi na lagain àluinn,
'S a h-uile h-àiridh 'dol fàs le còinnich,
Fo bhadain chaorach le 'n uain 'gan àrach
Cha 'n fhaod mi ràdhtainn nach b'fhàidhe Tòmas.*

* Fàisneachd Thòmais :—
"Cuiridh a' chaora an soc as an talamh,
Bidh meall òir am bun gach glinne—
'S Albainn 'n a criosan geala."

DO LEANABH.

FONN :—" *Tog dhiot an cadal a' chuilein 's a ruin.*"

KEY B Flat.—*Moderato—beating twice in the measure.*

{ SEISD :— :d' | r' :—.m' : r' | r' : d' : l | d' :—. l : s | s : — | }

Dean cadalan sàmhach a chagair 'sa rùin,

{ : l | s :—. l : f | d' : l : d' | l :—. s : l | f : — | }

Co neach nach toir gràdh dhuit 's gur àllidh do ghnùis'.

{ : f' | m' :—.r' : d' | r' : m' f' | s' :—. m' : s' | r' :— | }

Dean cadal a phàisdein, gu sàmhach seimh ciùin

{ :m' | f' :—.m' : r' | d' : l : d' | r' :—. s : s | s : — ||

Gun robh sonas is àgh leat gu bràth anns gach cùis.

RANN :—

{ :d' . d' | r' :—. m' : r' | r' :—. d' : l | d' :—. l : s | s : — | }

Do shùil llonta gorm, meallach 's tlàth 'sheallas gach uair,

{ :l . l | s :—. l : f | d' : l : d' | s :—. l : s | f : — | }

'Nis air dùnadh 'an cadal fo d' mhalaidh gun ghruaim ;

{ :f' . f' | m' :—. r' : d' | r' : m' : f' | s' :—. m' : s' | r' :— | }

D'aghaidh fhlaitheasach, shìobhalt a's mìnealta snuadh,

{ :m' . m' | s' :—. m' : r' | d' : l : d' | r' :—. s : s | s : — || }

* 'Tabhairt aoibhneis do d' mhàthair an déigh d' àrach a suas.

SEISD :—

Dean cadalan sàmhach a chagair 's a rùin,
Có neach nach toir ghràdh dhuit, 's gur àillidh do ghnùis?
Dean cadal a phàisdein, gu sàmhach, sèimh, ciùin,—
Gu'n robh sonas is àgh leat, gu bràth anns gach cùis.

Do shùil lìonta gorm, meallach 's tlàth 'sheallas gach uair,
Nis air dùnadh 'an cadal fo d' mhalaidh gun ghruaim ;
D' aghaidh fhlaitheasach, shìobhalt' a's mìnealta snuadh,
Gun àrdan, gun mhì-rùn air sìneadh 'an suain.

Ge b'e 'sheallas gu faoilidh air d' aogas gun smùr,
Cha 'n fhaic e ach caomhachd gu naomhail a'd' ghnùis ;
Gur cùbhraidh leam d' anail na 'm barrach 's a bhrùchd :
'S e 'neòinein do shamhladh maduinn shamhraidh fo dhrùchd.

Chuir am Freasdal gu bàigheal gach àgh air do shnuagh ;
O ! gu'n tugadh e d' nàdur co-fhàs leis 'am buaidh ;
Gu'm fàs thu gu banail, ciùin ceanalta suairc',
*"Tabhairt aoibhneis do d' mhàthair an déigh d' àrach a suas.

O ! guidheam, a leinibh dhuit 'an deireadh mo dhàin,
Am Freasdal 'bhi 'd stiùradh le cùram gach là,
Gus an tàmh thu gu sàbhailt' 'an cala nan gràs,
'S do chàirdean ga d' chòmhlach' le deòthas is fàilt'.

DO 'N CHUTHAIG.

KEY C.—*Moderato.*

: . s | m . s : d' : —. t | l . d' : s |

O failt' ort féin, a chuthag ghorm,

: —. s | m . s : d' : —. r' | m' . r' : — |

Le d' òran ceòl - mhor mil - is!

: . f | m . s : d' : —. t | l . d' : s |

'S e seirm do bheòil 's a' Chéitean og,

: —. d' | t . d' : r' : —. m' | r' . d' : — |

A thogadh bròn o m' chridhe.

: . d' | t . d' : r' : —: t | l . s : d' |

'S ro- bhinn leam t' fhuaim 's a' mhaduinn Chéit',

: —. d' | r' . m' : f' : —. m' | m' . r' : — |

'S tu air bhàrr géig 'san inn - is;

: . r' | m' . r' : d' : —. m | f . l : s |

No 'm feasgar ciùin aig bun nan stùc,

: —. f | m . s : d' : —. t | r' . d' : — ||

'Nuair bhiodh an drùchd a' sileadh.

O, failt' ort féin a chuthag ghorm,
Le d' oran ceòlmhor, milis!
'S e seirm do bheòil 's a' Chéitein og,
A thogadh bròn o m' chridhe.
'S ro bhinn leam d' fhuaim 's a' mhaduinn Chéit',
'S tu air bàrr géig 's an innis,
No 'm feasgar ciùin aig bun nan stùc
Nuair bhiodh an drùchd a' sileadh.

O, innis c' àit' an robh do thriall
'Nuair bha na siantan fionnar;
No 'n robh thu 'd thosd gun chàil, gun toirt,
An còs a' chnuic fo dhubhar?
'S mor m' fharmad riut, a chuathag chaomh,
Cha dean thu bron 'n ad shiubhal;
Chionn tha do dhoire daonnan gorm,
'S do chridhe daonnan subhach.

Ged theicheas tu roimh 'n fhuachd air àm,
Gu 'm faic do ghleann thu rithist;
Ach 'nuair bheir mise ris mo chùl,
Cha bhi mo dhùil ri tilleadh.
'S truagh nach b' urrainn domh leat triall
Air astar sgiath' 'n ar dithis—
Le caismeachd bhinn 'toirt fios gach àm
'Nuair bhiod an Samhradh 'tighinn.

O, SEINNIDH MI MO DHUANAG.

FONN:—"*An Gille dubh cha treig mi.*"

KEY A Flat.

{ · s_1 | l_1 , l_1 .— : l_1 ., d | r : r }

O seinnidh mi mo dhuanag,

{ · m | l , l .— : s ., l | r : d }

O seinneam, seinneam 'suas i;

{ · s_1 | l_1 , l_1 .— : f ., r | m : l }

Is seinnidh mi do 'n ghruagaich

{ · m | r ., l_1 : d ., t_1 | l_1 , l_1 .— : s_1 ‖ }

G' am bheil an gluasad faras - da.

O, seinnidh mi mo dhuanag;
O seinneam, seinneam suas i;
Is seinnidh mi do 'n ghruagaich
G' am bheil an gluasad farasda.

'S moch a rinn mi éirigh
'S a' mhadainn chùbhraidh, cheitein;
Gathan ciùin na gréine
A' lasadh speur 's a' chamhanaich.

A' ghrian cho tlàth 's cho òirdheare,
A' soillseadh àird nam mor-bheann ;
Smüid thar dhealt nan lòintean,
'S an druchd 'n a lòd air mheanganan.

Sud e air an stùc ud,
An coïleach dubh a' dùrdail ;
So i 'chuthag shunndach,
'Sùrd aic' air a caismeachd.

Feuch an uiseag bhòidheach
Ag éirigh as a' mhointich,
'S ag itealaich le sòlas
Os cionn a còsaig fholaichte.

Tha seillein beag na Bealltuinn
'Dol seachad oirnn a's srann aig',
A thrusadh á mil shamhraidh ;
'S cha chuir an geamhradh ainnis air.

Bho 'n thuit dhomh bhi 's a' chòisridh,
Seinneam leis a' cheòlraidh—
Seinneam duan do 'n òigh ghil,
Gu sunndach, deònach, caithreamach.

'S e smuainteachadh mu 'n mhaighdinn
Is àbhaist dhomh gach oidhche—
A' cuimhneachadh do chaoimhneis,
'S e chum an raoir am chaithris mi.

Tha d' anail leam na 's cùbhraidh,
'Nuair labhras tu gu ciùin rium,
N' am barrach òg a' brüchdadh
A' mach le tùis na meala dheth.

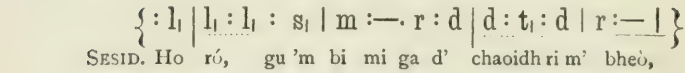
Ach ciamar ni mi luaidh
Air a' h-uile dreach a's buaidh ort?—
Do nàdur geanmnaidh, stuama,
Gu soitheamh, suairce, ceanalta.

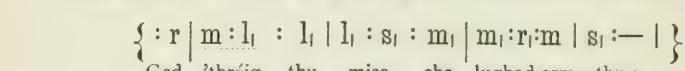
Cinnteach tha e 'n dàn dhomh,
An gaol a thug mi mhàin dhuit,
Nach dealaich e gu bràth rium
Gus am fàg an anail mi.

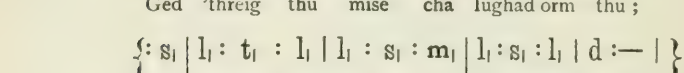
O sonas agus àgh ort,
Ri fad do ré 's do laithean !
Sam Freasdal, anns gach àite,
Le 'ghràsan, a bhi maille riut !

BIDH MI GA D' CHAOIDH.

KEY B Flat—*Moderato, beating twice in the bar.*







SEISD :—

Ho ró, gu 'm bi mi ga d' chaoidh ri m' bheò
Ged 'thréig thu mise cha lughad orm thu ;
Na 'n tigeadh thu fhathast bu tu m' aighear 's mo rùn
'S na 'm faighinn do litir gu 'n ruiginn thu nùnn.

Thoir an t-soraidh, ceud soraidh, thoir an t-soraidh so uam,
A nunn thun nam porta thar osnaich a' chuain,
Far an d' fhàg mi mo leannan, caol-mhala gun ghruaim,
'S gur cùbhraidh' leam d' anail na 'n caineal 'ga bhuain.

'S 'nuair ràinig mi 'n cladach bha m' aigne fo phràmh
A' cumha na maighdinn is caoimhneile gràdh.
'S 'nuair ghabh mi mo chead di air feasgar Di-màirt
Gu 'n deach mi 'n tigh-òsda a dh-òl a deoch-slàint'.

'S e so an treas turas dhomh féin a bhi falbh,
A dh' ionnsaidh na luinge le sgiobair gun chearb,
Le còmhlan math ghillean nach tilleadh roimh stoirm ;
'S na 'm biodh agam botal gu 'n cosdainn sud oirbh !

Ged théid mi gu danns', cha bhi sannt agam dha,
Cha 'n fhaic mi té ann a ni samhladh do m' ghràdh ;
'Nuair dhìreas mi 'n gleann, bidh mi sealltainn an àird,
Ri dùthaich nan beann, 's a bheil m' annsachd a' tàmh.

Mar dhealbha na peucaig, tha 'n té tha mi 'sealg,
'S 'nuair chi mi an té sin tha m' éibhneas air falbh ;
Mar ròs air a' mheangan, tha 'n ainnir 'n a dealbh,
'S ged sgàineadh mo chridhe, cha 'n innis mi 'h-ainm.

SEINN AN DUAN SO.

KEY B Flat.—*Slowly, with feeling.*

$\{(s_l) : s_l \cdot l_l \mid d : r \cdot m : s_l \cdot s_l \mid \underline{l_l \cdot s_l} \cdot m_l \mid \}$

SEISD.—Seinn an duan so hug ìr - i hù o,

$\{\cdot r_l : m_l \cdot s_l \mid m : r \cdot m : s \cdot m \mid r : —. \mid \}$

Do m' chailin dualaich hug ór - o hi,

$\{\cdot d : r \cdot m \mid s_l : \underline{l_l \cdot s_l} \cdot m_l : r_l \cdot m_l \mid s_l : l_l \mid \}$

A's deirge gruaidhean 's a's duinne cuailean,

Rallantando.

$\{\cdot d : r \cdot r \mid m : r \cdot d : l_l \cdot s_l \mid s_l : —. \|$

'S gur lionmhor buaidh a th' air luaidh mo chridh'.

SEISD:—

Seinn an duan so, hug ìri hù o,
Do m' chailin dualaich, hug o ro hi,
A's deirge gruaidhean 's a's duinne cuailean,
'S gur lionmhor buaidh a th' air luaidh mo chridh'.

'S ann Di-Màirt bho cheadh' Loch-Alainn
A dh' fhalbh mo ghràdh-sa le bàt' na smùid;
Bu luath a ceum 'dol gu tìr na Beurla,
'S tha mi fo éislean air bheagan sunnd.

'S gur ann le bàta nan roithean làidir,
'S nan cuibhlean pràis 's iad a ghnàth 'cur strìth;
'Us fear 'ga stiùradh gu laidir, lùghmhor,
'S e 'deanamh iùil dhe gu Diùra shìos.

Gur h-ioma peucag a chi thu 'n Glaschu,
Le 'n éideadh maiseach 's le 'm fasan ùr:
'S ann bhios tu, eudail, mar reult na maidne
'Cur neul le airsneul air dreach an gnùis.

'S truagh nach robh mi leat thall an Eirinn,
'Us m' aitribh fhéin an taobh thall de'n chuan—
Dh' aithnichinn m' éudail am measg nan ceudan,
'Us i mar Bhénus ag éiridh suas.

Tha do chòmhradh gu blasda, binn leam,
Do phòg a's millse na mil an fhraoich,
'Us t' anail chubhraidh 'tha mar na h-ùbhlan,
Tigh'nn réidh gun tùchan o'd mhuineal caoin.

'S tha do shùilean mar na smeuran,
Mar ròs an gàradh do dhà ghruaidh,
Mar choinnle céire, 's iad laist' le chéile—
'S gu'n aithnichinn m' eudail am measg an t-sluaigh!

Té eile fo 'n ghréin cha' n' eil ri fhaicinn,
Is bòidh'che maise na bean mo ghaoil;
Dà shùil mhiogach, mheallach, lionta,
Fo 'n rosg shìobhalt, dh' fhag m' inntinn faoin.

'S tric a bha mi fo sgàil nan craobh leat,
'Us lagan fraoich air gach taobh dhinn fhìn,
Bu leam do chòmhradh 's le d' dheòin do phògan,
'S tha mi fo leòn bho 'n là dh' fhàg thu 'n tìr.

GED A THA MI NOCHD 'S A CHOISRIDH.

FONN:—"*O nighean donn nan gobhar.*"

KEY A Flat.

{ : r ., m | f · m : r ., d | l_1 · s_1 }

* 'S mòr gu 'm b' annsa leam bhi 'sugradh,

{ : l_1 · l_1 | f ., f : m ., r | m , m ·— }

Leis an nigh' nag chaoin-ghil, chùil-duibh,

{ : s ., s | l ., l : l_1 ., l_1 | d , d ·— }

Anns an doire 'n goir an smùdan

{ : l · l | l ., s : m ., d | r ‖

Bun an stùic air ùrlar glinn.

Ged a tha mi 'n nochd 's a' chòisridh
Maille ri fleasgaichean bòsdail,
'S nìonagan cho rìomhach, spòrsail
Le sìoda 's le srol a' danns—

Nìonagan cho rìomhach, stràiceil,
'S beag a chuir mi dh' ùigh 'n an àbhachd;
'S mòr gu 'm b' annsa leam 'bhi 'mànran
Riut, a ghràidh, air sgàth an tùim.

*'S mòr gu 'm b' annsa leam bhi 'sugradh
Leis an nìonaig chaoin-ghil, chùil-duibh,
Anns an doire 'n goir an smùdan—
Bun an stùic air ùrlar glinn.

Chi mi pailteas deoch 'g a taomadh—
Fion 'us branndai 's brigh a' chaochain,
B' annsa leamsa uisg' an aonaich
Bho d' làimh chaoimh aig taobh an uillt.

'S ann a bhòdhras iad le 'n ceòl mi—
Pìob, 'us fidhléireach, 'us bòilich;
'S mòr bu bhinne leam do chòmhradh,
'S d' òrana 'bu mhòdhar fuinn.

'S ann leam fhéin bu bhinne chòisridh
Anns a' mhaduinn chéitin, cheòthar—
Uiseagan os cionn nan lòintean,
Smeòraichean air meòir 's a' choill.

Crodh a' nuallanaich 's a' geumnaich,
Laoigh a' ruithteis, 'us a' leumnaich—
Buachaillean a' ruaig a chéile,
A' cumail an treud ud cruinn.

Sud an ceol is binne chualas,
Luinneag foil aig bannal ghruagach,
Ag iomain a' chruidh-laoigh do 'n bhuaile—
Cuach 'us buarach air an druim.

Mo leannan fhein 'n an teis-meadhoin,
'Seinn an orain cheol-mhoir, mhilis,—
Anail chùbhraidh, deud is gile,
Anns a' bheul is grinne ponc.

Lasadh mo chridhe le gràdh dhuit
'Nuair a nochdadh thu air fàireadh,
'S tu cho geal ri cobhar sàile,
'Tighinn gu tràigh air bhàrr na tuinn.

Ged a thug mi ré a' Gheamhraidh
Air na sràidean anns a' Ghalldachd
Bidh mi 'triall an tùs an t-Samhraidh
'Shealltainn m' annsachd anns na glinn.

Théid mi 'shealltainn air an ainnir
'Nuair a thriallas uainn an t-Earrach;
Leam bu taitneach suidhe mar riut,
Mo làmh tharad, 's mi riut teann.

Leam bu taitneach suidhe làmh riut
Ann am bhreacan air an àiridh,
Ag éisdeachd ri d' chòmhradh màlda—
Bhiodh mo làmh fo d' leadan donn.

'SO 'N AM SHINEADH AIR AN T-SLIABH.

KEY G.—*Moderato.*

{: s ., m | m ., s : l ., l_1 | d }

'So 'n am shineadh air an t-sliabh,

{: s ., s | m ., m : r ., r | m }

'S mi ri iarguin na bheil uam,

{: s_1 ., s_1 | l_1 ., s_1 : l_1 . d | r }

'S tric mo shùil a sealltainn siar,

{: m , s .- | m ., r : d ., t_1 | l_1 ||

Far an luidh a' grian 's a' chuan.

CHORUS, *after each verse.*

{: l_1 ., d | r ., m : r . d | l_1 }

Bheir mi hó air mora hó,

{: l ., l | s ., m : r . r | m }

I-thill ó air mora h-é,

{: l_1 ., l_1 | s_1 ., s_1 : l_1 . d | r }

Bheir mi hó, air mora hó,

{: s , l .- | m ., r : d ., t_1 | l_1 ||

Tha mi trom 's gun fhonn ad dhéigh.

'So 'n am shineadh air an t-sliabh,
'S mi ri iarguin na bheil uam,
'S tric mo shùil a sealltainn siar,
Far an luidh a' grian 's a' chuan.

Chì mi thall a h-aiteal caomh
'Deàrrsadh caoin ri taobh na tràigh,
'S truagh nach robh mi air an raon.
Far an deach' i claon 's an àillt.

'S truagh nach robh mi féin an dràsd,
Air an tràigh a's àirde stuadh.
'G éisdeachd ris a' chòmhradh thlàth.
Th' aig an òigh a's àillidh snuagh.

Aig an òigh a's àillidh dreach
'S gile cneas 's a's caoine gruaidh
Mala shìobhalt' mìn-rosg réidh,
Air nach éirich bréin', no gruaim.

O! nach innis thu 'ghaoth 'n iar,
'Nuair a thriallas tu thar sàil',
Ciod an doigh a th'air mo ghaol—
Bheil i smaointinn orms' an dràsd?

'Nuair a shìn mi dhuit mo làmh
Air an tràigh a' fagail tìr,
'Sann air éiginn rinn mi ràdh
"Soraidh leat a ghràidh mo chridh!"

'Nuair a thug mi riut mo chùl
Chunnaic mi thu 'brùcadh dheur;
Ged a shuidh mi aig an stiùir
'Sann a bha mo shùil am dhéigh.

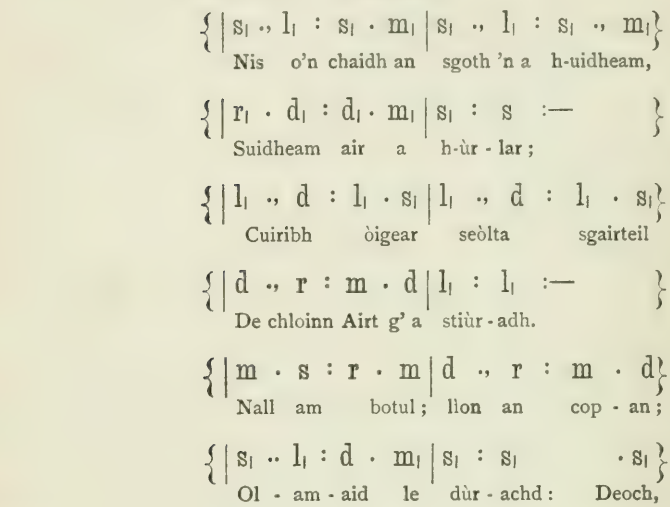
Chaidh a' ghrian fo stuadh 'san iar.
Dh' fhàg i fiamh air nial a' chuain;
'S éiginn dhomh o'n àird 'bhi triall—
Sguir an ianlaith féin d'an duan.

Mile beannachd leat an nochd,
Cadal dhuit gun sprochd gun ghruaim;
Slàn gun acaid feadh do chléibh,
Anns a' mhadainn 'g éirigh suas.

IORRAM.

FONN.—"*Coille-chnagaidh.*"

KEY B Flat.—*With spirit.*



Nis o'n chaidh an sgoth 'n a h-uidheam,
Suidheam air a h-ùrlar;
Cuiribh òigear seòlta, sgairteil,
De Chloinn-Airt g' a stiùradh.
Nall am botul; lìon an copan;
Olamaid le dùrachd:
Deoch-slàinte gach creutair bochd,
Tha 'n diugh fo sprochd 's an dùthaich.

Siùdaibh 'illean, càiribh rithe,
Bithibh eridheil, sunndach ;
Thugaibh làmh gu h-ealamh, dàn'
Air cur an àird' a siùil rithe ;
Na biodh curam oirbh, no eagal,
Seasamaid ar cùrsa ;
Ruigidh sinn gu cala sàbhailt',
Ged is dàn an ionnsaidh.

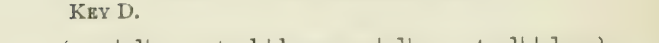
Chaidh sinn seachad air a' Ghràtair
Ged a b' àrd a bhùraich ;
Ged a bha Bun-dubh cho gàbhaidh
Ràinig sinn a nunn air ;
'Dol seachad Sòi, Righ ! bu mhòr
An crònan bh' aig na sùighean ;
'S e mo ghràdh an stiùradh grinn,
Nach leigeadh mill g' ar n-ionnsaidh.

Nunn do Mhuile, nunn do Mhuile,
Nunn do Mhuile théid i ;
Nunn do Mhuile air bhàrr tuinne
Ged robh mhuir a' beucaich.
'S mi tha sunndach air a h-ùrlar,
Air bhàrr sùigh ag éirigh ;
Mo ghràdh an iùbhrach làidir, dhùbailt',
'S na fir lùthmhor, ghleusda.

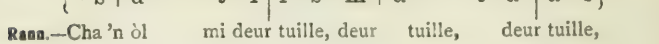
DI-MOLADH AN UISGE-BHEATHA.

FONN :—"*Crodh-laoigh nam bodach.*"

KEY D.

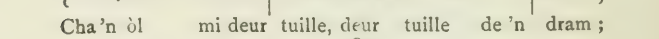


Rann.—Cha 'n òl mi deur tuille, deur tuille, deur tuille,

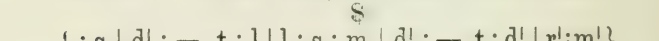


Cha 'n òl mi deur tuille, deur tuille de 'n dram ;

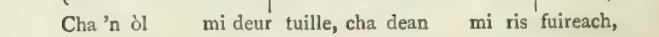
Cha 'n òl mi deur tuille, cha dean mi ris fuireach,



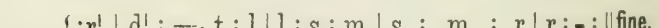
'S mi cinnteach gu 'n cuireadh e 'n tubaisd 'am cheann.



Seisd.—Cha 'n òl : cha 'n òl : cha 'n òl mi deur tuille



Cha 'n òl : cha 'n òl : mi tuille de 'n dram.



Cha 'n òl : cha 'n òl :

Then repeat verse from S to || fine for rest of chorus.

Cha' n òl mi deur tuille, deur tuille, deur tuille,—
Cha' n òl mi deur tuille, deur tuille de 'n dram ;
Cha' n òl mi deur tuille, cha dean mi ris fuireach,
'S mi cinnteach gu'n cuireadh e 'n tubaisd 'am cheann.

Gur mis' tha gu brònach, am luidhe 's tigh-òsda,
Mi 'teannadh ri òran le bòidean gu teann ;
Ag éirigh air m' uilinn, 's ag éigheach gu duineil—
"Cha' n òl mi deur tuille, deur tuille de 'n dram."

'S trom, éisleineach m' aigne 'n àm éirigh 's a' mhaduinn,
Mo bhriogais mu m' chasan 'g a tarruing a nall ;
Mo bhriogais 'n a stròiceau, cha dean i mo chòmhdach—
'S e éigheach nan stòp 'chuir am pòca cho gann.

Le 'm chois air an ùrlar, 's gann tha mi air dùsgadh,
'S gur measa na brùid mi le stùrdan 's a' cheann ;
Le smal air mo léirsinn, 's an t-snigh' air mo léine,
Mo chridhe làn éislein le speura de 'n dram.

Mo léirsinn air tuiteam, cha léir dhomh mo thrusgan,
Cha 'n 'eil mi ach tuisleach, a' trusadh gach ball,
Ann an seòmar na bochdainn, ag iarraidh gach oisinn—
Ciamar theid mi air choiseachd 's na h-osain air chall?

Tha muinntir an tighe ri bùird, agus fanoid,
O'n dh' éirich mi falamh, cha 'n fhaigh mi an taing ;
Bu bhriathrach an raoir iad, 'n àm lasadh nan coinnlean,
An toiseach na h-oidhche bu chaoimhneil an cainnt.

Bidh iadsan cho fiadhaich mur pàigh thu na fiachan,
Gach latha 's a' bhliadhna 'g an iarraidh gu teann,
'Cur cagar ad achlais, le briathran a' mhaslaidh—
"Tha agam ort tasdan, is aisig e nall."

Bidh esan cho spòrsail 's a' chlachan Di-dòmhnaich,
Bho 'n cheannaich e còta le pòiteir an dram ;
Clann ceathairne còir ann, gun bhoineid, gun bhròg an,
'S nighean dubh an tigh-òsda le srol air a ceann.

Sguiridh mi 'n bhéisd ud, cha bhi mi 'g a éigheach,
Gun fhios a'm fo 'n ghréin, ciod am feum a tha ann ;
Their na fir làidir, 'nuair chi iad air sràid mi—
"Tha pòit' an tigh-thàirne 'g a fhàgail-san fann."

Cha 'n òl mi deur tuille, cha dean mi ris fuireach,
Cha téid mi le furan an cuideachd mo chall ;
'Nuair chluinneas mi 'n deoch ud 'g a h-éigheach le frogan,
Bidh iallan mo sporain g' an roladh gu teann.

NA LAITHEAN A DH' AOM.

FONN.—"*Robi dona gorach.*"

KEY B Flat.—*Beating twice in the measure.*

{ | :d·r | m:—·r:d | d:—·l₁:s₁ | s₁:—·l₁:d | r:— }
Tha na siantan air caochladh, tha 'n saoghal fo sprochd,
Tha sneachda trom, dòmhail a' comhdach nam beann,

{ :d·r | m:—·r:d | d:—·l₁:s₁ | s₁:—·l₁:d | D.C. d:— }
Chuir an doinionn fhuar, fhiadhaich an ianlaidh 'n an tosd;
A' lionadh nan glacan 's a' tacadh nan allt,

{ :m·r | d : m : s | d : m : s | l : s : m | r:— }
'S mise 'feitheamh an aisig aig carraig a' chaoil,

{ :s·,f | m:—·r:d | d:—·l₁·s₁ | *Rallantando.* s₁:—·l₁:d | d:—·‖
Ri smaointean air àbhachd nan làithean a dh' aom.

Tha na siantan air caochladh, tha 'n saoghal fo sprochd,
Chuir an doinionn fhuar, fhiadhaich an ianlaidh 'n an tosd;
Tha sneachda trom, dòmhail a' comhdach nam beann,—
A' lionadh nan glacan, 's a' tacadh nan allt,
'S mise 'feitheamh an aisig aig carraig a' chaoil,
Ri smaointean air àbhachd nan làithean a dh' aom.

Ann an làithean ar n-òige dol 'an còmhdhail an t-sluaigh,
Cha sheall sinn ach faoin air mar dh' aomas iad 'uainn;
Cha tig e 'n ar smaointean cho goirid 's tha 'n dàil,
Gus am brùchd oirnn gach leòn ni ar lùbadh gu làr,
Gun chùram, gun éislein aig teumadh air taobh
Air làithean a' snàg 'uainn gun àireamh air aon.

'Nuair a luidheas an aois oirnn 's a dh' aognas ar snuadh,
Ar ciabh 'dol 'an tainead, agus smal air ar gruaidh,
Bi'dh teugmhail nan còmhlan a' còmhradh gu truagh,
Agus càirdean ar n-òige air sòmhladh 's an uaigh,
'S ann an sin bhios ar cridhe làn mulaid 'us gaoid,
Ri smaointean air àbhachd nan làithean a dh' aom.

O! Ard-Rìgh na cruinne, ceann-uidhe ar dùil,
Air an t-sneachda fhliuch, fhionnar dhuit a lùbas mi glùn;
'S guidheam gu 'n òrduich thu dhòmh-sa gu glic,
'Bhi 'cuimhneachadh d' òrduigh gu h-ùmhal 's gu tric,
Chum 'nuair chriochnaicheas m' astar ann an glacaibh an Aoig,
Nach cuimhnich thu m' fhàilinn anns na làithean a dh' aom.

IS UAIN' AN FHOID FO 'N D' ADHLAIC IAD.

KEY G.—*Moderato, with feeling.*

{· s_l | s_l ., l_l : d ., r | m ., l_l : l_l}
Is uain' an fhòid fo 'n d' adh - laic iad

{., d | s_l ., l_l : d ., r | m : —. }
An ainn - ir chaomh 's an ùir;

{· r | d ., d : m ., s | d^1 ., t : l}
Le sòbh - raich - ean 's le neòin - ean - an,

{·t,d^1 | s ., f : m ., s | l : —. }
Am measg nam feòirn - ean dlùth;

{ ·s | l ., s : l ., t | d^1 ., s : m}
Ach spiol - am 'nuas an fheanntag so,

{., s | f · m : r · d | l_l : —. }
Cho coimh-each, feannt-aidh, gnù,—

{· t_l | d ., s_l : l_l ., d | f ., s : l}
Cha shamhladh air an ainn - ir thu,

{., s | s ., m : r ., m | d : —. ‖
'Gan robh an aig - ne chiùin.

Is uain' an fhòid fo 'n d'adhlaic iad
An ainnir chaomh 's an ùir;
Le sòbhraichean 's le neòineanan
Am measg nam feòirean dlùth;
Ach spiolam 'nuas an fheanntag so,
Cho coimheach, feanntaidh, gnù,—
Cha shamhladh air an ainnir thu,
'G an robh an aigne chiùin.

Cha shamhladh air an ainnir thu
'Gan robh an aigne chiùin,
Nach deanadh lochd, 's nach tugadh beum,
Nach nochdadh eud no tnù.
Bha seirc, 'us gràdh, 'us bàighealachd
Gu h-àillidh ann a' d' ghnùis—
Cò 'chunnaic thu gun ghaol 'thoirt duit?
Cò 'bhruidhneadh ort gun chliù?

'S trom an diugh mo smaointean,
Ag cuimhneachadh aig d' uaigh
Am feasgar ciùin a dhealaich sinn
Le beannachdan 'g an luaidh:
Cha robh lochd 'n ar conaltradh,
No brosgal, cleith no cluain;
Ach seirc, 'us gràdh le ceanalas,
'Us carantachd le stuaim.

Bu gheàrr an ùin' 'n a dhéigh sin
'Nuair 'thàinig sgeul a' bhròin,
Nach faiceamaid ri 'r maireann thu
Air thalamh anns an fheòil.
Tha do chrè 's an duslach;
Tha mis' an so gun treòir,
'N am dhuine tuisleach, euslainteach,
'N am sheasamh còm aig d' fhòid.

'N am sheasamh crom a' dearcadh
Air na leacan 'tha mu 'n cuairt,
Le 'm chiabhan liath air tanachadh,
'S a' ghaillionn air mo shnuadh;
Tha 'n Aois a' teachd am fagus dhomh
A' bagradh orm gu truagh,
Le mile gaoid 'us anshocair,
'G am theannadh ris an uaigh.

Chi mi thar a' mhonaidh ud,
Air coimhead os mo chionn,
An duibhre air na mullaichean,
'S an rionnag a' tighinn dlùth;
Tha dealt na h-oidhch' a' téurnadh orm;
Cha léir dhomh nis fo 'm shùil
Cho uain' 's tha 'n fhòid fo 'n d' adhlaiceadh
An ainnir chaomh 's an ùir.

TUIREADH.

FONN :—" *Cumha Dhomhnuill Dhughaill 'Ic Aoidh.*"

Adapted by JOHN MACCALLUM.

(By kind permission of An Comunn Gaidhealach.)

KEY F.

{ | s : — : m | d : — : m | d¹ : — : l | s : — : — }
'S trom mo ghleus air an stùc

{ | l : — : s | l : — : d¹ | l : — : s | m : — : — }
Anns an fheasgar chùbhraidh, chéit',

{ | s : — : m | s : — : l | d¹ : — : l | s : — : — }
Dealt nan speur a' teurnadh dlùth,

{ | l : — : s | l : — : d¹ | l : — : s | s : — : — }
Inneal ciùil am bàrr gach geug.

{ | l : — : s | l : — : d¹ | l . — : s | m : — : — }
Chrom a' ghrian, tha 'n iar - mailt ruadh,

{ | s : — : m | s : — : l | d¹ : — : l | s : — : — }
Air cuan mòr nan stuadhan àrd ;

{ | l : — : s | m : — : l | s : — : m | r : — : s }
Feuch an long ag éiridh suas, Mar

{ | m : — . r : d | m : — . s : m | r : — : d | d : — : — ‖
thannasg fuar i seach a' snàg.

'S trom mo ghleus air an stùc
Anns an fheasgar chùbhraidh, chéit',
Dealt nan speur a' teurnadh dlùth,
Inneal ciùil am bàrr gach geug.

Chrom a' ghrian, tha 'n iarmailt ruadh,
Air cuan mòr nan stuadhan àrd ;
Feuch an long ag éiridh suas,—
Mar thannasg fuar i seach a' snàg.

Tha 'n oidhche 'teachd le 'trusgan ciar,—
Tha 'n àirde 'n iar air dol 'n a smàl ;
Thréig an t-séisd 'bha 'm beul gach ian,
Gidheadh cha 'n 'eil mi 'triall o 'n àird.

Tha gach dùil, 's gach cuileag fhaoin
Air gach taobh a' gabhail tàimh ;
Ach mise 'am shìneadh anns an fhraoch,
Fo iomairt smaointean baoth gun stàth.

O'n a thàinig mi do 'n t-saoghal
'S beag a rinn mi 'smaointean glic ;
Mar bhlàth cluarain air an raon,
'Ghluaiseas leis gach gaoith a thig.

Gidheadh tha smaointean tiamhaidh, bochd,
'Nochd a' mosgladh ann am chrìdh',
Tha mar fhàsach falamh, fuar,
'S e gun luaidh air neach, no nì.

Cha 'n 'eil agam leannan gaoil,
No caraid caomh agam fo 'n ghréin,—
Cha 'n 'eil agam bean no clann,
No neach a b' annsa leam na 'cheil',

Amhuil mar bhrùid air a' mhagh,
Gun eagal Dhé, gun ghràdh, gun dùil ;
Cha 'n 'eil cùram air mo chrìdh',
'S mi gun nì 's an cuir mi ùigh.

Ard-Rìgh nam feart tionndam riut,
A's air mo ghlùinean guidheam ort,—
Deònaich dhomh-sa cridhe nuadh,—
Eisd ri m' ùrniugh thruaigh an nochd.

Dòirt a nuas do Spiorad caomh,—
Ris an t-saoghal bheiream cùl ;
Dhuit a mhàin, O ! thugam gaol,
A' d' Aon Mhac féin, O ! cuiream dùil.

Eisd, a Shlànuighear nam buadh,
Ri ùrnuigh thruaigh a' teachd o m' chrìdh',
Tha mo cheum air slighe 'bhàis,
'Thriath nan gràsan sàbhail mi.

CUMHA.

KEY E.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*

{: m · m | r : d : d | m ·, r : d }

Thàinig sgeula mo chruadail,

{: d · d | s : l : d' | ta ·, l : s }

Gu 'n do chuir iad 's an uaigh thu ;

{: d' · l | s : m : d | r : m }

'S goirt mo chridhe bho 'n chuala

{: s · s | l ·, s : m : r | d : — ||

Ged nach d' fhuasgail mo dheòir.

Thàinig sgeula mo chruadail,
Gu 'n do chuir iad 's an uaigh thu ;
'S goirt mo chridhe bho 'n chuala,
Ged nach d' fhuasgail mo dheòir.

Tha do leaba lom, fuaraidh,
'S trom do chadal, 's ro bhuan e ;
Chaoidh cha 'n éisd thu ri m' luaidh-sa,
'S cha ghluais thu ri m' cheòl.

Bha do ghluasad gun eucoir,
Gun uireasbhuidh céille ;
Leam bu taitneach 'bhi 'g éisdeachd
Ri séisde do bheòil.

Tha do bheul a nis dùinte,
Cha 'n 'eil léirsinn 'n ad shùilibh ;
'S fuar an cridhe 'bha mùirneach,
Anns an ùir, 's e gun deò.

Mar bhuannaich am bàs thu
Seach na dilsean 'tha làthair,
Cinnidh feanntag 's a' ghàradh,
'Nuair thig fàilinn 's an ròs.

Sud an ròs a bha cùbhraidh,
Air geug nan dos ùrail ;
B' òg 's a' mhaduinn e 'brùchdadh—
Sheachd 'us shùigh e trà-nòin.

Chuir thu mise gu smaointinn,
Nach innis mi 'dhaoine ;
'S mairg 'chuir ùigh anns an t-saoghal,
'S iomadh caochladh 'teachd oirnn.

Ged tha càirdean gu deurach,
'S faoin an cumha leam féin e,
'Theid gu cuirm 'us cùirt éibhneis,
'Giùlan éideadh a' bhròin.

Ged tha m' éideadh gun mhùthadh,
'S mi gun deur air mo shùilibh,
Gus an cuir iad 's an ùir mi,
Bidh mi 'd ionndrainn ri m' bheò.

Chionn bu toigh leam an nìonag—
Bu ro-thoigh leam an nìonag !
Mo sgeul dubhach ga' innseadh,
Thu 'bhi 'd shìneadh fo 'n fhòid.

NEIL MACLEOD.

THE SKYE BARD.

BORN 1843.

THE chief representative Gaelic bard of to-day is Neil MacLeod, who was born in Glendale, Isle of Skye, in 1843. He was early distinguished for poetic talent, and so was his father, for he is a son of Donald MacLeod, popularly known as "Am Bard Sgitheanach," who published a collection of Gaelic poetry in 1811, when only twenty years of age.

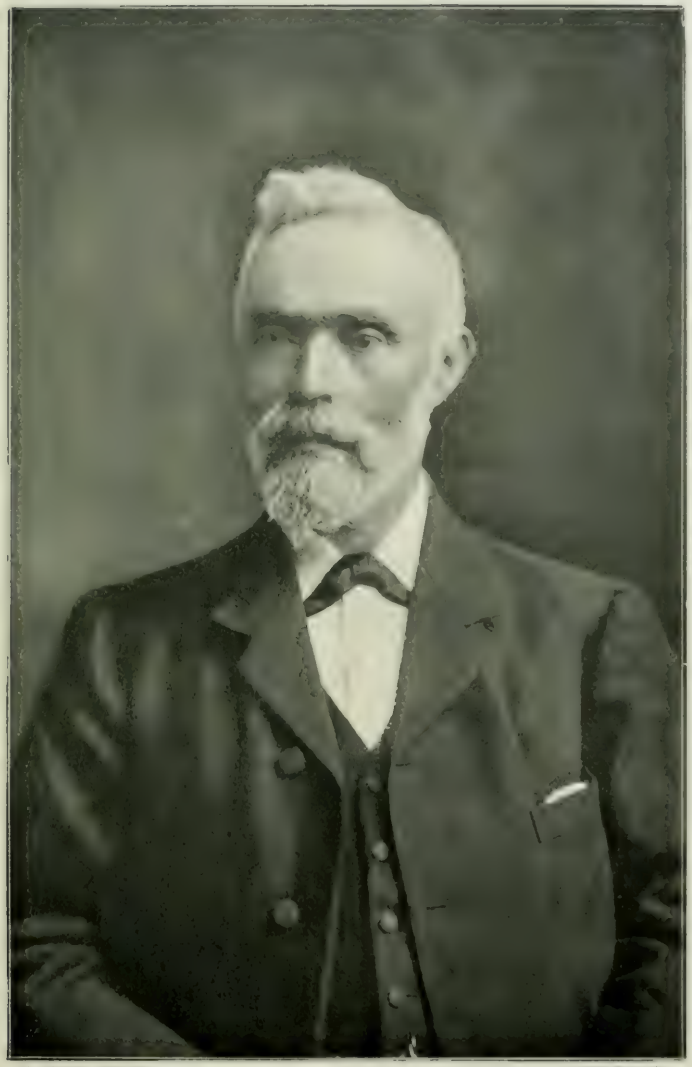
Eviction and clearance had already devastated many parts of the Highlands, but the ruthless methods of the depopulator had not yet been applied to Neil MacLeod's native parish, so in "An Gleann 's an robh mi òg" he gives us a pleasing picture of the social life in a Highland glen in his happy boyhood days; but there is another picture, and with pathos, feeling, and beauty of expression and sentiment the bard sings of "the change 'twixt now and then," and in haunting strains laments the desolated land and banished people.

Though books were few in the Highlands in the fifties and sixties of the nineteenth century, young MacLeod was the happy possessor of a copy of Mackenzie's "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," which became his auspicious and inseparable friend, and kindled within him the desire, as Burns said, "to sing a sang at least."

Round a glowing peat fire, Highland villagers pass the long winter evenings relating and listening to the legendary lore and traditions of their country. In such meetings the future bard took great delight, and his memory became a storehouse of quaint lore and Ossianic poetry.

"Beyond the Parish School," writes Professor Magnus

MacLean, "for the rest of the knowledge and education he acquired MacLeod had to depend mainly on the Book of Nature and contact with his fellow-men. Like most of his class in Skye, he was obliged to leave home very early, without means and without trade, to seek employment in the South, and for some years had his full share of the toils and drudgery of life. But in 1866 he went to Edinburgh and started in the tea trade with his cousin, the late Mr. Roderick MacLeod. The connection thus happily formed the bard has maintained, continuing in the employment of the firm to this day. During these years he has never ceased to cultivate the gift of song. 'All his productions,' Dr. MacNeill felicitously remarks, 'are characterised by purity of style and idiom, freshness of conception, gentleness of spirit and liquid sweetness of versification.' Of his 'Clàrsach an Doire,' which was first published in 1883, and has now reached its third edition, it is surely much to say that it contains as great variety of good popular songs as any volume of a single author in the language."



A. Scott Watson. *Edinburgh.*

NEIL MACLEOD.

"The Skye Bard."

AN GLEANN 'SAN ROBH MI ÒG.

KEY G.—RANN.

{ · m , r | d ., t_1 : d ., r | m ., m }
'Nuair a philleas ruinn an samhradh,

{ : m ., r | d ., t_1 : d ., l_1 | s_1 : —· }
Bidh gach doire 's crann fo chròic ;

{ · l_1 | l_1 ., s_1 : l_1 ., t_1 | l_1 ., s_1 }
Na h-eòin air bhàrr nam meanglan

{ : s_1 ., l_1 | d ., d : r ., r | m : —· }
Deanamh caithreim bhinn le 'n ceòl ;

{ · m ., r | d ., t_1 : d ., r | m }
A 'chlann bheag a' ruith le fonn

{ : m ., f | s ., s : l ., l | r : —· }
Mu gach tom a' buain nan ròs :

{ · s , f | m ., r : d ., l_1 | s_1 ., l_1 }
B'e mo mhiann a bhi 'san àm sin

{ : d ., r | m ., d : r ., r | d : —· ‖
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi òg.

SEISD.

{ · d , r | m ., m : r ., r | m : — }
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi òg,

{ · m , f | s ., s : l ., l | r : — }
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi òg,

{ · s , f | m ., r : d ., l_1 | s_1 ., l_1 }
B'e mo mhiann a bhi 's an àm sin

{ : d ., r | m ., d : r ., r | d : —
Anns a' ghleann 'san robh mi òg.

'Nuair philleas ruinn an samhradh,
Bidh gach doire 's crann fo chròic;
Na h-eòin air bhàrr nam meanglan
Deanamh caithreim bhinn le 'n ceòl;
A' chlann bheag a' ruith le fonn
Mu gach tom a' buain nan ròs—
B'e mo mhiann a bhi 's an àm sin
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.

Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg,
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg,
B'e mo mhiann a bhi 's an àm sin
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.

'S a' mhaduinn 'n àm dhuinn dùsgadh,
Bhiodh an driùchd air bhàrr an fheòir;
A' chuthag is gu-gùg aic'
Ann an doire dlùth nan cnò;
Na laoigh òg' a' leum le sunnd,
'S a' cur smùid air feadh nan lòn;
Ach cha 'n fhaicear sin 's an àm so
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.

Anns a' ghleann, etc.

'N àm an cruinneachadh do'n bhuaile
B' e mo luaidh a bhi 'nan còir;
Bhiodh a duanag aig gach guanaig,
Agus cuach aice 'n a dòrn;
Bhiodh Mac-talla freagairt shuas,
E ri aithris fuaim a beòil:
Ach cha chluinnear sin 's an àm so
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.

Anns a' ghleann, etc.

Ann an dùbhlachd gharbh a' gheamhraidh
Cha b' e àm bu ghainn' an spòrs;
Greis air sùgradh, greis air dannsadh,
Greis air canntaireachd is ceòl;
Bhiodh gach seanair aosmhor liath
'G innseadh sgialachdan gun ghò
Air gach gaisgeach fearail greannmhor
'Bha 's a' ghleann 'nuair bha iad òg.

Anns a' ghleann, etc.

Bha de shòlas dhe gach seòrs' ann
Chumadh òigridh ann am fonn;
Cha robh uisge, muir no mòinteach
Air an còmhdach bho ar bonn;
Ach an diugh tha maor is lann
Air gach alltan agus òb;
Cha 'n 'eil saorsa sruth nam beanntan
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.

Anns a' ghleann, etc.

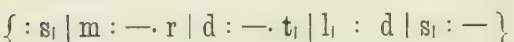
Tha na fàrdaichean 'n am fàsach
Far an d' àraicheadh na seòid,
Far 'm bu chridheil fuaim an gàire,
Far 'm bu chàirdeil iad mu'n bhòrd ;
Far am faigheadh coigreach bàigh
Agus ànrach bochd a lòn ;
Ach cha 'n fhaigh iad sin 's an àm so
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.
Anns a' ghleann, etc.

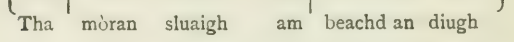
Chaochail maduinn ait ar n-òige
Mar an ceò air bhàrr nam beann ;
Tha ar càirdean 's ar luchd-eòlais
Air am fògradh bhos is thall ;
Tha cuid eile dhiubh nach gluais,
Tha 'n an cadal buan fo 'n fhòd,
Bha gun uaill, gun fhuath, gun anntlachd
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh iad òg.
Anns a' ghleann, etc.

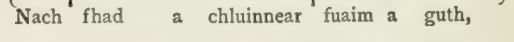
Mo shoraidh leis gach cuairteig,
Leis gach bruachaig agus còs,
Mu'n tric a rinn mi cluaineis,
'N àm bhi buachailleachd nam bò ;
'Nuair a thig mo reis gu ceann,
Agus feasgar fann mo lò,
B' e mo mhiann a bhi 's an àm sin
Anns a' ghleann 's an robh mi òg.
Anns a' ghleann, etc.

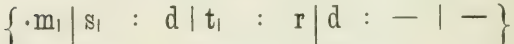
AM FAIGH A' GHAIDHLIG BAS?

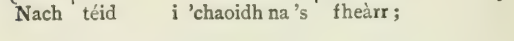
KEY A.











Tha mòran sluaigh am beachd an diugh
Nach 'eil ar cànain slàn,
Nach fhad a chluinnear fuaim a guth,
Nach téid i chaoidh na 's fheàrr;
Gu 'm bheil an aont' a bh' aic' air ruith,
Nach tog i ceann gu bràth;
'S a dh' aindeoin buaidh Mhic-'Ille-Dhuibh,
Gu 'm faigh a' Ghàidhlig bàs.

Tha siol nan sonn 'g an cur air chùl,
'S am fearann 'g a chur fàs;
Tha féidh is caoirich air gach stùc
Mu 'n robh na laoich a' tamh;
Tha cinneach eil' air teachd do 'n ùir,
'S ag éirigh suas 'n an àit,
'Tha toirt am bòidean air gach dùil
Gu 'm faigh a' Ghàidhlig bàs.

An leig sinn eachdraidh chaomh ar tìr
A sgrìobadh de gach clàr,
'S a' Ghàidhlig chòir a chur a dhìth
Le linn nach tuig a gnàths?
A' chànain aosda, ghlòrmhor, bhinn,
A dhùisgeadh fuinn nam Bàrd,
Am fan sinn diomhanach gun suim
Is daoi 'g a cur gu bàs?

Dùisg suas, a Ghàidhlig, 's tog do ghuth,
Na biodh ort geilt no sgàig;
Tha ciadan mìle dìleas duit
Nach dìobair thu 's a' bhlàr;
Cho fad' 's a shiubhlas uillt le sruth,
'S a bhuaileas tuinn air tràigh,
Cha 'n aontaich iad an cainnt no 'n cruth
Gu 'n teid do chur gu bàs.

A' chainnt a dh' fhoillsich cliù nam Fiann,
'S an gaisge dian 's gach càs;
Tha 'n euchdan iomraiteach bho chian
Ag àrach miann 'n an àl;
Na leómhainn threun nach d' thug le fiamh
An cùlaibh riamh do nàmh,
Tha iomadh gleann, is cnoc, is sliabh,
A' luaidh air gnìomh an làmh.

Cha 'n eòl dhuinn ceàrn an ear no 'n iar,
No fonn mu'n iadh an sàl,
Nach fhaighear cuid an sin dhe 'n sìol
A' liadachadh 's a' fàs,
Tha 'g altrum suas, le dùrachd dhian,
Gach sgialachd agus dàn,
A bhiodh an sinnsearan a' snìomh
Air tìr nan sliabh 's nam bàgh.

Ach 's geàrr a bhios an ùin' a' triall
Gu 'm faic sinn, mar is àill,
A' Ghàidhlig mhùirneach, mar ar miann,
An cathair inbhich, àird;
A' sgaoileadh eòlais, tuigse, 's ciall
Bho h-ionmhasan nach tràigh;
'S a' taisbeanadh le neart a rian
Nach teid i 'n cian so bàs.

'N sin togaidh i le buaidh a ceann,
Le aoibhneas ni i gàir ;
A teudan gleusaidh i gu teann
Le cridhe taingeil, làn ;
Gu 'n cluinn Mac-talla feadh nan gleann
Gach doire 's allt cur fàilt',
'S an osag chiùin air bàrr nam beann
A' giùlan fonn a dàin.

Ach buaidh is piseach air na laoich
Tha seasmhach air a sgàth,
Chaidh àrach ann an tìr an fhraoich,
Ge sgaoilt' an diugh an àl ;
Ged chaidh an sgapadh air gach taobh,
Cha chaochail iad an gnàths ;
Cha 'n fhàs an eachdraidh lag le aois
'S cha 'n fhaigh a' Ghàidhlig bàs.

DUANAG AN T-SEOLADAIR.

Air Fonn.—"*Eirich agus tiugainn O.*"*

Gu ma slàn do 'n rìghinn òig,
Tha tàmh an eilean gorm an fheòir,
'S e dh' fhàg mo chridhe trom fo leòn
Nach fhaod mi 'n còmhnuidh fuireach leat.

An àm dhuinn dealachadh Di-màirt,
Gun fhios an tachair sinn gu bràth,
Gu'n d' iarr mi gealladh air mo ghràdh,
'S a làmh gu 'm biodh a fuireach rium.

Sheall i orm gu h-iochdmhor, caoin,
'S na deòir a' ruith bho 'sùilean maoth,
Gu'n chuir e saighead geur 'n am thaobh,
An gaol a thug mo chruinneag dhomh.

Tha 'n fhairge 'g éirigh suas 'n a smùid,
Is mise 'n ceangal aig an stiùir ;
Ach chuir e spionnadh ùr 'n am dhùirn
An rùn a thug mo chruinneag dhomh.

Shiùbhlainn deas is shiùbhlainn tuath,
Dh' fhuilinginn acras agus fuachd,
'S cha ghearaininn air smùid a' chuain
Na 'm buannaichinn a' chruinneag ud.

* For melody, see page 63.

Thug i 'dealbh dhomh air an tràigh,
Is dualan mìn dhe 'cuailean bàn.
Tha sin a' cur 'n am chuimhne ghnàth
An gràdh a thug mo chruinneag dhomh.

'Nuair bhios ise trom 'n a suain,
Bidh mis' air bhàrr nan crannag shuas,
A' pasgadh sheòl, 's a' seinn mo dhuain,
Mu 'n luaidh a thug mo chruinneag dhomh.

'S tric mi cuimhneachadh le spéis,
'Nuair bha sinn ann an gleann nan geug,
A h-uile gòraiche gun chéill
A rinn mi-fhéin 's mo chruinneag ann.

'S ged tha mi 'n so air bhàrr nan sìon,
A' sabaid ris a' Chuan-an-iar,
Cha bhi mi cuimhneachadh mo dhìol,
'Nuair ni Catrìona furan rium.

Ach thusa, ghaoth, tha dol gu tuath,
Thoir leat mo shoraidh so gu m' luaidh,
Is innis dhi, ma bhios mi buan,
Nach caill i 'duais ri fuireach ruim.

MO DHOMHNULLAN FHEIN.

Key F.

{ :d · r | m : m · s | l : l · s | m : m · r | d·l$_1$:d }

'Nuair chruinn' cheas an òigridh, Gu mir - e 's gu sòl - as,

{ · r | m : m · s | l : l · s | m·d : r·m | l$_1$: — }

Bidh mis - e 'n am òn - ar 'S an t - seòmar gun ghleus;

{ · l$_1$ | d : d · m | r : d · d | r : m · s | l : m }

A cuimhneachadh còmhraidh An fhleasgaich a leòn mi,

{ ·m | d^1 : t · l | s·m : d·r | m·d : r·m | l$_1$ ‖

'S an gaol thug mi òg do Mo Dhòmh - nullan fhéin.

'Nuair chruinn'cheas an òigridh,
Gu mire 's gu sòlas,
Bidh mise 'n am ònar
'S an t-seòmar gun ghleus;
A' cuimhneachadh còmhraidh
An fhleasgaich a leòn mi,
'S an gaol thug mi òg do
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin.

Tha m' athair 's mo mhàthair
Ri gearan 's ri cànran,
'S a' cantainn nach fheàrr mi
Na pàisde gun chéill;
Mo ghaol thoirt a dh' òigfhear
Tha daonnan a' seòladh,
'S a sgaoileas a stòras
Gun ghò ris gach té.

Ged gheibhinn fear chruachan,
Le pailteas mu 'n cuairt da,
Gun toirt aig an t-sluagh dheth,
Gun suairceas 'n a ghnè;
Ciod e ni e dhòmhsa
Na chunntadh e dh' òr dhomh,
'S mo chridhe le deòin aig
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin?

Tha bliadhn' agus còrr bho
Na thriall e bho 'eòlas,
'S tha 'lomhaigh cho beò dhomh
'S ged sheòladh e 'n dé;
Cha ghéill mi do dh' òigfhear,
'S cha tréig mi na bòidean,
A sheulaich mi òg do
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin.

Tha dualagan bòidheach
Dhe chuailean 'n am phòca,
'S a dhealbh air a chòmhdach
Le òr ann an céis;
Tha shùilean cho beò ann,
'S a ghruaidh mar na ròsan,
Ag ùrachadh dhòmhsa
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin.

'Nuair thachradh an còmhlan
'S a' chlachan Di-dòmhnaich,
'N am measg cha robh òigfhear
Cho còmhnard 'n a cheum;
Cho beusach 'n a chòmhradh,
Cho fearail 'n a dhòighean,
Bhiodh sùil aig gach òigh air
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin.

Gu 'm b' òg bha sinn còmhla
An doire na smeòraich,
'S an dubhar 'g ar còmhdach
Fo spògan nan geug;
A' tional nan neòineun,
Gu h-inntinneach ceòlmhor,
Ri briodal gun ghò le
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin.

'Nuair dh' éireas na cuantan,
A' beucail le buaireas,
Na neòil air an ruagadh,
Is gruaim air an speur;
Bidh mise 'n am ghòraig
Ag éisdeachd an còmhraig,
'S mo chridhe 'g a leòn mu
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin.

Am Freasdal bhi stiùireadh
Nan gaothan le ciùine,
'S a' còmhnadh mo rùin anns
Gach dùthaich is ceum:
'G a dhìon is 'g a sheòladh
Gu 'm pill e gu 'eòlas—
Gur mi dheanadh sòlas
Ri m' Dhòmhnullan fhéin.

Ach mur till e gu m' ionnsuidh,
Gur mise bhios tùirseach;
Gu 'n càirear fo 'n ùir mi,
Cha mhùch mi mo spéis;
Cha taobh mi ri òigfhear
'S cha chaochail na bòidean,
No 'n gaol thug mi òg do
Mo Dhòmhnullan fhéin.

DOIRE NA SMEORAICH.

KEY A.

{: s_l | d : t_l : l_l | s_l : — : s_l | m : — : m | m : r}

O, tiugainn, a rùin, a null am bealach,

{: m | r : d : l_l | d : — : m | r : — : d | l_l : s_l}

'S na lusan cho ùr fo dhriùchd na meala;

{: m_l | s_l : l_l : s_l | m : — : f | s : — : m | r : d}

Nach cluinn thu na ciùil tha 'n dlùths a' bharraich,

{: r | m : r : d | l_l : d : l_l | s_l : — : — | s_l : — ||

Le sùrd an Doire - na - smeòr - aich?

O! tiugainn a rùin, a null am bealach,
'S na lusan cho ùr fo dhriùchd na meala;
Nach cluinn thu na ciùil tha 'n dlùths a' bharraich,
Le sùrd an Doire-na-smeòraich?

Nach tric thug sinn sgrìob, mo rìghinn lurach,
A thional nan dìthean mìn fo 'n duilleach;
'S a' mireag leinn fhìn gun sgìos gun mhulad,
A' dìreadh Doire-na-smeòraich.

Is bheir sinn a' chuairt so suas am bealach,
A dh' fhaicinn nan cluaineag cuachach meala;
'S ged theid sin thar chuain ar luaidh bidh maireann,
Do bhruachan Doire-na-smeòraich.

Nach beag a bha smaoin air maoin no earradh,
'Nuair bha sinn cho saor ri gaoth nam beannaibh,
Ag iomain nan laogh bho thaobh nam bearradh
Gu caochain Doire-na-smeòraich.

Ach c' àit' 'eil an òigridh bhòidheach fhallain,
Na gillean gun spòrs 's na h-òighean banail,
Bhiodh leinn aig a' chrò, 's ri ceòl is caithream
Mu chòsan Doire-na-smeòraich?

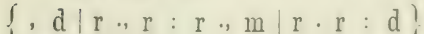
Tha comunn mo ghaoil air sgaoileadh uile,
Gach sruthan is craobh gu 'n saoil thu tuireadh,
'S na gleannanan caoin gun laogh, gun duine,
Ni taobh ri Doire-na-smeòraich.

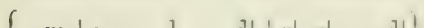
Ach ni sinn ar n-iùl a null am bealach—
Tha bàta na smùide dlùth do 'n chala,
'S gu 'm fàg sinn ar dùrachd rùin mu 'n dealaich,
Aig cùiltean Doire-na-smeòraich.

DEOCH-SLAINTE NAN CURAIDHEAN.

FONN.—"*An Dòmhnullach urramach.*"

KEY E Flat.





Deoch-slàinte nan curaidhean
Tha 'n tràth so cur urram oirnn,
A' cumail suas na Gàidhlig,
'S cha bhàsaich i tuilleadh oirnn.

Lion a mach na cuachan,
'S gu 'n òl sinn air na h-uaislean,
'S Mac-'Ille-Dhuibh thug buaidh dhuinn,
Bidh luaidh againn tuilleadh air.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

Tha nise cainnt ar dùthcha
A' tòiseachadh air dùsgadh,
Thoirt soluis do gach ùmaidh
Bha 'n dùil nach robh buil innte.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

Is theid a nis a gleusadh
An àrd Oil-thigh Dhuneideann
Am measg gach Eabhra 's Greugais
Is géillidh iad uile dhi.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

An leig sinn cainnt nan àrmunn,
A choisinn buaidh 's na blàraibh,
A chur air chùl le gàrlaoich,
Gun nàire gun duinealas?
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

A' chainnt a bh' aig ar sìnnsir,
'S a labhradh leis na rìghrean
Mu 'n d' thainig Beurl' an tìr so,
Cha dìobair sinn buileach i.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

An leig sinn cainnt nam fiùran
A dhìon ar tìr 's ar dùthaich,
Gu 'm bi i chaoidh 'g a mùchadh
'S fo mhùiseag aig burraidhean?
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

Their cuid gu 'm bheil i cnàmh oirnn,
Their cuid gu 'n faigh i bàs oirnn,
'S nach fhiach i bhi 'g a h-àrach
'S a slàinte cho cunnartach
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

Ach 's iomadh linn a thàinig
Bho fhuair i tìr nan àrd-bheann,
'S bidh tuilleadh ris an àireamh
Mu 'm bàsaich a' chruinneag so
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

AM FEAR A CHAILL A LEANNAN.

KEY G.—*Moderato.*

{ : s_1 ., s_1 | l_1 ., s_1 : s_1 , s_1 .— | m ., f : s , m .— | r }
Gum a slàn do 'n chaileig Bh' anns a' bhail' ud shuas,

{ : m ., r | d ., t_1 : l_1 , s_1 .— | l_1 . d : m ., r | d }
Thug i dhòmhsa gealladh Ged nach robh e buan;

{ : s_1 ., s_1 | l_1 ., d : m , m .— | r . m l . l | s }
'Nuair a dh' fhàg mi 'sealladh Chuir i car 'n a cluais,

{ : m ., r | d . m : r , s_1 .— | l_1 . d : m ., r | d ‖
'S ghabh i mach am bealach Leis a' bhalach ruadh.

Gum a slàn do 'n chaileig
Bh' anns a' bhail' ud shuas,
Thug i dhòmhsa gealladh
Ged nach robh e buan;
'Nuair a dh' fhàg mi 'sealladh
Chuir i car 'n a cluais,
'S ghabh i mach am bealach
Leis a' bhalach ruadh.

Fhuair mi tigh 'us fearann
Agus beagan guail,
'S rud a dheanadh banais,
'S thug mi fios do 'n t-sluagh;
Chruinnich iad gu geanail,
'S dhealaich iad le gruaim,
'S mhallaich iad le caithream
Ainm a' bhalaich ruaidh.

Their a nis gach bean rium,
Agus sin le uaill,
"C' àite bheil do leannan,
Amadain gun bhuaidh?
Na 'm biodh tusa smiorail,
Fearail mar bu dual,
Chumadh tu do chaileag
Bho 'n a ghille ruadh."

Ma bhios mise maireann
Gus an tig Di-luain,
Siùbhlaidh mi gach baile
'S leanaidh mi an ruaig;
Gus am faigh mi deannal
Dhe mo chaman cruaidh,
'Fhiachainn air an drannaig
Aig a' bhalach ruadh.

Bha mi 'n raoir na m' chaithris,
'S aithreach leam mo dhuais,
'G amharc air gach bealach
'S mu gach bad 'us bruach;
'S bhòidich mi fodh m' anail
Ged 'rachadh mo luadh,
Gu 'n tugainn ruith-phrannaidh
Air a' bhalach ruadh.

Shaoil leam, mar bu mhaith leam
'Nuair a ghabh mi cuairt,
Gu 'm faca mi 'm balach
'Falach aig a' chruaich;
Thug mi leum le cabhaig
Gus a bhi 'n a ghruaig
Ach 's e bhuail mi bannas
Gearran Choinnich ruaidh.

Ma gheibh mis' an garrach
Air an taobh so 'n uaigh,
Ni mi 'cheann a sgaradh,
Ged a b' ann le tuaigh:
Mis' a' cur nan car dhiom
Ann an leabaidh fhuair,
'S ise 'rinn mo mhealladh
Aig a' bhalach ruadh!

COILLE CHAOIL.

KEY C.

{:d·m | s · s : l · l | s : m · d | r :d |d}
Bha mi 'n raoir an Coille chaoil Le mo rìgh - inn òig.

{:m·m | s · s : l · l | s : m · d | r :d |d}
Tional lusan bòidheach, maoth, Le mo rìgh - inn òig;

{:d'.,t | l · d' : t · l | s : m.,f | s · l : s · m | d}
Bha na h-eòin air bhàrr nan craobh, 'S iad ri 'n ceilear air gach taobh,

{:d'·m' | r' · t : d' · l | s : m · d | r :d |d ||
'Nuair a dh' innis mi mo ghaol Do mo rìgh - inn òig.

Bha mi 'n raoir an Coille Chaoil
Le mo rìghinn òig,
Tional lusan bòidheach, maoth,
Le mo rìghinn òig,
Bha na h-eòin air bhàrr nan craobh,
'S iad ri 'n ceilear air gach taobh,
'Nuair a dh' innis mi mo ghaol
Do mo rìghinn òig.

Fhuair mi gealladh daingeann teann
Bho mo rìghinn òig,
Thug mo chridhe leum gu danns
Ri mo rìghinn òig;
Thog na h-eòin air bhàrr nan crann
Caithream éibhneis le 'n cuid rann,
'S ghuidh iad sonas buan 's gach àm
Do mo rìghinn òig.

Tha dà shùil cho banail ciùin
Aig mo rìghinn òig;
Tha dà ghruaidh mar ròs fo 'n driùchd
Aig mo rìghinn òig;
Ged bu rìgh mi air a' chrùn
Leis gach saibhreas agus mùirn,
Cha 'n 'eil té d' an tugainn rùn.
Ach mo rìghinn òg.

Ged a gheibhinn 'n a mo dhiuc
  Gun mo rìghinn òg,
Cha bu sonas leam a' chùirt
  Gun mo rìghinn òg;
Leis gach maise tha 'n a gnùis
Agus buaidh tha air a cliù,
Cha chuir mis' a chaoidh mo chùl
  Ri mo rìghinn òig.

Cha 'n eil fearann, 's cha 'n 'eil fonn
  Aig mo rìghinn òig;
Ach tha cridhe glan 'n a com
  Aig mo rìghinn òig;
Ged a bhiodh ar bothan lom,
Is ar sporan gun bhi trom,
Bhithinn sona ris an tom
  Le mo rìghinn òig.

Cha 'n 'eil cron bho 'bhonn gu 'ceann
  Air mo rìghinn òig,
Agus cuimir anns gach ball
  Tha mo rìghinn òg;
Tha i fìnealta 'n a greann
Mar a lilidh anns a' ghleann,
No mar shneachd air bhàrr nam beann
  Tha mo rìghinn òg.

Gur e mise thug an gaol
  Do mo rìghinn òig!
Bidh mi 'g aisling 'nuair nach saoil
  Air mo rìghinn òig;
Chi mi h-ìomhaigh air gach taobh,
O 'n lath' thachair sinn 's a' chaol,
Far an d' innis mi mo ghaol
  Do mo rìghinn òig.

CUMHA AN T-SEANA GHAIDHEIL.

KEY A.

{ : s_l | d : s_l : s_l | d : s_l : s_l | d : r : m | f : — }

Tha sgiathan na h-oidhche 'G an sgaoileadh a nall,

{ : m | s : m : d | d : s_l : l_l | ta_l : d : l_l | s_l : — }

'S an cèo air a lùb - adh Mu stùc - an nam beann ;

{ : m | s : l : s | f : m : r | d : r : m | s_l : — }

Tha deòir air mo shùil - sa 'S gun m' aig-ne ach fann,

{ : l_l | ta_l : l_l : s_l | f_l : m_l : f_l | s_l : l_l : t_l | d : — ‖ }

Air m' fhàg-ail 'nam aon - ar A' caoineadh 's a ghleann.

Tha sgiathan na h-oidhche
'G an sgaoileadh a nall,
'S an ceò air a lùbadh
Mu stùcan nam beann ;
Tha deòir air mo shùil-sa
'S gun m' aigne ach fann,
Air m' fhàgail am aonar
A' caoineadh 's a' ghleann.

Tha eunlaith nan geugan
A' gleusadh an rann,
'S a' leumnaich le sòlas
'S ri ceòl feadh nan crann ;
Tha 'n àlach mu 'n cuairt daibh
Gu h-uallach a' danns' ;
Ach àlach mo ghaoil-sa
Gach aon diubh air chall !

Tha mo chiabhagan tana
'S tha claisean 'n am ghruaidh,
Oir tha céile mo ghràidh-sa
'N a sìneadh 's an uaigh ;
Agus triùir de mo phàisdean
'Bu bhlàthmhoire greann,
'N an sìneadh fo leacan
A' chlachain ud thall.

Ged tha eòin bheag' a' Chéitein
  A' tréigsinn nan tom,
'Nuair a chomhdaicheas reòtachd
  Is dòruinn am fonn,
Bheir samhradh mu 'n cuairt iad
  Gu bruachaibh nan allt ;
Ach càirdean mo ghaoil-sa
  Cha taobh iad an gleann.

Tha na fàrdaichean blàtha
  Bha 'g àrach nan sonn,
Bu shuilbhire gàire
  'S bu bhàigheala com ;
Far am b' fhàbharrach càirdeas
  Do 'n ànrachan lom,
'N an làraichean fàsail
  Air cnàmh gus am bonn.

Cha 'n fhaicear am buachaill'
  A' ruagail mu 'n chrò,
No banarach ghuanach
  Le 'buaraich 'n a dòrn ;
Bu bhinn leam a duanagan
  Uallach, gun ghò,
Le 'cuailein m' a guaillean,
  Mar dhualan de 'n òr.

Cha 'n 'eil clàrsach no siùnnsair
  'G ar dusgadh le ceòl,
'S tha mac-talla 'n a shuain
  Ann an uaimhean nam fròg ;
'S na laoich a bha lùthmhor
  Mu stùcan a' cheò,
Rinn fòirneart an sgiùrsadh
  Bho dhùthaich an òig'.

Ach sìth do na dh' fhalbh,
  Agus buaidh leis na seòid !
Tha m' theasgar-s' air ciaradh
  'S mo ghrian fo na neòil ;
Cha'n fhad gus an crìonar
  Mo chiabhan fo 'n fhòd
Far an caisgear gach pian
  'S an teid crìoch air gach bròn.

FAR AN ROBH MI 'N RAOIR.

KEY G.

{ | $s_1 \cdot s_1 : l_1 , d \cdot — | r \cdot , m : r , d \cdot —$ }

Cha 'n 'eil fios aig duin' air thalamh

{ | $l_1 \cdot s_1 : l_1 , d \cdot — | s_1 : —$ }

Far an robh mi 'n raoir,

{ | $s \cdot s : f , m \cdot — | r \cdot , d : r , m \cdot —$ }

Cha robh leam ach Màiri Ailein

{ | $f \cdot m : f , l \cdot — | s : —$ }

Far an robh mi 'n raoir ;

{ | $s \cdot s : l , s \cdot — | f \cdot , m : m , r \cdot —$ }

Fhuair mi gealladh bho mo chaileig—

{ | $d \cdot d : r , m \cdot — | s : —$ }

Beul nach canadh foill—

{ | $s_1 \cdot s_1 : l_1 , d \cdot — | r \cdot , m : r , d \cdot —$ }

Ann an gleannan caoin a' bharraich

{ | $l_1 \cdot s_1 : s_1 , l_1 \cdot — | d : —$ ‖

Far an robh mi 'n raoir.

Cha 'n 'eil fios aig duin' air thalamh
Far an robh mi 'n raoir,
Cha robh leam ach Màiri Ailein
Far an robh mi 'n raoir ;
Fhuair mi gealladh bho mo chaileig—
Beul nach canadh foill—
Ann an gleannan caoin a' bharraich
Far an robh mi 'n raoir.

Bha na h-eòin a' seinn le caithream
Far an robh mi 'n raoir,
Iad a' danns' air bhàrr nam meangan
Far an robh mi 'n raoir.
Fàile cùbhraidh driùchd is meala
Dhe gach bad 's a' choill,
Cha robh smùid no stùr a' bhaile
Far an robh mi 'n raoir.

Cha robh feum air gréin no gealaich
Far an robh mi 'n raoir,
Bàrr nan craobh a' sgaoileadh tharainn
Far an robh mi 'n raoir;
Le mo ghaol a's caoile mala
Dh' fhan mi seal dhe 'n oidhch'
Measg nan neòinean bòidheach, geala
Far an robh mi 'n raoir.

Cha robh smaoin air maoin no fearann
Far an robh mi 'n raoir,
Cha robh stòr no òr air m' aire
Far an robh mi 'n raoir;
'S cha robh lùchairt riamh air thalamh
Ann an dreach 's an loinn,
Air am fàgainn sgàil a' bharraich
Far an robh mi 'n raoir.

Bidh mi cuimhneachadh ri m' mhaireann
Far an robh mi 'n raoir,
'S air an òigh bho 'n d' fhuair mi gealladh
Far an robh mi 'n raoir;
Gus an càrar mi 's an anart
Cha tig smal no foill
Air mo ghràdh do Mhàiri Ailein,
'S far an robh mi 'n raoir.

THOIR MO SHORAIDH THAR AN T-SAILE.

KEY E.

{ | d : — · d | r : m | d' : — · t | l : s }

Thoir mo shoraidh thar an t-sàile,

{ | s : — · s | m · d | m · r : d | l_1 : s_1 }

Nunn gu tìr nam beanntan àrda,

{ | d : — · d | d : d | r : m | s : s }

Far an d' fhuair mi greis de m' àrach

{ | l : d' | s : m | r : — · d | d : — ‖

Air an àiridh anns na glinn.

Thoir mo shoraidh thar an t-sàile,
Nunn gu tìr nam beanntan àrda,
Far an d' fhuair mi greis dhe m' àrach
Air an àiridh anns na glinn.

Far am biodh an ceòl 's am mànran
Aig an òigridh chridheil, chàirdeil,
Far am biodh na h-òrain Ghàidhlig
'Nuair a bhiodh na h-àrmuinn cruinn.

Far am biodh na h-òighean guanach
'S fhad a chluinnte fuaim an duanaig,
Dol le 'n cuman is le 'm buaraich
Mach gu buailidh a' chruidh laoigh.

Far am biodh na mnathan bàigheil,
Bheireadh biadh is deoch do 'n ànrach,
Agus bodaich chòire làidir
Nach robh fàillinneach no tinn.

Far am bheil na stùcan ceòthach,
Far am bheil am fraoch 's a' mhòinteach,
Far an cluinnte guth na smeòraich.
Agus crònan aig na h-uillt.

Far am faighteadh crodh is daoine,
Tha e nise fas le chaoraich,
'S tha na Gaidheil air an sgaoileadh
Air gach taobh air bheagan suim.

Ach tha chuibhle nis air tionndadh,
'S gheibh sinn fhathast còir ar dùthcha,
'S theid na h-uachdarain a sgiùrsadh,
Mur a cum iad cothrom ruinn.

Bidh ar glinn 's ar srathan còmhnard
Air an àiteach 's air an còmhdach,
'S bidh na Gàidheil mar bu chòir dhaibh
Gabhail còmhnuidh anns an tìr.

AN TIR BU MHIANN LEINN.

Cuir oirnn a' chuach mu 'n cuairt le bàigh,
Air sgàth na tìr bu mhiann leinn ;
Air tìr nam beanntan corrach àrd,
Air tìr nan àrmunn fialaidh.

Gur lìonmhor laoch a dh' fhàg a tràigh
Nach till gu bràth gu 'chrìochan,
A dh' òl a' chuach le cridhe làn,
Air sgàth na tìr bu mhiann leinn.

'S gur lionmhor fàrdach chàirdeil bhlàth
Tha 'n diugh ri làr air crìonadh,
Aig eòin nan speur, 's aig féidh nan àrd,
Le 'n àl 's an tìr bu mhiann leinn.

Ged chaidh ar sgaoileadh feadh gach cearn,
Cha leig sinn bàs no dì-chuimhn',
Air glinn ar gràidh, 's na càirdean blàth
Tha tàmh 's an tìr bu mhiann leinn.

Cho fad 's a bhuaileas tonn air tràigh,
'S a dhearrsas grian 's an iarmailt,
Bidh cliù gu bràth air sìol nan sàr
A dh' fhàg an tìr bu mhiann leinn.

'Nuair thigeadh àm a' chruais 's a' chàis,
Ri uchd nam blàr cha strìochd iad ;
An cùl cha d' thug iad riamh ri nàmh,
No tàir do 'n tìr bu mhiann leinn.

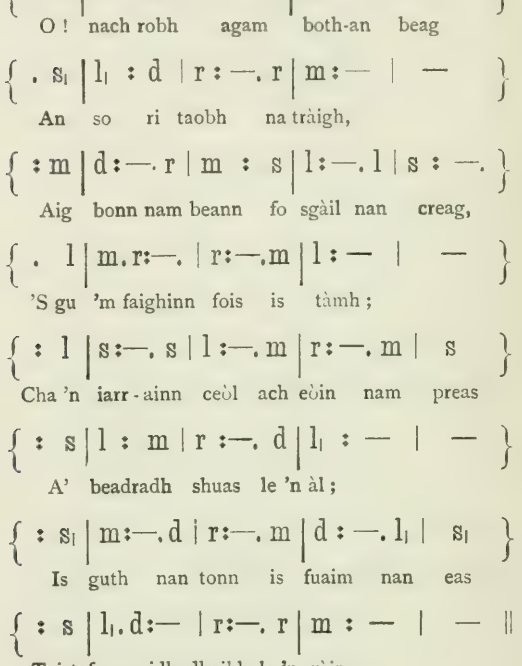
Lìon a' chuach dhuinn suas gu 'bàrr,
'S gu 'n tràigh sinn i gu h-ìochdar,
Air tìr nam beanntan corrach àrd,
'S air tìr nan àrmunn fialaidh.

RI TAOBH NA TRÀIGH.

Melody by Iain Mac Calum.

KEY G.—*Heartily.*

(Melody by kind permission of An Comunn Gaidhealach.)



O ! nach robh agam bothan beag
An so ri taobh na tràigh,
Aig bonn nam beann fo sgàil nan creag,
'S gu 'm faighinn fois is tàmh ;
Cha 'n iarrainn ceòl ach eòin nam preas
A' beadradh shuas le 'n àl ;
Is guth nan tonn is fuaim nan eas
Toirt freagraidh dhaibh le 'n gàir.

'N sin luighinn sios is dh' éirinn suas
Gu suaimhneach mar a b' àill,
Air m' urachadh le caochan cruaidh
An fhuarain fhallain, làin ;
Cha 'n fhaicinn foirneartan an t-sluaigh
'S gach buaireas agus plàigh,
'S na miltean deoraidh bronite truagh
Fo uallaich throm an sàs.

Tha sàmhchair, neo-chiont, agus sìth
A' còmhnuidh 'n so a ghnàth,
Gun fhoill, gun tharmad, is gun stri
Aig dùil a th' ann a' tàmh.
Tha 'n còmhdach glan, 's an lòn gun dìth,
No nì bho thràth gu tràth ;
Iad beò gun lochd, 's an òran binn
An so ri taobh na tràigh.

Gach feòirnean maoth tha 'n còs no 'n glaic,
Gheibh iad an cuid de 'n driùchd ;
Tha ghrian 'g an àrach suas gun airc
Air àithne Rìgh nan dùl ;
Gach lus no cré is ìsle staid,
Tha iad am beachd a shùl ;
'S an Tì tha freasdal dhaibh air fad,
Cha chuir e mis' air chùl.

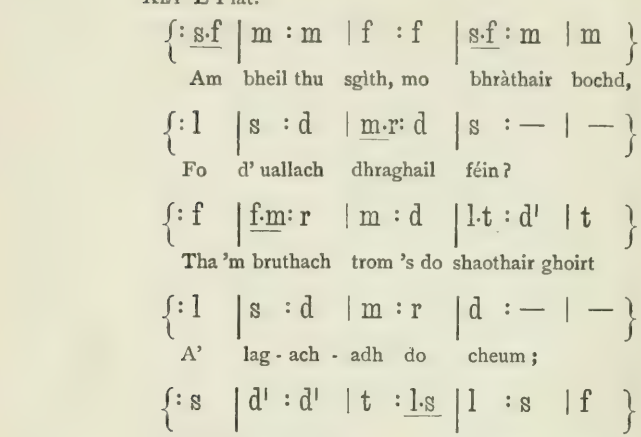
Tha gàir na mara 's gaoth nam beann
Le 'm fuaim cho tiamhaidh, trom,
Cho freag'rach dhòmh-sa aig an àm
'S do 'n ionndrainn tha 'n am chom ;
Cha 'n iarrainn lùchairt mu mo cheann,
Cha 'n iarrainn òr no fonn,
Na 'm faodainn fuireach shios an gleann,
'G éisdeachd ri guth nan tonn.

Tha cuid an tòir air stòr 's air maoin,
'G an ruith bho 'm breith gu 'm bàs ;
Cha 'n fhaigh iad fois 's cha bhi iad saor,
Ma chi iad sin aig càch ;
Thoir dhòmhsa sìth, is gràdh, is gaol,
Aig taobh nan sruthan tlàth,
Mo bhothan beag fo sgàil nan craobh,
'S mo lios ri taobh na tràigh.

SGÌTH.

Melody by Calum Mac Phàrlain.

Key E Flat.



Am bheil thu sgìth, mo bhràthair bochd,
Fo d' uallach dhraghail féin?
Tha 'm bruthach trom 's do shaothair ghoirt
A' lagachadh do cheum;
Tha 'n dorchadas a' tuiteam ort,
'S a' falach ceum do réis,
Is iomadh garbhlach agus sloc
Mu 'n ruig thu 'n còmhnard réidh.

Mar sheòladair air bhàrr nan stuadh,
'S air iomairt feadh nan tonn;
Na speuran iorghuilleach fo ghruaim,
'S an doinionn air a bonn;
Ach duineil, treun ri àm a' chruais,
Ged tha na cuantan trom,
Tha dòchas beò 'ga chumail suas,
'S le buaidh gu 'n ruig e fonn.

Cha 'n 'eil a h-aon am measg an t-sluaigh
Aig nach 'eil uallach féin.
'S a liuthad mìle deòraidh truagh
Tha 'n sàs fo chuibhreach geur;
Gach inbhe, saibhreas agus uaill,
Gu 'n searg iad as gu léir,
A' dearbhadh nach 'eil sonas buan
Ri shealbhachadh fo 'n ghréin.

Ach cuir do dhòchas anns an Triath,
'S bheir sin duit misneach ùr,
An ceum do dhleasanais a' triall,
'S a reachd dhuit mar reul-iùil;
Gu 'm faod na cathan a bhi dian,
Ach théid iad uil' air chùl;
Thig sìth is fois an déigh nan sìon
'S an déigh nan cath an crùn.

ORAN NA SEANA-MHAIGHDINN.

Ma gheibh mise fear gu bràth,
Plàigh air nach tigeadh e!
Ged nach can mi sin ri càch,
B' fhearr leam gu'n tigeadh e;
'Na mo luighe 'n so leam fhìn,
'S tha e coltach ris gu 'm bi,
Ma tha leannan dhomh 's an tìr,
Sgrìob air nach tigeadh e!

Ged a bhiodh a sporan gann,
Dhannsainn na 'n tigeadh e,
Ged a bhiodh a leth-shùil dall,
M' annsachd na 'n tigeadh e;
Biodh e dubh, no biodh e donn,
Biodh e dìreach, biodh e cam,
Ma tha casan air is ceann,
Dhannsainn na 'n tigeadh e.

'Nuair a bha mi aotrom òg
Phòsadh a fichead mi ;
Chuir mi dhiom iad dhe mo dheòin,
'S spòrs dhaibh a nise mi ;
Theid iad seachad air mo shròin,
Le 'n cuid chruinneagan air dhòrn,
Chaill mi tur orra mo chòir,
'S leònaidh e nise mi.

Tha mo ghruag air fàs cho liath,
'S cianail a nise mi,
Mi 'g a dath an ceann gach mìos,
Pianaidh e nise mi ;
Cha 'n 'eil fiacail 'na mo cheann
Ach a trì tha nunn 's a nall,
Dh' fhalbh mo chruthachd is mo ghreann,
Tha 'n t-àm gu 'n robh mise dheth.

'Nuair a chi mi mnathan truagh,
'S suarach a' mhisneach e,
Pòsd' aig ùmaidhean gun stuaim,
Buaireas is misg aca ;
'B fhearr leam cadal 'na mo bhrat,
'S a bhi mireag ris a' chat,
Na aig burraidh bhi fo smachd,
Seachnadh a' chuid sin mi.

Có ach iadsan ann an gaol?
'S aotrom a chluicheas iad,
'Nuair a gheibh iad pàisdean maoth,
Faoineis gun tuigs' aca ;
Is an cridhe tha 'n an com,
Cho beag faireachadh ri 'm bonn,
Tha e 'n diugh 'g am fhàgail trom
'N tonn a thug sud orm.

Ach ma chuir iad rium an cùl,
Smùr cha chuir sud orm,
Ach ma 's e 's gu 'n tig fear ùr,
Sunnd cuiridh sud orm ;
Biodh e luath, no biodh e mall,
B' fheairrd an tigh so e bhi ann,
Feithidh mi gu 'n tig an t-àm,
'S dhannsainn na 'n tigeadh e !

MADUINN SHAMHRAIDH.

AIR FONN.—"*Màiri bhan òg.*"

Tha doineann nan speur air séideadh thairis,
Tha nèamh is talamh 'nan gloir ;
Tha gathan na gréin' ag éirigh thall ud
Cur sgeimh air beanntaibh a' cheò ;
Tha eunlaith na coill' a' seinn le caithream
Air roinn nam meanganan òg,
Toirt molaidh do 'n Tì thug dhuinn gach beannachd
'S a dhìon troimh 'n ghaillinn iad beò.

Gach doir' agus bruach le 'n tuar cho fallan
'S an gruag air lasadh mar òr ;
Fo shileadh an driùchd tha smùid na meala
Cho cùbhraidh bho anail nan ròs ;
Tha chuthag a' leum feadh gheug a' bharraich
'S an spréidh cho mear aig a' chrò ;
'S na cruinneagan suairce, guanach, banail,
Le 'n cuachan bainne 'nan dòrn.

Gach sruthan is allt 'nan deann a' tarruing
Gu ceann na mara le gàir ;
Ged bha iad 'sa gheamhradh fann gun anam,
Ri àm na gaillinn an sàs,
Tha nise na neòinein bhòidheach, gheala
Mu 'n còsan tairis a' fàs ;
'S an seillean a' stòradh lòin gu thalla,
'S e 'g òl na meala de 'm bàrr.

Nach maiseach na glinn 's gach ni gun ainnis
A' cinntinn thairis mu 'n bhlàr !
Fo dhubhar nan crann tha chlann ag aithris
Air rann nan eal' air an t-snàmh ;
Gach coir' agus sliabh cho sgiamhach sealladh
'S a' ghrian 'gam faire le bàigh ;
'S gach lus a bha crìonadh shìos fo 'n talamh,
Le 'n ciabhan glan ris a' bhlàths.

Tha fois agus sìth aig tuinn na mara,
Cho mìn a' teannadh gu tràigh ;
Cha 'n fhaicear an cìrean millteach, greannach
'Nan still mu 'n charraig le càir ;
Na creagan cho uaibhreach shuas mar challaid—
'S cha ghluais am balla gu bràth—
Bidh meallan de cheò cur sgleò mu 'm bearradh,
'S na h-eòin am falach fo 'n sgàil.

Tha aoidh agus sunnd air gnùis na cruinne
Cho ùr fo dhuilleach 's fo bhlàth ;
Gun airc no gun éis air spréidh no duine,
'S gach réidhlean uile cho làn.
Tha uiseag nan lòn gun bhròn, gun mhulad,
Le h-òran suillein gu h-àrd ;
'S theid mise do 'n choill le loinn nan cruinneag,
A sheinn air luinneig le càch.

AM FEASGAR.

Tha 'ghrian a' sgaoileadh fiamh a glòir,
Mar bhrat de 'n òr air bhàrr nam beann ;
'S an dubhar sèimh a' snàmh mar cheò,
A' còmhdach còmhnaird réidh nan gleann.

Tha fuaim nan allt mar chòisir chiùil,
Le 'n crònan ciùin a' ruith gu tràigh ;
A' sgaoileadh deatach shèimh mar dhriùchd,
Tha 'g ùrachadh nam mìltean blàth,

Tha eòin nan speur le 'n ceileir binn,
A' tional cruinn fo sgàil nan craobh ;
Mar iobairt neo-chiontaich na sìth,
Tha laoidh am beòil gun ghò, gun ghaoid.

Tha neòil an anmoich oirnn mu 'n cuairt,
A' falach uainn an t-soluis àigh ;
Sguiridh a nis ar saothair chruaidh,
Le sùil ri suaimhneas agus tàmh.

Mar sin tha beath' an duine 'triall,
Bho 'n dh' éireas grian air òige bhos ;
Gus an tig 'fheasgar aosmhor liath,
Bho shaothair dhian cha 'n fhaigh e clos.

An neach is fhaid' tha beò de 'n t-sluagh,
Cha 'n 'eil 'na chuairt ach bruadar geàrr,
Seargaidh a bhlàth 's a' gheamhradh fhuar,
'S cha till a shnuadh air ais gu bràth.

O ! Thusa dhealbh an cruinne-cé,
'S ann duit is léir ar cridhe steach,
'S ann duit is aithne crioch ar réis,
Thoir dhuinn gu 'n géill sinn dha do reachd.

Thoir Thusa dhuinn an dòchas beò,
Thoir uainn na sgleòthan faoin nach seas ;
'S 'nuair théid ar gairm leat thun a' mhòid,
Gu 'm bi ar lòchrain againn deas.

REV. JOHN MACLEOD, D.D.

(OF MORVEN PARISH CHURCH, ARGYLLSHIRE)

1801-1882.

THE Rev. Dr. John MacLeod was the fourth son of the Rev. Norman MacLeod, who was minister of Morven from 1745 to 1824, and was born on the 31st March, 1801. He was educated at Campbeltown and Glasgow University, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Mull on the 5th of November, 1823, and succeeded his father as minister of Morven in September, 1824. He received the degree of D.D. from his Alma Mater in 1845, and in the same year he visited Canada as a Church deputy, another of the delegates being his distinguished nephew, the Rev. Dr Norman MacLeod, of the Barony Church, Glasgow.

In 1851 he was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and was appointed Dean of the Chapel Royal and Chaplain of the Order of the Thistle.

Distinguished for strong native talent and varied gifts and attainments, he was always well-known, especially in the West Highlands. An exceedingly powerful Gaelic preacher, he was also eminent as a contributor to Gaelic literature. His prose was recognised as equal to the best in the language; and he composed some excellent Gaelic poetry. His "Oran an Iasgair" has long been a favourite in the West Highlands. It was translated into English* by Professor Blackie, who wrote:—"It may be as well here to complete the picture of sea life in these parts by giving a specimen of a genuine boat song. The author of the following piece is the Rev. John MacLeod, of Morven, on the Sound of

* For translation see Vol. II.

Mull, and uncle to Norman, the late lamented minister of the Barony Parish, Glasgow. Through all that clerical family, indeed, a rich vein of robust, vital poetry can be traced—a vein of more value sometimes than a hundred sermons."

The MacLeods of Morven have always been men of powerful physique and commanding presence, but for these characteristics Dr John MacLeod was notable among them all. He was six feet seven inches in height, with a powerful athletic frame.

He married, in 1834, Margaret, daughter of Donald Maclean of Boreray and Drimnin, a grand-daughter of the famous Donald MacLeod of Bernera, who refused to follow his chief against Prince Charlie, with issue:—Rev. Norman MacLeod, D.D., of Edinburgh, who was for a time minister of St. Columba Church, Glasgow, and afterwards at Blair Atholl, St Stephen's Parish Church, Edinburgh, and the High Church, Inverness; the Rev. John MacLeod, D.D., minister of Govan, Glasgow, who was born at Fiunary in 1840, and died at Govan, 1898; and two daughters, who died young.

Many calls from parishes of greater preferment were refused by John MacLeod. He elected to remain among his own people, and amid the scenes of his youth in woody Morven, and he died there in 1882. His death closed a combined ministry of father and son in that one parish, which extended over the extraordinary period of 105 years.

ORAN AN IASGAIR.

FONN—"*Hó mo Mhàiri laghach.*"

KEY F.—*Moderato.*

{ r .,r : m .,r : r .,d | l_1 .,l_1 : d .,m : s } SEISD :—

Hó mo bhàta laghach, 'S tu mo bhàta grinn,

{ l .,l : r .,m : f .,m | r .,r : m .,s : l }

Hó mo bhàta laghach, 'S tu mo bhàta grinn,

{ l_1 .,l_1 : d .,d : t_1 .,s_1 | l_1 .,l_1 : d .,m : s .,s }

Hó mo bhàta laghach, 'S tu mo bhàta grinn, Mo

{ l .,t : d^1 .,t : l .,s | m .,l : s .,m : r }

bhàta bhòidheach lurach Thogadh taobh Loch-fìn'.

SEISD :—

Hó mo bhàta laghach,
'S tu mo bhàta grinn,
Hó mo bhàta laghach,
'S tu mo bhàta grinn,
Hó mo bhàta laghach,
'S tu mo bhàta grinn,
Mo bhàta bhòidheach, lurach
Thogadh taobh Loch-fìn'.

Sud a' chungaidh 'chàireadh
'M bàta choisinn buaidh—
Druim de'n leamhan ruighinn
'N sàs 's an darach chruaidh.
Fiùghanan, 'us ùrlar
Sùghta, fallain, buan,
Giubhas glan na Lochluinn
Fuaight' le copar ruadh.
Hó mo bhàta, etc.

B' àluinn air an tràigh i
Mu'n deach' i air sàil'—
A leagail cho bòidheach
Air gach dòigh am b'àill ;
Urlar glan gun chaise—
Saibhir, làn m'a bràigh'—
Suighean dlùth 'ga dùnadh,
Cuimir cruinn gu h-àrd,
Hó mo bhàta, etc.

B' àluinn i 'n a h-uidheam
Mach 's a' chala chiùin—
Fèath nan eun mar sgàthan
D'a croinn àrd 's d'a siùil;
Eòin na mara aoibhinn,
'S mar le farum ciùil,
'G itealaich mu'n cuairt dhi,
'Cur an cèill a cliù.
Hó mo bhàta, etc.

Bu thogarach mo bhàta
'Mach air aghaidh cuain,
'Nuair thigeadh oirnn le caitein
A' ghaoth sgaiteach, chruaidh;
'S ann an sin, air thoiseach
Choisneadh tusa buaidh,
'G iarraidh suas ri fuaradh,
'S cròna binn fo d' chluais.
Hó mo bhàta, etc.

'Nuair dh' éireadh i 'n a meallaibh,
'Sa thigeadh oirnn le gàir
Na cnapan àrda, geala,
'S cìrean air am bàrr;
'S tusa thilleadh uait
Na stuaghan ribeach, àrd,
Rathad aca, 's agad—
'S tu nach fliuchadh clàr!
Hó mo bhàta, etc.

'Nuair thigeadh i 'n grìosaich
'Nuas o shliabh nam beann,
Sìobain gheal' ag éirigh
Suas mu bhàrr nan crann;
'S tusa 'sin nach géilleadh,
Ach, 'ga h-iarraidh gann,
Shadadh i bho chéil'
'N a caoirean dearg mu d' cheann.
Hó mo bhàta, etc.

Sud an té nach diùltadh
Tilleadh 'nuair a b' fheum;
Thigeadh tu le sìnteig
'Nuair a dh' iarrainn féin;
Do sheòl-cinn mu d' chluais,
Mu 'n cuairt bhiodh tus' a'd leum,
Cliathach eile fothad,
'S cuartag chruinn a'd dhéigh.
Hó mo bhàta, etc.

D. Davidson, *Dunse.*

The Very Rev. Dr. JOHN MACLEOD, of Morven.

Dean of the Most Noble Order of the Thistle, &c., &c.

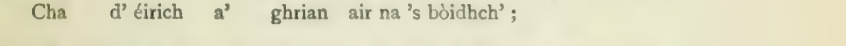
Fhad 's is maireann dòmhs'
Mo bhàta bòidheach, grinn,
'S fhad 's a chaomh'near slàn
Na gillean gleusd 'tha innt',
Ged a tha mo dhachaidh
Air a' chladach luim,
Gheibh mi lòn, 'us stòr
A grinneal gorm Loch-fìn'.
Hó mo bhàta, etc.

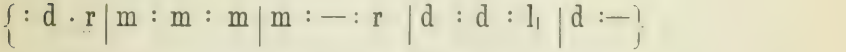
CAOL MUILE.

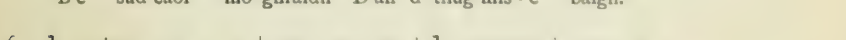
FONN:—"*Iùbhrach shocrach a' chuain.*"

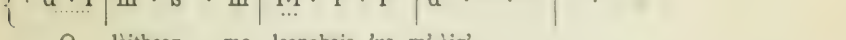
'S ann ri taobh Chaol Muile a rugadh 's a thogadh Dr MacLeoid na Morairne: agus is ann 's a' "Chnoc Mhorairneach" a tha dhìlsean 'n an luighe. 'N a sheann aois, glé dhlùth air crich a chuairt, chuir e sìos an duan so mar chead deireannach do Chaol Muile; 'us cha 'n 'eil mòran a dh' fhaireachdainn an fhìor-Ghàidheil anns an duine sin a leughas e gun araon tìomadh agus mosgladh a thighinn air a chridhe.

KEY F.









Ged a shiubhail mi cian,
B'e Caol Muile mo mhiann
Cha d' éirich a' ghrian air na 's bòidhch'.

B'e sud caol mo ghràidh
D' an d' thug mise bàigh,
O làithean mo leanabais, 'us m' òig'.

O, b' àluinn leam riamh
An caol ud ri fia*
'S e g' iadhadh mu ìochdar nam beann.

'N sud chi mise uam
Mòr luingeis a' chuain,
'N an cadal gu suain air an tuinn.

Chìt' na beanntainnean àrd',
'S na coilltean fo 'n sgàil
'N an àilleachd 's an sgàthan 'bha fodhp'.

Chìteadh Dubhairt a' chaoil,
Ard-tòirnis nan laoch,
'Us Aros air aodann nan sliabh.

O'n bhìrlinn gun tàmh
Chluinnteadh farum nan ràmh,
'S an iorram 's na dàin aig na seòid.

Na h-eòin-mhara gu léir
'Togail iolaich le chéil',
'Nuair a dh' éireadh goil-eisg air na tuinn.

Bhiodh an t-amhas † leis féin
Ann an uighe nan speur,
A shùil gheur air an doimhne mhòir.

Bhiodh an fhaoileann bhreac, bhàn,
An sud air an t-snàmh;
Na h-eòin dubha gun tàmh air a déigh.

Mar dhealan nan speur
Chìt' an stearnal‡ bheag, gleusd'
A' clisgeadh gu h-éibhinn a nuas.

'S gu h-aithiseach, réidh,
'Cur nam boghan dhi réin,
A' pheileag§ sàr-iasgair a' chuain.

O, b' àluinn leam riamh
An caol ud ri fia,
'S e 'g iadhadh mu ìochdar nam beann.

'Nuair a chasadh a' ghaoth,
'N sin chìteadh na laoich
Le saod 'cur nan luingeas fo sheòl.

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* Fiath. † Gannet. ‡ Tern, or Sea-Swallow. § Porpoise.

Chluinnteadh maraichean treun',
'S iad ag éigheach r' a chéil';
O, b' éibhinn an éigheachd àrd.

Cuid ag iarraidh mu Thuath
An aghaidh nan stuadh
A bha 'sadadh mu 'n guaillean àrd'.

Cuid ag iarraidh mu Dheas,
'N an sgriob, a' ruith leis,
Caoir cobhair mar eas 'n an déigh.

Bhiodh na h-iasgairean treun',
A' cothach' le chéil',
'S iad nach géilleadh fo éigin na sìd.

O, b' éibhinn leam féin
'N sud am fasgadh an t-sléibh,
A' bhi 'feitheamh gach farpais 'us strì.

Mo chreach 'us mo léir!
'S tric mi 'sileadh nan deur
'Nuair is léir dhomh gach caochladh truagh.

Air dà thaobh a' chaoil
C' àit' an diugh 'bheil mo dhaoin'?
C' àite comunn mo ghaoil agus m' òig?

Tha mo chaoimh-sa 'n an suain
Fo na tulaichean uain',
Far nach cluinn iad gàir cuain na 's mò.

Ach tha 'n caol so mar bha,
'S mar a bhitheas a ghnàth,
A' lìonadh 's a' tràghadh gach lò.

Fo dhoininn, 's fo fhia,
Mar mu seach bha e riamh,
Bi'dh an caol so àluinn gach ial.

'Nuair bhios mòr-shluagh an t-saoghail
Air crìonadh fo aois,
Cha bhi 'n caol ach an tréine na h-òig'.

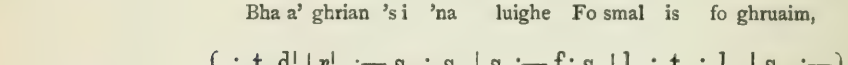
O, slàn leat, a chaoil,
D' an d' thug mise mo ghaol;
Slàn leat fhad 's tha 'n saogh'l 'n a shaogh'l.

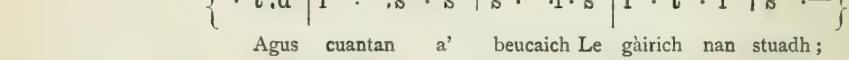
Caol Muile mo ghràidh,
D' an d' thug mise bàigh,
'S ann duit bheir mi gràdh ri m' bheò.

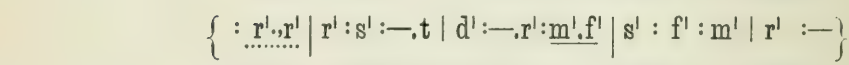
IUL AN EILEANAICH.

Tha Eilean Thiriodh cho ìosal chòmhnard, 's nach 'eil e furasd' a thogail 'san oidhche leis na maraichean tha 'g iarraidh 'ga ionnsuidh. Tha e 'na chleachdadh cumanta, uime sin, le muinntir an eilein, 'nuair a tha càirdean a mach air cuan agus sùil aca riutha, teine a lasadh air àite àraidh air an dean am maraiche a ghabhail. Is iomadh bàta agus sgioba a thearnadh leis a' chleachdadh chàirdeil, bhàigheil so. 'S e 'm faireachadh so a b' aobhar do 'n dàn a leanas a bhi air a sgriobhadh.

KEY C.







Bha a' ghrian 's i 'na luighe
Fo smal is fo ghruaim,
Agus cuantan a' beucaich
Le gàirich nan stuaidh;
Ach tha 'n t-eithear gu treun
Ris a' ghaillinn a' strìth,
Ag iarraidh gun luasgan
Gu cala na sìth.

Bha dubh-neòil nan doinionn
A' siubhal nan speur,
Is fearann no fasgadh
Do 'n sgioba cha léir;
Ach gun mheatachd gun imcheist
Air cridhe nan sonn,
Shìor-ghleidh iad an gabhail
Air eilean nan tonn.

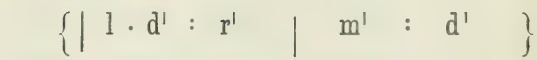
Deir am maraiche aosda
A shuidh air an ailm:
"Na strìochdaibh, mo ghillean,
Fo uamhar na stoirm;
Biodh ar n-earbsa gu daingeann
An Ard-righ nan dùl,
Oir dheònaich a mhaitheas
Na bheir soills' agus iùl."

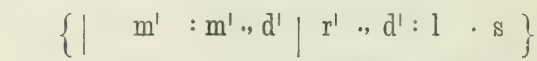
Agus feuch! mar a labhair,
Air carraig nan stuadh,
Suas dh' éirich le dèarrsadh
Ard lòchran nam buadh;
An deur sin nach d' fhàsgadh
Le gàbhadh o shùil,
Shil an t-athair 'nuair thuirt e:
"A leanaibh mo rùin."

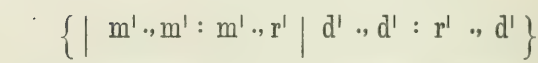
Is bha 'n leanabh cho sona
'S bu mhiannach le crìdh,
'Nuair chunnaic i 'n t-eithear
An cala na sìth;
Agus b' aoibhneach a' choinneamh
'Nuair ràinig i 'n tràigh
'S a ghlaodh i le aiteas:
"O, athair mo ghràidh."

AGUS O THÉID I.

KEY B Flat.







SEISD:—
Agus O théid i!
Hó ró, mo ghillean gramail,
Agus O théid i!

Suidhibh oirre, fheara ghaolach;
Suas a' bhirlinn chaol 'na deannaibh.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Càireamaid ar guala rithe;
Ar lamhan fhéin bheir fuasgladh dhuinne.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Bithibh briosgarra 'san linne;
'S an tuinne leigibh éirigh leatha.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Còmhla, fheara, iomramaide;
Fuaim an aona-mhaide 'thig rithe.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Sud am fèath, is so an t-iomram,
Sud 'nuair shiùbhladh i le farum.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Théid i mar an t-eun air iteig,
Théid i mar am miol-chu ruithteach.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Chlisg i mar na gathan-gréin'
'Tha 'n sud 'na déigh a' mireag rithe.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Hùg so, fheara! chì mi shuas ud
Fadadh-cruaidh: tha fuaradh-frois' air.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Suas i, suas i, rudha 'n fhuaraidh,
'S càiridh sinn a cuallach oirre.
Agus O théid i! etc.

'S ann an sin a thig i beò,
'S a sheinneas i dhuinn crònan laghach.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Leumaidh i thar bhàrr nan stuadh
Mar eilid ruadh thar luachair mhonaidh.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Sgobadh dhi, is bìomaid dìleas,
Daoin' air tìr is iad 'gar feitheamh.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Biodh e ac' r' a ràdh ri chéil',
"A bhirlinn threun, gur math do ghabhail!"
Agus O théid i! etc.

Théid i ged tha 'n sruth 'na chaoiribh
'Taomadh a nuas m' a claigeann.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Théid i ged a chìt' a' lasadh
Builgean-fala air ar basan.
Agus O théid i! etc.

Théid i, théid i! fheara, éighibh,
Théid i, théid i, 'dheòin, no dh' aindeoin!
Agus O théid i! etc.

Agus O théid i!
Hó ró, mo ghillean gramail,
Agus O théid i!

DUGALD MACPHAIL.

"MUILEACH."

1819-1887.

THE Island of Mull has been the theme of many lyrics, but that known as "An t-eilean Muileach," by the late Dugald MacPhail, still holds the leading place, not only among natives, but with all lovers of Gaelic song. The author was born at Strathcaoil, at the foot of Beinn-bhairneach, in the parish of Torosay, Mull, in 1819. His ancestors had been farmers at Rohill, in beautiful Glenforsa, from time immemorial. He was a contractor by trade, and having devoted some time to the study of architecture, for which he had a strong natural bent, he raised himself to a superior position in that profession. He migrated to Glasgow with his young wife—a rare helpmeet in every respect—and thence he went to Newcastle. It was while resident in that city that he composed "An t-eilean Muileach," the song by which he is best known. His success in securing the important appointment of architect and clerk of works to the Duke of Westminster, necessitated his removal to Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, where several of his family were born. From Shaftesbury he went to Edinburgh, being attracted thereto chiefly because of that city's educational advantages to his family. While resident here he received from a friend in Mull a bunch of primroses—roots and all—which he planted in his garden with much affection; and this incident led to the composition of that excellent song, "An t-sòbhrach Mhuileach" (The Mull Primrose). In 1859 he gained a prize given by the Edinburgh Celtic Society for an original essay on the "Highland Clearances." He was

Ralston & Sons, *Glasgow.*

DUGALD MACPHAIL.

"Muileach."

an ardent lover of his Church as well as of his country, and one of his earliest literary performances was a selection in Gaelic of the most striking chapters in the history of the Church from the Reformation down to the Disruption of 1843. This work was amply illustrated, and was so well taken up that it is long since out of print. He also contributed, over his pen-name of "Muileach," a number of articles to "An Gaidheal," including a serial called "Callum a' Ghlinne," in that classic Gaelic of which he was a ready master. It is as a song writer, however, that the name of Dugald MacPhail will live in the hearts of his Highland countrymen. His "Eilean Muileach," as sweet a lyric as any in the language, gives expression not only to what every exiled native of Mull feels in moments of home-sickness and sad longings for "Muile nam mor bheann," but gives expression to the deep feelings which move every Highlander's heart as he thinks of and yearns for his loved northern home. While "An t-eilean Muileach" portrays so touchingly the patriotism of his heart, his song to "Dòmhnull Beag," his eldest son, shows no less clearly his strong affection as a father and a husband. In the poetry of love, in which Gaelic is so rich, no less than in that of patriotism and the domestic affection, Mr. MacPhail's muse was richly productive. His popular song, "An cluinn thu leannain, an cluinn thu?" besides many other of his productions is full of the sweet tenderness and melancholy longings of the ardent lover and the true poet. The military spirit of the race finds expression in the "Battle of Alma." Mr. MacPhail's productions have never been published in a collected form, but the best of them are given in the following pages, and also will be found in a collection of Gaelic songs by the late Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow, and called "An t-Oranaiche." Mr. MacPhail was an ardent Free Churchman, and while too wide in his Christian sympathies not to long for a union of the Presbyterian bodies in Scotland, which

had much in common, yet he felt called upon to oppose the proposed union of the Free and U.P. sections on the grounds that the Highlanders were not ready to unite with a body they had been long taught to regard with suspicion, if not distrust. Recent events have proved the soundness of Mr. MacPhail's reasoning.

Mr. MacPhail passed away at his residence at Partick on 1st November, 1887, leaving a widow and a family of five sons and three daughters. He was buried, by his express wish, at Old Monkland, where the first-born of his first-born had been laid. The talent which was so remarkably displayed by the father, and which enabled him so successfully to fight life's battle, has descended very conspicuously to his family. Three of his sons are medical practitioners, one of them being a Professor of Anatomy, one a Presbyterian minister in England, and one combining both professions as a medical missionary in India. Of his three daughters, two are teachers.

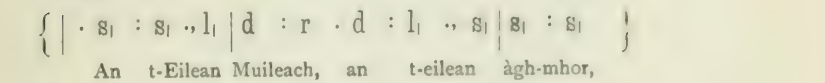
Mrs. MacPhail was a native of Auchenleck, Ayrshire, but was brought up in Mull, where her father, Mr. Merry, had a large farm. This fact explains the lines in the song to "Dòmhnull Beag," the bard's eldest son—

> "Is coltach ri Cloinn Phàil nan Gleann thu,
> Ged bu Ghall bu sheanair dhuit."

AN T-EILEAN MUILEACH.

KEY A.—*Slowly, with feeling.*

SEISD:—



SEISD:—

An t-Eilean Muileach, an t-eilean àghmhor,
An t-eilean grianach mu'n iath an sàile;
Eilean buadhmhor nam fuar-bheann àrda,
Nan coilltean uaine, 's nan cluaintean fàsail.

Ged tha mi 'm fhògarrach cian air m' aineol
'S a' Chaisteal-Nuadh, 's an taobh tuath de Shasunn,
Bidh tìr mo dhùthchais a' tigh'nn fainear dhomh,
An t'Eilean Muileach 'bu lurach beannaibh.
An t-Eilean Muileach, etc.

B' fhallain, cùbhraidh 's bu réidh an t-àilean,
Le 'bhlàthan maoth-bhog 'bu chaoine fàileadh:
Bu ghlan na bruachan mu'n d' fhuair mi m' àrach
An Doire-'chuilinn aig bun Beinn-bhàirneach.
An t-Eilean Muileach, etc.

Air Lusa chaisleach nan stac 's nan cuartag,
Bhiodh bradain thàrr-gheal nam meanbh-bhuill ruadh-bhreac,
Gu beò-bhrisg siùbhlach, le sùrd ri lùth-chleas
'N a cuislibh dù-ghorm gun ghrùid, gun ruadhan.
An t-Eilean Muileach, etc.

Bu chulaidh-shùgraidh do dh'òg-fhir uallach,
Le gathan trì-mheurach, rinneach, cruaidh-ghlan,
Air caol-chroinn dhìreach, gun ghiamh, gun chnuac-mheòir,
'Bhi toirt nan làn-bhreac gu tràigh mu 'bruachan.
An t-Eilean Muileach, etc.

Gheibhteadh 'n ruadh-chearc 's na coilltean ìosal,
'S a coileach tùchanach dlùth 'g a brìodal;
'S ged bha na beanntaibh gun fhaing, gun fhrìthean,
Bha daimh na cròice 'n an còrsaibh lìonmhor.
An t-Eilean Muileach, etc.

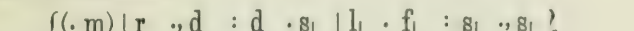
B' e 'n sòlas-inntinn leam a bhi 'g éisdeachd
Ri còisir bhinn-ghuthaich, ghrinn a' Chéitein
A' seinn gu sunndach an dlùth's nan geugan—
A' choill' fo liath-dhealt', 's a' ghrian ag éirigh!
An t-Eilean Muileach, etc.

Chlaon gach sòlas dhiubh sud mar bhruadar,
'S mar bhristeadh builgein air bhàrr nan stuadh-thonn:
Ach soraidh slàn gach loinn 'us buaidh
A bh' air eilean àghmhor nan àrd-bheann fuara.
An t-Eilean Muileach, etc.

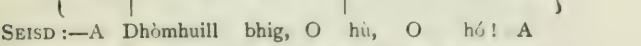
A DHÒMHUILL BHIG, O HÙ, O HÓ!

Le Dughall Mac-Phàil, air dha bhi air an rathad do Shasunn, 's e 'n deigh a bhean agus a mhac, Dòmhnull Beag, 'fhàgail aig an tigh.

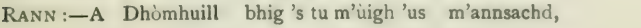
KEY G.—*Moderato.*



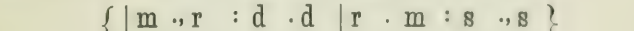
SEISD :—A Dhòmhuill bhig, O hù, O hó! A
RANN :—A Dhòmhuill bhig 's tu m'ùigh 'us m'annsachd,



Dhòmhuill bhig, O hù, O hó! A
'S i do bhlàth-shuil grian mo shamhraidh;



Dhòmhuill bhig, O hù O hó! Tha
Chlaon gach nì gu duibhre 'gheamhraidh,



m' inntinn trom o'n dhealaich sinn.
Bho 'n a chaill mi sealladh ort.

SEISD :—

A Dhòmhuill bhig, o hù, o hó!
A Dhòmhuill bhig, o hù, o hó!
A Dhòmhuill bhig, o hù, o hó!
Tha m' inntinn trom o'n dhealaich sinn.

A Dhòmhuill bhig, 's tu m' ùigh 'us m' annsachd,
'S i do bhlàth-shuil grian mo shàmhraidh;
*Chlaon gach nì gu duibhre 'gheamhraidh,
Bho 'n a chaill mi sealladh ort.
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

Dh' fhàg mi 'n nochd thu 'measg nan dù-Ghall,
Ghabh mi fàth 'nuair bha do chùl rium;
'S cinnteach leam gu 'n dean thu m' ionndrainn,
Mu 'n tig dùiseal cadail ort.
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

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* These lines were substituted by the Author for :—
Is coltach ri Cloinn Phàil nan Gleann thu
Ged bu Ghall bu sheanair dhuit.

Dh' fhàg mi 'n diugh thu féin 's do mhàthair
As mo dhéigh ro chianail, cràiteach ;
Cruadhs' na bliadhna, 's cha 'n e 'n t-àilghios,
'Chuir an dràsd do Shasunn mi.
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

'S trom mo ghleus 's mi 'nochd 'gar n-ionndrainn,
'S mi air bàrr nan stràc-thonn dùmhail,
'Fàgail Albainn air mo chùl-thaobh,
'Dol a null thar *Berwick*.
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

Chì mi mach thar guala 'n fhuaraidh,
Cladach garbh is gailbhich nuallan ;
'S mòr gu 'm b' fheàrr 'bhi 'fàgail Chluaidh,
'S a' stiùradh tuath air "Ealasaid."
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

'S beag tha dh' fhios aig fleasgaich aosda
'Liuthad ànradh 'us cruaidh-fhaochnadh
Th'aig fear-teaghlach air bheag maoin,
A' strìth ri saoghal carraideach.
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

Ach ged tha mi bochd 'n am chrannchur,
'S beag na th' agam fhéin de fharmad
Ris na fleasgaich sheasga, bharr-chruaidh,
Ged robh sealbh air fearann ac'.
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

Am fad 's a gheibh mi biadh 'us aodach,
'S comunn blàth mo chéile ghaoil,
Le 'fiùrain òga 'fàs ri 'taobh,
Cha chuir an saoghal smalan orm.
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

Ged tha mise cian air fògar
Bho na glinn 's an goir an smeòrach,
'S ioma linn o 'n bha mo sheòrsa
Eadar Ròthaill 's Brathadal.
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

'S ioma ceàrn d' an d' rinn iad sgaoileadh
Deas 'us tuath air feadh an t-saoghail ;
'S iad na Goill 's na caoirich-mhaola
'Chuir mo dhaoin' air allaban.
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

'S ioma fàrdach fhialaidh, aoibheil
Bh' anns a' ghleann am faight' an aoidheachd,
Tha gun cheann, gun chrub, gun taobhan,
Fo na caoirich Shasunnach.
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

Gleann mo chridhe! gleann mo dhùthchais!
Gleann nan raon 's nam fuaran cùbhraidh!
Na 'm bu leam ach trian de m' dhùrachd,
Sud an ùir 's an caidilinn.
A Dhòmhuill bhig, etc.

AN CLUINN THU, LEANNAIN.

KEY F.—*Lively.* *Beating twice in a measure.*

SEISD:—

{: d | m : r : d | d.d: — : d | m : s :— | s :—}

An cluinn thu, leannain, an cluinn thu!

{: s | l : — : l | l : s : l | d' : — : l | s :—}

An cluinn thu id - ir, an cluinn thu!

{: m | m :—.r : d | d.d: — : d | r : m :— | d' :—}

An cluinn thu, leannain, an cluinn thu

{: s | l : s : m | m : — : r | r : d :— | d :—}

Mar tha mi gu tinn 'gad ionn - drainn?

RANN:—

{: s_l | s_l:—.l_l : d | d.d: — : d | m:—.s : s | s :—}

Mo chion air an ainnir! 'S i bean a' chùil bhàin

{: s | l:—.t : l | l:—.s : l | d' :—.t : l | s :—}

D' an d' thug mi 'n gaol falaich nach fannaich gu bràth;

{: f | m:—.r : d | d.d: — : d | r : m : m | d' :—}

Bu tu mo cheud leannan gun aithne do chàch,

{: s | l : s : m | m : — : r | r : d :— | d :—}

'S mi nis - e fo phràmh 'gad ionn - drainn.

An cluinn thu' leannain, an cluinn thu!
An cluinn thu idir, an cluinn thu!
An cluinn thu, leannain, an cluinn thu
Mar tha mi gu tinn 'g ad ionndrainn?

Mo chion air an ainnir!—'S i bean a' chuil bhàin
D' an d' thug mi 'n gaol falaich nach fannaich gu bràth;
Bu tu mo cheud leannan gun aithne do chàch,
'S mi nise fo phràmh 'g ad iondrainn.
An cluinn thu, etc.

'S i t' iomhaigh a's ceol dhomh gach Dòmhnach 'us Luain,
'S tu cuspair mo smaointeanan faoine gach uair;
'S i mhaise 'tha 'd aodann a chaochail mo shnuadh,
'S a dh' fhàg mi gun luaidh air sùgradh.
An cluinn thu, etc.

'S truagh nach robh mise fo shileadh a' cheò,
Còmhla ri m' leannan an gleannan an fheòir;
Cha 'n iarrainn a dh' iocshlaint ach brìodal do bheòil,
Oir 's milse do phòg na 'n siùcar.
An cluinn thu, etc.

Le d' aghaidh ghlain, mheachair, cho banail 's cho caoin,
Le d' sheirc 'us le d' chaidreamh flathail, neo-chlaon;
Cha luigheadh orm fadal 's tu agam ri m' thaobh,
Le d' chonaltradh gaoil, 's le d' chùirteis.
An cluinn thu, etc.

Thàrmaich leann-dubh orm, mulad 'us cràdh;
O, 'n acain so 'leòn mi 'n tùs m' òige cho tràth!
An deaghaidh do gheallaidh mur faigh mi do làmh,
Bheir saighdean do ghràidh do 'n ùir mi.
An cluinn thu, etc.

Ged their mo luchd-tuaileis nach buan duit mo ghràdh,
Cha chreideadh tu 'n còmhradh na 'm b' eòl dhuit a' mheud
'S a tha do d' chion-falaich air m' aigne gach là,
'S mo spiorad fo phràmh 'g a ghiùlan.
An cluinn thu, etc.

Seall air a' ghealaich air aghaidh nan speur,
Nach caochail a cùrsa measg dùmhlas nan reul;
Mar sin tha sìor iomairt mo chridh' as do dhéigh,
Bho 'n thug thu fo ghéill air tùs e.
An cluinn thu, etc.

Tha caoin-shlios mo leannain mar eal' air a' chuan,
Na's gile na'n fhaoileann air aodann nan stuadh;
Mar shneachd air na beannaibh, mar chanach nam bruach,
'S i farasda suairc' 'n a giùlan.
An cluinn thu, etc.

AN T-SOBHRACH MHUILEACH.

Fàilte an Ughdair do shòbhraichean a fhuair e á Eilean Mhuile, air dha am planntachadh ri taobh lilidhean, 'n a ghàradh ann am Baile Dhun-éideann, anns a' mhios Mhàirt, 1870.

FONN.—"*Birlinn bhàn a' Chùbair.*"

KEY F.—SEISD :—

{ (r) | m ., m : m ., s | l : l . l, | d ., t, : l, , s, .— }

A lilidh reul nam flùran, Ged fhuair thu urram,

{ | m . s : l ., s | m : m . l, | d ., r : m , r .— ||

'S taitnich - e gu mòr leam An t-sòbhrach Mhuileach.

RANN :—

{ (r) | m ., m : r ., m | d ., l, : s, ., l, | d ., d : r ., r }

A lilidh chaoin-gheal uasal, Na biodh eud no gruaim ort ;

{ | m ., s : l ., s | m ., m : l, ., l, | d ., r : m , r .— ||

Ged nach tu mo luaidh, Cha'n 'eil mi suarach umad.

SEISD :—

A lilidh reul nam flùran,
Ged fhuair thu urram,
'S taitniche gu mòr leam
An t-sòbhrach Mhuileach.

A lilidh chaoin-gheal, uasal,
Na biodh eud no gruaim ort ;
Ged nach tu mo luaidh,
Cha 'n 'eil mi suarach umad.
A lilidh, etc.

Tha thu ùigheil, luach'or,
Aig ìslean 'us aig uaislean ;
Bidh na bàird ri luaidh ort
Anns gach duan 'us luinneig.
A lilidh, etc.

Tlachd 'us miann mo shùl thu,
'Measg nam blàth 's nam flùran;
'S coma leam gach ùmpaidh
Nach biodh mùirneach umad.
A lilidh, etc.

Ach fhuair mi deideag làmh riut,
Anns gach buaidh bheir bàrr ort—
Sòbhrach bhanail, mhàld'
'Chaidh àrach 's an Leth'r-Mhuilich.
A lilidh, etc.

Mo shòbhrach gheal-bhuidh', thlàth
D' an dùthchas a' choill' fhàsail;
Bha do bhreth 'us d' fhàs
Am bràighe Creag-an-Iubhair.
A lilidh, etc.

Cha b'e blàths a' ghuail
A thug dhuit càil 'us tuar,
Ach feartan grian nam buadh,
'Us anail fhuar Chaol-Mhuile.
A lilidh, etc.

Feadh nan raointean lom ud,
Far nach cinn na foghnain,
Gheibhtead dlòthaibh trom dhiubh
Air gach tom 'us tulaich.
A lilidh, etc.

'S coidheas deas no tuath leat;
'Measg nan càrn 's nam bruachag,
Cinnidh tu gu guamach,
Fallain, snuaghor, lurach.
A lilidh, etc.

Ged a thig ort dùiseal
Ann an àm na dùbhlachd,
Cha tig bàs fo 'n ùir ort,
Ged robh 'n fhionntainn guineach.
A lilidh, etc.

Dh' aindeoin cruas a' gheamhraidh,
'S fuachd an fhaoiltich chrainntidh,
Bidh do thrusgan bainns' ort
M' an tig àm na cuthaig.
A lilidh, etc.

An tìr na toit' 's nan dù-Ghall,
Fad o thìr do dhùthchais,
Tog do cheann gu sunndach
'S cuir air chùl am mulad.
A lilidh, etc.

CATH ALMA.

FONN.—"*An am dol sios bhi deònach.*"

KEY. F.

{d | d .,d : d .,r | m .,r : d .,r | m .,f : s .,f | m : m}

A cheòlraidh uasal 's tric a ghluais Mo bhuadhan an tùs m' òige,

{m | f .,m : r .,d | m .,r : d .,l_1 | s_1 .,s_1 : l_1 .,r | d : d}

Gu dealbh nan rann fo sgàil nam beann; O! thig san àm gu m'chòmhnadh

{m | s .,l : s .,m | f .,f : m .,r | d .,r : m .,f | s : s}

Gu bhi ri iomradh ann am dhàn Air cliù nan sàr-laoch còdha,

{s | l .,s : f .,m | f .,m : r .,s_1 | l_1 .,d : m .,r | d : d ||

Nach d'fhàilnich riamh air muir no tìr A dhìon na Riogh'chd's na còrach.

A cheòlraidh uasal, 's tric a ghluais
Mo bhuadhan an tùs m' òige,
Gu dealbh nan rann fo sgàil nam beann;
O! thig san àm gu m' chòmhnadh,
Gu bhi ri iomradh ann am dhàn
Air cliù nan sàr-laoch còdha,
Nach d' fhàilnich riamh air muir no tìr,
A dhìon na Rìogh'chd 's na còrach.

A shliochd nan sonn, bho thìr nam beann,
Nan raon, nan gleann 's nan réidhlean;
A chlann nan Gàidheal, 's e 'ur stàilinn
Dheanadh àr 'us reubadh;
Tha eachdruidh làn d'ur n-euchdan àrd,
Do chruas 'ur làmh 's d'ur tréine,
Ri uchd gach nàmhaid b'e ur n-àbhaist
Buaidh no bàs, mu'n géilleadh.

'Nuair thug an Russach ionnsuidh fhuilteach
Air an Tuirc le fòirneart
Gu toirt fo chìs; 's a luaisg e sìth
Gach rioghachd 'san Roinn-Eòrpa:
'N sin dh' éirich Breatunn 'us an Fhraing
Le 'n cumhachd toinnte còmhla,
Am banntaibh dlùth le Omar Pasha:
'S iad mar lànain phòsda.

Mu 'n gann a fhuair iad dol gu tìr
Air isleach Bhaileclabha,
Bha feachd nan Russaineach fo 'n gleus,
Air àird' an t-sléibh aig Alma,
Mar choilich dhùnain a' toirt dùlain
Do na diùnnlaich àluinn,
Nach faigheadh dlùth dhoibh taobh an cùil,
Ach ann an sùil na làmhaich.

Ach beò no marbh, cha 'n fheudteadh stad
Ach suas gu grad 'nan còmhdhail;
Cha robh dol ás bho 'n teine chiùrrail
Ach tigh'nn dlùth ri 'n sgòrnain;
'S ioma fiùran ùr neo chlaon,
Gun ghiomh, gun ghaoid, gun fhòtus
A thuit gu làr an suain a' bhàis
Mu 'n d' fhuair sibh àird a' chòmhnaird.

Tharruing Raglan 'us Canrobert—
Na fir chogaidh uasal—
Am feachd shluagh taghta air an adhart,
Dhol ri aghaidh bualaidh;
Ach ged bha Sassunaich 'us Frangaich
Clis neo-mhall 'san tuasaid,
'S iad na Gàidheil 'rinn a bheàrn
A chuir an là gu buadhach.

Bha *Batri* mhùrtail aig an Russaineach
Air uchd an aonaich
A' dòirteadh sìos nan garbh-fhras sìontach
Mar chruaidh-ghlìob 's an fhaoilteach,
Bha 'n teine trom ud ri mòr-dhiobhail,
'Sgathadh sìos nan laoch geal—
'Us cha b'e 'n sùgradh tarruing dlùth
Ri beul na fùirneis chraosaich.

Ach 's i 'n Reiseamaid dhubh, ghaisgeil
Fo' Shir Cailein Caimbeul—
Curaidh treun nan ioma blàr—
Bha' chliu ro àrd mar cheannard—
A tharruing suas gu dìleas dlùth
Gun gneilt air cùl a shàlach,
'S a chuir na gunnairean 's an tuimhnich
Le geur rionn na stàilinn.

'Nuair a chunncas air a' bhearradh
Na fir gheala, lùthor,
Buidheann ghlan nam breacan uallach,
D' an robh 'bhuaidh mar dhùthchas,
Mu 'n gann a fhuair iad buille 'tharruing
Leis na lannan geura
Ghabh na Russainich an ruaig
'Us bhuail iad an *ratreuta.*

Bha sian an àigh mu chom a' churaidh,
Urranta, ghlain, mheamnaich
A bh' air 'ur ceann gun sgàth gun eagal
Ris an teine mharbhtach—
Ach air mo laimh, 's e féin a dh' fhaodadh
As a dhaoin' bhi earbsach—
B'e 'n iolach-chatha—"Buaidh no bàs"—
'S an àbhaist anns gach aimsir.

'S iomad làrach ri uchd fear-ghniomh,
'S an do dhearbh sibh cruadal
Na fola prìseil uasail, rìoghail
'Bu ghlan lìth 'nur gruaidhean—
'Us gus an deachaidh crìoch le onoir,
Air a' chogadh bhuan ud
Dhìon sìbh cliù na tìr a' dh' fhàg sibh,
Anns gach spàirn 'us cruaidh-chas.

ORAN.

Air còmhdhail bhliadhnail luchd àiteachaidh Mhuile agus I Cholum Chille.

FONN.—"*Dh' òlainn slàinte Thearlaich.*"

KEY A.

{ l₁ | d ., s₁ : l₁ ., s₁ | d : d · r | m ., f : s ., f | m : r }

Deoch-slàinte Chòirneil Gàrdyne, Dh' òlamaid fo stràc i,

{ m | s ., l : s ., s | d ., d : s, s, (s) | m ., d : r ., d | l₁ : l₁ ||

Air chùmhnant 'fhaicinn ann an Glaschu, Fo bhratach nan Gàidheal

LUINNEAG:—

Deoch-slàinte Chòirneil Gàrdyne,
Dh' òlamaid fo stràc i,
Air chùmhnant 'fhaicinn ann an Glaschu,
Fo bhratach nan Gàidheal.

Dh' òlamaid a shlàinte,
"Ged lèonadh i gu bàs sinn"—
An sàr dhuin'-uasal leis nach suarach
Beus 'us tuar nan Gàidheal.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

'S taitneach leam an sgeul ud
A dh' fhiosraich mi 'n Dun-eideann,
E 'bhi tigh'nn thar bharr nan tonn,
Gu coinneamh chlann na féille.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

Air ghaol an nochd bhi làmh ris,
An "Seòmraichean na Bànrigh,"
Sùd mi 'n diollaid an eich iarrainn
'Dol gu h-iar air bàinidh.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

B'i sud an lùchairt àluinn
Gun choimeas dhi air àirde,
Air leud 's air fad, an dealbh 's an dreach,
Ach Parthenon na h-Aithne.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

'Nuair thaom a stigh do 'n lùchairt,
'N an sreathan daingean, dùmhail,
Na fiùrain dhìleas nach do dhiobair,
Cleachdadh tìr an dùthchais—
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

Air ceann gach reang, 'nuair ghluais iad,
Bha 'phiob is rìoghail nuallan—
A chliathluth dhìonach, chruaidh-ghlan, bhinn,
A thogadh dhinn gach smuairean.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

Na maighdeannan deas, guamach,
Le lìth nan beann 'n an gruaidhean,
Ri taobh nan gallan ùrail, sgeanail,
Sunndach, smearail, uasal.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

An òigridh fhallain, fhuasgailt',
Gun ghaoid, gun ghìomh, gun bhruailean,
Gràinne-mullaich nam flath duineil,
Bho Mhuile nam fuar-bheann.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

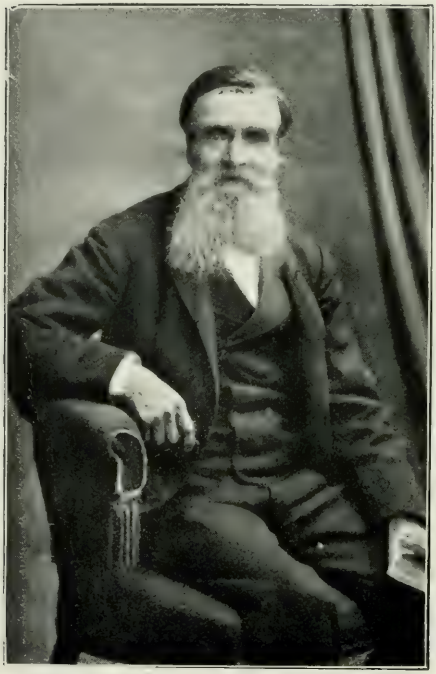
Bha 'n sealladh ud ni b' àillidh,
Na féillean Iuno 's Bhàcuis ;
An còmhlan rùnach, clann mo dhùthcha,
'Danns' air ùrlar clàraidh.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

Bha Rosaich ann 'n an ceudan,
Bho 'n Liob gu ìochdar Chréithich,
'S o Eilean I nan garbh-fhear mòra,
'S nam ban bòidheach, beusach.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

Mar stoirm a' mharcachd sìne,
Ri creagan Bhuirg 'us Ghrìbinn,
Bha sliochd nan sonn o Loch-nan-ceall,
Dà thaobh 'us ceann Loch-scrìodain.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

A Mòr-innis nan sàr-laoch,
Cuinnis 'us Leth'r Arois,
Sliochd nan dròbhair à Gleann-forsa
'S cosgaraich o'n t-Sailean.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.

Gu finealt' mar bu dual dhoibh,
Bha òigridh na Leth-uachdraich,
Bho oighreachd Dhubhaird 'us Loch-buidhe—
Ceann uidhe nan uaislean.
Deoch-slàinte, etc.



M'Isaac & Riddle, *Oban.*

JOHN CAMPBELL.

"The Bard of Ledaig."

JOHN CAMPBELL.

THE BARD OF LEDAIG.

1823-1897.

JOHN Campbell was the son of Colin Campbell, of "Tighean Fhearchair," a part of old Oban now demolished. He was born there on the 22nd day of September, 1823. When a mere child, his parents removed to Ledaig in Benderloch, his father having been appointed parish schoolmaster, which post he held for thirty-five years.

John Campbell was educated with the view of entering the ministry of the Church, but he had to give up his studies owing to ill health. He spent some time in Glasgow in the service of commercial firms, but the confinement of his employment, and the atmosphere of the large city, did not agree with him, and he was obliged to return to his native parish. Deciding to make Ledaig his home, he opened a store there. This venture did not prosper, and so he took to gardening, sending his fruit and vegetables to the Oban market. Later on he was appointed Postmaster for the district.

The bard's mind was always of a serious bent, but he had the "saving grace" of humour in a marked degree. Love of the Highlands and his mother tongue was part of his being. A devout Christian, he ministered to the spiritual needs of young and old. There was a grotto in the cliffs which bounded his little patch of ground, and this natural cave he fitted up as a meeting house, where he conducted a Sabbath School and other religious services. The worshippers sat on trunks of trees, and the lay preacher's table and reading desk was the stump of a tree, associated in local tradition with Robert the Bruce's visit to the district on the

occasion of his Parliament in Ardchattan Priory in 1308. The grotto, which was visited by many distinguished people during the poet's lifetime, was broken up in 1903, greatly to the regret of all the people in the district, to make way for the line of the new railway to Ballachulish.

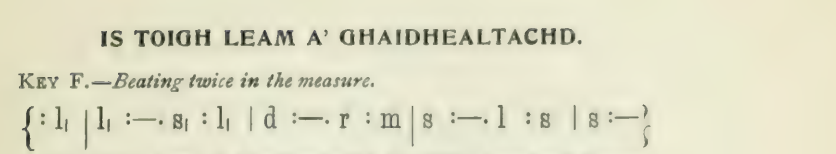
The bard was much beloved by all who came in contact with him, and among his closest friends was the genial Professor Blackie. He left a widow and a family of five daughters. A few years before his death, he was presented by his many admirers with a purse of sovereigns, and the comfort of his old age is pourtrayed by the pretty villa where he died, and where Mrs. Campbell and two daughters still reside. This villa, which is situated near Ledaig station, by its singular beauty and the neatness of its garden, attracts the notice of every traveller.

In 1884 a volume of John Campbell's Gaelic poems was published, and a few of them are accompanied with English translations by Professor Blackie.

The Bard passed away in May, 1897, and was buried in Achnaba Churchyard, where his numerous friends erected a fitting memorial, bearing the words:—"A sweet singer, an ardent lover of nature, an earnest Christian teacher, a most lovable man."

IS TOIGH LEAM A' GHAIDHEALTACHD.

KEY F.—*Beating twice in the measure.*



Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd, is toigh leam gach gleann,
Gach eas agus coire an dùthaich nam beann;
Is toigh leam na gillean 'nan éideadh glan, ùr,
'Us boineid Ghlinn-garaidh mu 'n camagan dlùth.

Is toigh leam 'n an deis' iad o'm mullach gu 'm bonn,
Am breacan, an t-osan, an sporan 's an lann;
Is toigh leam iad sgeadaicht' an éideadh an tìr,
Ach 's suarach an deise seach seasmhachd an crìdh'.

Sheas iad an dùthaich 's gach cùis agus càs,
Duais-bhrathaidh cha ghabhadh ged chuirt' iad gu bàs;
'S ged shàraicht' an spiorad 's ged leigteadh an ceann,
Bha 'n cridhe cho daingean ri carraig nam beann.

Is toigh leam na h-ighneagan 's b' ainneamh an t-am
Nach bithinn 'n an cuideachd 'nuair gheibhinn bhi ann,
'S na'm faighinn-se té dhiubh a dùthaich mo chrìdh',
Gu 'n siùbhlainn-se leatha gu iomall gach tìr.

Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig, a bàrdachd 's a ceòl,
Is tric thog i nìos sinn 'nuair bhiodhmaid fo leòn,
'S i dh' ionnsaich sinn tràth ann an làithean ar n-òig,
'S nach fàg sinn gu bràth gus an laigh sinn fo'n fhòid.

Is toigh leam na cleachdaidhean ceanalt' a bh' ann,
Na biodh iad air dhiochuimhn' a nis aig an cloinn,—
An caoimhneas, an cairdeas, am bàigh is an t-eud,
Thug cliù dhoibh 's gach duthaich fo chuairtean nan speur.

Nis tha dùthaich ar gaoil dol fo chaoirich 's fo fhéidh,
Sinn 'gar fuadach thar sàile mar bhàrrlach gun fheum;
Ach thigeadh an cruaidh-chas, 's có sheasas an stoirm?
O, có ach na balaich le 'm boineidean gorm!

Có sheas ris an Fhraing ann an àm "Waterloo;"
An "Alma" chuir "Russia" leagta 'san ùir,
Có anns na h-Innsean thug saorsa do 'n t-sluagh?
O có ach na Gaidheil, bho dhùthaich nam buadh!

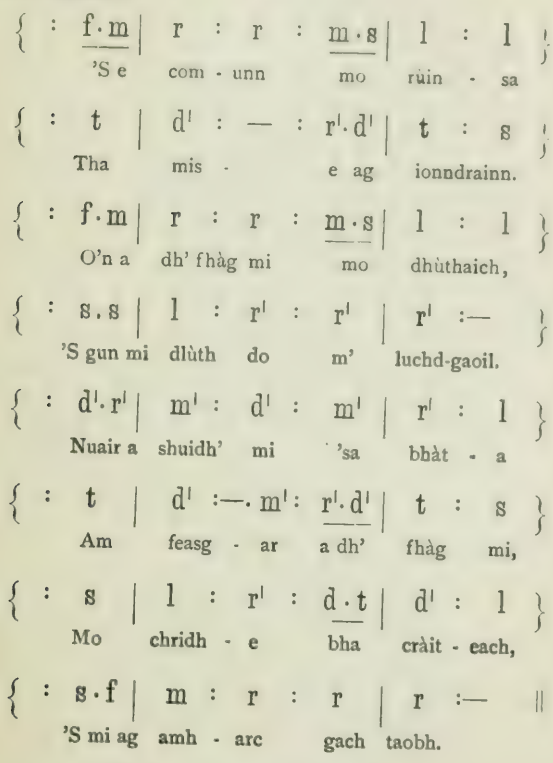
Canar an gaisge 's an domhan mu 'n cuairt,
Air sgiathaibh na gaoithe 'ga sgaoileadh thar chuan,
'Us fhad' 's a bhios rioghachd 'na seasamh air fonn,
Bidh cuimhne gu dìlinn air euchdan nan sonn.

'S ma rùisgear an claidheamh a rithis gu strìth,
Ged 's ainneamh ar cuideachd, bidh trusadh 'n ar tìr;
Bidh clanna nan Gàidheal ri aghaidh gach càs,
'S iad gualainn ri gualainn, gu buaidh no gu bàs.

AN GAIDHEAL A' FAGAIL A DHUTHCHA.

FONN.—"*Miss MacDonald, Kinlochmoidart's Favourite,*" *adapted by Calum Mac Phàrlain.*

KEY C.—*Moderato.*



'S e comunn mo rùin-sa
Tha mise ag ionndrainn
O'n a dh' fhag mi mo dhùthaich
'S gun mi dlùth do m' luchd-gaoil.
'Nuair a shuidh' mi 'sa bhàta
Am feasgar a dh' fhàg mi,
Mo chridhe bha càiteach,
'S mi ag amharc gach taobh.

Gabhail cead do mo chàirdean,
Air cladach na tràighe;
Fhir riamh nach d' fhàg t' àite,
Na abair gur faoin.
Gabhail cead do mo dhùthaich,
Le a beanntan àrd rùisgte,
A gleanntan glas ùrar
'S a bruthaichean fraoich.

A leadain bheag, bhòidheach,
Gach cnoc agus còmhnard,
Gach monadh is mòinteach,
Gach lòn agus raon.
'S an nuill thar a' chuan ud;
Gach latha 's gach uair deth
Gu tric ann am smuaintean
Mo ghrùagach dhonn, chaoin.

'S 'nuair thig là na Sàbaid,
'S luchd m' eòlais 'sa phàilliun,
Cha bhi mi 'n sin laimh riu,
Is càch ann mar aon.
Ach O! 's e mo dhùrachd,
Mo ghuidhe is m' ùrnuigh,
Gun till mi ri ùine
Gu m' dhùthaich 's gu m' dhaoin'.

'S gu 'm faic mi an Leideig,
Le monadh 's le deisir,
'S Dun-bhallaire chreagaich,
A' faire a' chaoil.
'S gu'n cluinn mi a' Ghàidhlig
'San tìr a rinn m' àrach:
Mo roghainn gu bràth i
De chànain an t-saoghail.

'S am fairich mi 'n t-aoibhneas
Tha 'n tìr ud a' chaoimhneis,
Gach aon tigh'nn gu m' fhoighneachd,
'S iad soillseach le aoidh.
'S cha 'n fhaic thu gu bràth e,
'N aon àite 'g an tàmh thu,
Am fàilte bheir Gaidheal
Cho blàth is cho saor.

Ged is deireadh, cha dì-chuimhn'
A' choinneamh bhios prìseil,
'Nuair gheibh mi mo nìonag,
'S i nios leam ri m' thaobh.
A sùil mheall mo chrìdh' uam,
'S i donn mar an fhìon-dhearc,
Cho blàth is cho mìogach
Fo a mìn-mhalaidh chaoil.

Is mholainn a buaidhean:
Ard-inntinneach, uasal,
Làn faicill 'na gluasad,
I suairce, is caomh.
'S a bhathran tha 'm chuimhne,
An ciaradh na h-oidhche,
Gun aon neach g' ar cluinntinn,
Am fasgadh nan craobh.

'S a nis, gus an till mi,
Mo bheannachd gu dìlinn
Leatha féin is le m' dhìlsean
'S comunn dìleas mo ghaoil.
Och! 's e comunn mo rùin-sa
Tha mise ag ionndrainn
O 'n a dh'fhàg mi mo dhùthaich,
'S gun mi dlùth do m' luchd-gaoil.

A GAIDHEAL AN TIR CHEIN A' MOLADH TIR A DHUTHCHAIS.

FONN.—"*Guidheam slainte do 'n ribhinn mhalda.*"

KEY E Flat.

{ · s_1 : s_1 ,, l_1 | d : d · d : r ,, m | s : l }

Is tric mi cuimhneach air tir mo dhùthchais,

{ · s : s ,, m | d : d · d : r ,, m | l_1 : l_1 }

Air tìr nam beanntan 's nan gleanntan ùr - ar;

{ · s_1 : s_1 ,, l_1 | d : d · d : r ,, m | s : l }

Air tìr nan sgàrnaichean àrda rùisgte,

{ · s : d^1 ,, l | s : m · d : r ,, m | d : d ‖

Nan creagan corrach 's nan lochan dùghorm.

Is tric mi cuimhneach air tìr mo dhùthchais,
Air tìr nam beanntan 's nan gleanntan ùrar;
Air tìr nan sgàrnaichean àrda, rùisgte,
Nan creagan corrach, 's 'nan lochan dùghorm.

Air struthain chaisleach nan caran lùbach,
Ri mire 's gleadhraich feadh bhac 'us stùcan;
No 'ruith gu sàmhach 'sa' ghleannan chiùin ud,
'S an doire challtuinn gu teann 'g an dùnadh.

An eidheann dhualach mar sgàil-bhrat uaine,
'S a' gheamhradh 's fuaire fo shnuadh a' fàs,
'S i' dìon le 'sgiathan nan àrd-chreag liath ud,
Mar gu 'm b'e h-iarrtas an cumail blàth.

An tonn ri crònan air cladach còmhnard,
Le morbhan bòidheach 'toirt ceòl gu réidh;
No 'g éirigh suas dhuinn le toirm an uamhais,
'S an cath 'na chuartaig 'ga sguab' do'n speur.

Sud tìr a' chàirdeis 's an d' fhuair mi m' àrach,
'S a bheil a' Ghàidhlig is àillidh fonn,
'S i thogadh m' inntinn 'nuair bhithinn tùrsach,
'S a dh' fhàgadh sunndach mo chridhe trom.

Is tric a thionndaidh mi air mo chùlaibh,
'Nuair chluinninn dlùth i air sràid nan Gall;
Mo chridhe dh' eireadh mar aiteal gréine,
'Thoirt sùil am dhéigh a dh' fheuch cò bhiodh ann.

Is ged a shealladh na Goill a sìos oirnn,
'Nuair bhiodhmaid dìreach a thìr nam beann;
Fuidh 'n chairt is suaraiche 's tric a fhuaras
Am fiodh is luachmhoir' am measg nan crann.

'S i sud an dùthaich a thog na fiùrain
Bha gaisgeil, cliùiteach, bha iùlmhor, treun,
A sheasadh laidir a dhìon gach càs leinn,
'S gu bràth nach d' fhàilnich an là an fheum.

Tha 'n gaisgeach ainmeil, is tric a dhearbht' e,
Air tìr 's air fairge, an cath 's an strìth;
B' iad luchd an fhéilidh gu bràth nach géilleadh,
Fhad 's ruitheadh deur de fhuil réidh n' an crìdh'.

'S i 'n fhìor fhuil uasal o thìr nam fuar-bheann,
A bhiodh 's a' ghruagaich d' an tugainn spéis;
Tè bhruidhneadh blàth rium 's a' chànain àluinn
Bu ro mhath thàthadh ar gràdh r' a cheil'.

'S a choidhch cha chaochail an tlus tha 'm thaobh-sa
Do m' thir, 's do m' dhaoine, a b' aobhach leam;
'S cha leig air diochuimhn' gach comhairl' phrìseil,
Thug teachdair dìleas na firinn dhuinn.

'Us ged a ruiginn-sa cùl nan Innsean,
'S gach eilean rìomhach 's na tìrean thall;
Is ann am dhùthaich a ghuidhinn m' ùir bhi,
'Nuair bhiodh mo shùilean 'gan dùnadh teann.

'S mo chead 's an uair so do thìr nam buadh ud,
'S mo bheannachd buan leis an t-sluagh tha ànn;
'S an cliù a fhuair sinn o linn ar sinnsir,
Gu ceann ar crìche nach dealaich ruinn.

TAOBH MO THEINE FÉIN.

Melody by Iain Mac Calum.

KEY E Flat.

{ · s | d' ., t : l , s·— | l ., s : m }
SEISD:— 'S e taobh mo theine dhòmhsa chlann,

{ · r | d ., r : m , f·— | s :— }
'S e taobh mo theine féin;

{ · l | d' ., t : l , s·— | l ., s : m }
Gu 'm b' e sud àite blàth mo ghaoil,

{ · s, | l, ., d : m , r·— | d :— ‖
Aig taobh mo theine féin.

{ · s, | d ., r : m · r | m ., f : s · }
RANN:—'Nuair thig mi dhachaidh anns an oidhch',

{ , s | l ., s : m · d | r : — · }
Mi fànn, is fliuch, is sglth;

{ , m | d ., r : m · d | s ., f : m · }
An saoghal cosmhail ri bhi 'n gruaim,

{ , s, | l, ., d : m · r | d : — · }
Cho duaichnidh bidh gach nl.

{ , s$_l$ | d . r : m . f | s . l : d^1 . }

'S a chì mi 'n solus tigh'nn gu m' shùil,

{ , l | s . m : d^1 . m | r : — . }

Troimh 'n uinneig dhùint', mar reul,

{ , m | f . s : l . t | d^1 . t : l . }

Gu 'n tog mo chridhe suas le sunnd,

{ , s | d^1 . m : r . m | d : — . ‖

Bhi dlùth do 'm theine féin.

SEISD:—

'S e taobh mo theine dhòmhsa chlann,
'S e taobh mo theine féin;
Gu 'm b' e sud àite blàth mo ghaoil,
Aig taobh mo theine féin.

'Nuair thig mi dhachaidh anns an oidhch',
'S mi fànn, is fliuch, is sgìth;
An saoghal cosmhail ri bhi 'n gruaim,
Cho duaichnidh bidh gach nì,
'S a chì mi 'n solus tigh'nn gu m' shùil,
Troimh 'n uinneig dhùint', mar reul,
Gu 'n tog mo chridhe suas le sunnd,
Bhi dlùth do 'm theine féin.

'S 'nuair chì mi 'n lasair dheàrrsach, dhearg,
'S gach àite sguabte grinn,
Is flamh a' ghàir 's gach aghaidh ghràidh,
'S gach aon toirt fàilte bhinn;
O c' àit' bheil sonas cosmhail ris
An saoghal bochd a' bhroin?
Cha tugainn taobh mo theine féin
Air mile bonn de 'n òr.

'Nuair gheibh mi comunn caomh mo rùin,
'S iad dlùth dhomh air gach laimh,
Gach aon 'toirt bàrr an tlus 's am bàigh,
'S bann gràidh 'g ar ceangal teann,
Mo bhean 's i cur gach nì 'na àit,
'S mo phàisdean air mo ghlùn,—
Cha suaipinn taobh mo theine féin
Air sonas rìgh 'na chùirt.

COTHAICHIBH! COTHAICHIBH!

Melody by Calum Mac Phàrlain.

KEY C.—SEISD.

: s	s : m : s	s :— :	s : d^1.d^1:	s : d^1.d^1			
A	mhuinntir mo ghaoil,		Cothaichibh !	Cothaichibh !			
:	s : m : d	s :— :—	r : r : m	d :—			
	Mhuinntir mo ghaoil,		Cumaibh	a	suas.		

RANN :—

: s	s : m : s	s : d^1 : d^1	l : f : l	l : s			
Ged	bhios sibh 'gar	sàr - ach	'S an - dòchas	'gar	bàthadh,		
: m	m : r : d	d : t_l : d	r : m : fe	s :—			
Na	géillibh	gu bràth dha	Is gheibh	sibh	a'	bhuaidh.	
: s	s : d^1 : d^1	l : f : l	l : d^1 : l	s : m			
Ged	bhios sibh 'gar	sàrach,	'S an - dòchas	'gar	bàthadh,		
: r	r : d : r	m : $\widehat{s}$: d^1	r^1 : r^1 : m^1	d^1 :—			
Na	géillibh	gu bràth dha	Is gheibh	sibh	a'	bhuaidh.	

SEISD :—

A mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Cothaichibh ! Cothaichibh !
Mhuinntir mo ghaoil,
Cumaibh a suas.
Ged bhios sibh 'gar sàrach
'S an-dòchas 'gar bàthadh,
Na géillibh gu bràth dha
Is gheibh sibh a' bhuaidh.

Ged bhitheas an saoghal
'Gad thionndadh 's 'gad aomadh,
'S tu bitheanta saoilsinn
Gu'm feum thu bhi nuas,
Na cuireadh sud sgàth ort,
Do'n smuain thoir a' bhàirlinn,
Is seas is bi làidir,
Is gheibh thu a' bhuaidh.
A' mhuinntir, etc.

Ma's cùram an t-saoghail,
No eagal roimh dhaoine,
No smuaintean air faoineas
A chuir thu fo ghruaim,
Bi fearail, bi stuama,
Is seas ris a' chruadal,
'S bheir freasdal mu'n cuairt e
Gu'm faigh thu a' bhuaidh.
A' mhuinntir, etc.

Biodh onoir is ceartas
A' cumail do neirt riut,
Is dòchas neo-mheata
'San làmh a ta shuas,
Le creideamh neo-sgàthach
'Na fhocal nach fàilnich;
'S gu'n toir e gach là thu
Troimh 'n fhàsach le buaidh.
A' mhuinntir, etc.

THEID MI G'AD AMHARC.

KEY A.

SEISD:—

| : s_l | d :—. r : d | d : m : s_l | l_l : — : s_l | s_l : — |

O, théid mi g'ad amharc, O, théid, O, théid;

| : s_l | d :—. r : d | r : m : d | r : — : m | s : — |

O'n fhuair mi uait gealladh An dé, an dé;

| : s | l :—. s : s | s : m : d | d : — : l_l | d : — |

Cha bhi mi na's fhaide Leam féin, leam féin,

| : t_l.l_l | s_l : l_l : s_l | s_l : s : m | r :—. m : r | d : — ‖

'S gu 'n dean sinn e daing-eann Le cléir, le cléir.

Seisd:—

O, théid mi g'ad amharc
O, théid, O, théid;
O'n fhuair mi uait gealladh
An dé, an dé;
Cha bhi mi na's fhaide
Leam féin, leam féin,
'S gu'n dean sinn e daingeann
Le cléir, le cléir.

Tha 'n latha dol seachad
Gun fheum, gun fheum,
Is mise, 's mi fathast
Gun té, gun té;
'S e dh' fhàg mi cho falamh
Gu léir, gu léir,
Bhi fada 'san tarruing,
'S mi ceum air cheum.

Is iomadh sean-fhleasgach,
Mo chreach, mo chreach,
Na 'n innseadh e 'n fhìrinn
Le dreach, le dreach,
Gu 'm b' fhèarr leis bhi sìnte
Gu h-ìosal a chaoidh
Na 'n saoghal a shiubhal
A rithis gun mhnaoi.

A' dìreadh a' bhruthaich
Le sgairt, le sgairt,
Cha shaoil e gu bràth
Gu 'm feum e cul-taic;
'Nuair ruigeas e 'm mullach,
A' call a chas,
A nuas leis an leathad e
Car air a' char.

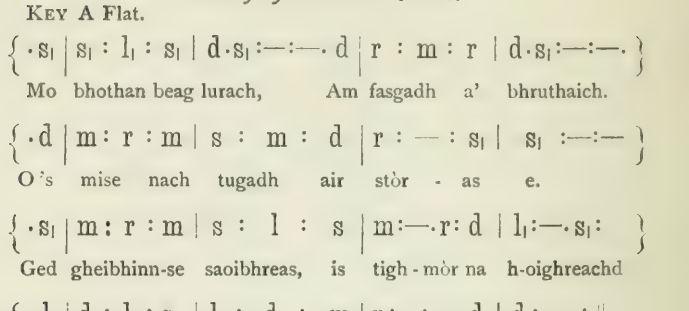
Na bitheam 'san àireamh
A ghaoil, a ghaoil;
Thoir thusa do làmh dhomh
Gu saor, gu saor,
No gabhaidh tu 'n t-aithreachas
Latha nach saoil,
'S bidh mise gu mhath dheth,
'S té eile ri m' thaobh.

Sin a nis agad
Mo bheachd, mo bheachd,
'S do chridhe ma th' agam,
Na fuirich air t' ais;
Ma 's toigh leat an coisich'
Na feith ris an each,
Tha 'n òige 'dol seachad,
'S tha 'n aois a' teachd.

DO 'M DHACHAIDH.

Melody by Iain Mac Calum.

KEY A Flat.



Mo bhothan beag lurach
Am fasgadh a' bhruthaich,
O, 's mise nach d' thugadh air stòras e ;
Ged gheibhinn-se saoibhreas
Is tigh mòr na h-oighreachd
Cha 'n fhaighinn-se 'n sonas tha chòmhnuidh ann.

'Nuair bhios mi bho'n bhaile,
'S mi sgìth a' tighinn dachaidh,
Mi fadalach, airsneulach aonarach ;
'Nuair ruigeas mi m' fhàrdach
'S a chi mi mo phàisdean,
Gach aon a' ruith ann am chòmhdhail dhiubh.

Is tric a tha 'n saoghal
Toirt eallach r'a shlaodadh,
Is cùram nach faoin a' dol còmhla ris ;
Ach sud leis a' ghaoith,
Gach cùram 's an t-saoghal,
'Nuair thig iad le faoilte thoirt pòige dhomh !

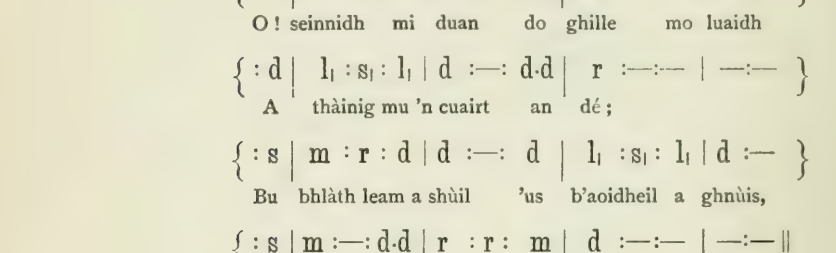
Mo bhean is i romham,
Le aoidh anns an dorus
A' sealltuinn an déighe a' chròilein ud ;
Ged 's fhada an uine
Bho'n sheòl i air tùs leam,
Ar gaol tha cho ùr 's 'nuair a thòisich e.

'S 'nuair dhèarrsas an t-Sàbaid
Le sìth is le sàmhchair,
  Làn taing bidh ar cridhe 's na h-uairean sin,
Do'n Tì thug sinn sàbhailt
Roimh 'n t-seachduin a dh' fhàg sinn,
  'S a mhaitheas a ghnàth bha 'gar cuartachadh.

An so tha ar làithean
Dol seachad mar sgàile,
  'San fhàsaich co fhad 's tha ar cuairtean ann,
Gus an ruig sinn an t-àite,
Nach till sinn gu bràth as,
  'S am faigh sinn an dachaidh bhios buan duinn ann.

GILLE MO LUAIDH.

KEY A.—*Moderato. Beating twice in the measure.*



Seinnidh mi duan do ghille mo luaidh
A thàinig mu'n cuairt an dé;
Bu bhlàth leam a shùil 'us b'aoidheil a ghnùis,
Mo rùn e am measg nan céud.

Ged tha thu 'san tìm glé fhada bho 'n tìr
'S am b' àbhaist do d' shìnnsear bhi 'n tàmh;
Tha 'n Gàidheal a'd chrìdh, 's cha ghabh e cur sìos
Le nì 'sam bith ach am bàs.

'S ann an Apuinn nan stuadh a thuinich do shluagh,
Na Stiùbhartaich uasal àrd;
'S ann doibh a bu dual bhi colgarra cruaidh;
Is iad nach tilleadh 'sa chàs.

Ged sgaipteadh 'san uair na fàilleinean uain'
A thàinig bho shluagh nam beann,
Tha 'n spiorad mar bha, 'us bithidh gu bràth,
A' ruith anns gach àl d'an clann.

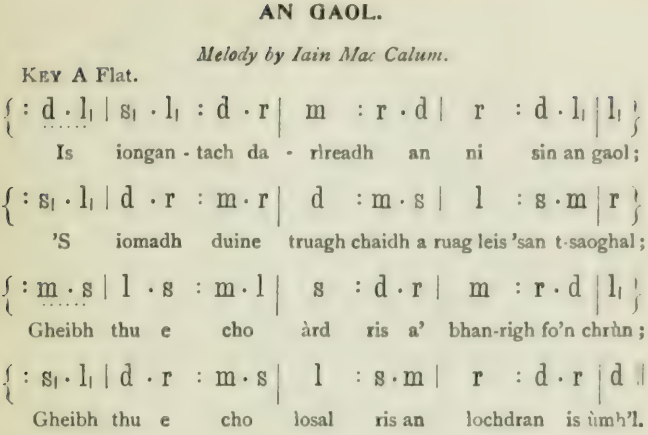
Gach lusan de'n fhraoch tha sgaipte 'san t-saoghal,
'Nuair ruigeas e taobh nam beann,
Tha smuaintean a chrìdh a' tilleadh gun strìth
A dh' ionnsaidh na tìom a bh' ann.

Mo chead leat an dràsd, O 'ille mo ghràidh,
'Us till rinn gun dàil mu thuath;
'S gu'n cuir sinn ort fàilt le furan 'us àigh,
'S le cridheachan blàth 'g an luaidh.

AN GAOL.

Melody by Iain Mac Calum.

Key A Flat.



Is iongantach da rìreadh an ni sin an gaol;
'S iomadh duine truagh chaidh a ruag leis 'san t-saoghal;
Gheibh thu e cho àrd ris a bhan-righ fo'n chrùn;
Gheibh thu e cho ìosal ris an ìochdran is ùmh'l.

An duine tha cho borb 's gu'n cuir fhearg daoine dhìth,
'S gu'n saoil thu nach 'eil aiteal de'n ghràdh ud na chrìdh',
Bithidh té 'n àite-éigin do 'm feum e bhi strìochd,
'S a bheir gach taobh is àill' è gun chàs is gun strìth.

Is iongantach da rìreadh an ni sin an gaol;
Is iomadh mùthadh beachd a tha measg chloinn nan daoin';
An tè nach gabhainn féin ged bhiodh ceudan 'na stòr,
Bidh fear eile air a déigh, 's as a h-eughmhais cha bheò.

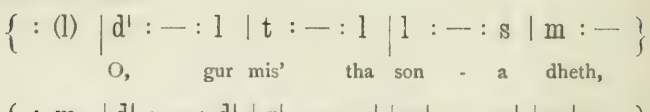
Far nach d' thugainnse mo chùl airson crùn 's an Roinn-Eòrp,
Is nach faic mi té am mìle thig a nìos ri 'na dòigh,
Bithidh gach coire oirr' aig pàirt, ach gu bràth is tu beò,
Ma bhios t-inntinn féin leat na mùth-sa do sheòl.

Tha nigheanan cho àillidh 's a thaghadh tu roimh cheud,
A thug gaol nach dìobair do fhear nach robh d' an réir;
Ach ma bha 'n cridhe còmhla 's an inntinn le chéil,
'S e sud a d' fhàg iad toilichte 'nuair thàinig latha 'n fheum.

'S a nis ma tà o'n 's iongantach an galar sin an gaol,
Bi cinnteach as do chridhe féin mu'n cuir thu 'n t-snaim nach sgaoil;
'S ma bhios tu bochd no beartach, no ciamar thig an saoghal,
Cha chuir e oirbh ach suarach, 's ar cridhe luaidht' 'na aon.

O, GUR MIS' THA SONA DHETH.

KEY C.—SEISD.



SEISD:—

O, gur mis' tha sona dheth,
'S mi toilichte is taingeil;
Is ged a tha mo sporan gann,
Is suarach leam 'san àm e.

An là a thàinig mi do'n t-saoghal,
Thàinig mi glé lom ann;
'S an là a their am bàs rium 'fhàgail,
Fàgaidh mi gun phlang e.
O, gur, etc.

Ma gheibh mi aodach agus biadh,
Is a bhi saor o ainfhiach,
Bidh aoibh is gràdh gach oidhche 's là
Am dhachaidh taobh mo ghealbhain.
O, gur, etc.

Cha'n e cuid no cuibhrionn dhaoin',
Is cha'n e òr no airgiod
A bheir dhuinn sonas anns an t-saoghal:
Tha sin 'na aon ni dearbhte.
O, gur, etc.

Ach a bhi toilichte le 'r staid,
Gun mhath neach eil' a dhearmad;
Is anns an Tì 'bheir dhuinn gach nì
Ar crìdh' gach là 'bhi 'g earbsadh.
O, gur, etc.

RANNAN AIR NOT PUNND SASUNNACH

A bha am paipear salach, sraicte a thuaradh ann am malairt o shean bhean aig an robh ainm airgoid a bhi, agus a bha 'ga àicheadh.

Tha thusa 'n sin, a phrabag ragach,
Ribeach, robach, phrabach thruagh;
Meadhon sraicte aodann salach,
'S blàth na dosgainn air do ghruaidh.

Fhreagair ise.
"O cha 'n ioghnadh mi bhi prabach,
'S iomadh car a chaidh mi, luaidh;
'S iomadh aon a dh' fhàg mi sona,
Is sùil 'bha air mo dhéighe truagh."

Thubhairt mise.
"Suidh a sìos is inns do naidheachd,
Is na greas ro calamh uam;
Bheir mi féin dhuit àit' 'sam fan thu,
'S fasgadh tighe a bhios buan."

Fhreagair ise.
"O cha 'n fheud mi fuireach agad,
'S allaban fo m' chois is ruaig;
Cha luaithe tha mi ann am baile
Na tha mi le cabhaig uaith."

An tìm a b' fhaid' a fhuair mi dh' anail
B' ann aig cailleach Eachainn Ruaidh;
Shnaim i mi am mogan stocaidh
'N seotal ciste glaiste cruaidh.

Luigh mi 'n sin fad iomadh latha,
'N toit 'gam dhalladh, 'call mo shnuaidh;
'S bhòidicheadh a' chailleach charrach
Nach robh aic' aon fhàirdean ruadh.

Ach air dhi bhi mach air chéilidh
Thàinig reubanach mu 'n cuairt;
Tholl an anainn; bhris na glasan;
'S fhuair mi cead na coise uaip'!

Ach ma fhuair cha b' fhada 'mheal mi,
Chaidh an tòir 'nar déigh gu luath;
Thug iad mi á sàil na bròige,
'S crois is céir chaidh air mo ghruaidh.

Sheas mi air là mòr na cùirte,
'S thug mi fianuis 'measg an t-sluaigh;
Fhuair a' chailleach air a h-ais mi,
'S fhuair am bàs i féin gu luath.

'S ged bu chruinn a sgrìob i còmhla
Am bonn òir, 's an sgillinn ruadh,
O bu bhraise 'chaidh a sgaoileadh
Na ni gaoth am moll a ruag'.

Leum na càirdean air a chéile
Mu 'n robh 'n creutair fuar 'san uaigh;
Bha 'n luchd-lagha 'n an cuid féin deth,
Is gach aon ri streupaid chruaidh.

Och, mo léireadh na'm bu ni e
'Bhiodh r 'a innseadh anns an t-saoghal,
A' chailleach fhaotainn comas éirigh
Dh' fhaicinn 'n dìol 'bha air a saothair.

O 's ann aice 'bhiodh an caoidhrean,
An och, och 's an guileag truagh;
Càch a' faotainn math a cuibhrinn
Is i féin dol bàs le cruas.

'S iomadh piuthar agus bràthair
A tha 'n dràsd aic' am measg dhaoin';
'N cuid 'na luighe meirgeadh làmh riu,
'S feum gu leòr dha air gach taobh.

Gabh-sa rabhadh nis o m' òran,
Is do dhòrn na gléidh cho dùint';
Dean-sa math le d' stòr 's tu 'n làthair;
Sgaoilidh càch e 's tu 'san ùir.

AM POST.

Tha 'm Post an so, tha 'm Post an so,
'S a mhàilead air a dhruim ;
Is iomadh naigheachd chudtromach
Tha ceangailt aige cruinn.
Is iomadh aon glé mhuladach,
'S an cridhe goirt 'ga chlaoidh,
Gheibh faochadh agus furtachd uaith
'Nuair dh' fhuasglas e an t-snaim.

Is iomadh aon tha aighearrach,
Làn caithream agus sunnd,
A chuireas e fo smalan iad
'Gan leagail sìos fo'n tuinn.
Tha ceum a' phost, tha ceum a' phost,
Na's dlùithe, is na's dlùith ;
Is beaga tha e smuainteachadh
An cùram th' air a chùl.

Am post a nis gun d' thainig è,
Is sùil ris air gach taobh ;
Tha naigheachd breth is bàs aige,
Tha bairlinn agus aont ;
Tha geallaidhean 'gan daingneachadh,
'S gun taing 'g am briseadh suas ;
Is iomadh àit an toir e aoibh,
'S an toir e gaoir is gruaim.

Tha litir ann do 'n nìonaig ud
Bha o chionn tiom fo leòn,
A' caoidh an fhir bha dìlis dhith
A dh' fhalbh gu tìr an òir ;
Ag ràdh gu 'n d' fhuair e soirbheachadh
'Na chuibhrionn is 'na stòr ;
'S a bhòid gu 'n dean e fhuasgladh,
'S bean uasal dhith r'a beò.

'S tha so ann te, le samhladh dubh,
'S i paisgte measg a' chòrr,
Bheir naigheachd thruagh do 'n teaghlach ud,
Le éigheach, agus bròn.
Tha mac, tha 'n aon mhac gràidh aca,
Am maraich' làidir treun,
'S a ghainmheach bhàin 'na shìneadh,
Am fairge rìoghachd chéin.

Bu bhlàth, bu chaoimhneil càirdeal e,
Is b' àillidh e measg cheud,
B'e aon chul-taic a mhàthar e,
'S i 'n diugh 'ga cràdh 'na dhéigh.
Is té nach dean mi ainmeachadh,
Gu goirt a' sileadh dheur,
Is iomadh oidhche ainmheineach
A chuimhnicheas i 'n sgeul.

Ach nis gu 'n teirgeadh ùine dhomh
Bhi 'g innseadh mu gach nì
Tha 'm pac a' phost 'nuair chì sibh e,
A nìos 's a sìos le sgrìob;
Is iomadh aon glé bhuaireasach,
Do 'n toir e fuasgladh cridh';
Is iomadh aon nach smuaintich e,
A bhuaileas e a sìos.

Cha 'n fhaic mi post, cha 'n fhaic mi post,
Nach e so smuain mo chridh':
O 's iomadh àit an toir thu lot
'S an toir thu slàint is sìth.
Is e mo ghuidhe anns gach tràth,
Do 'n Tì gu bràth nach tréig
Gu 'n toir e fuasgladh anns gach càs,
'S gach àit a chi e feum.

DONALD MACKECHNIE.

THE JURA BARD.

Born 1836.

DONALD Mackechnie is numbered among those who, by persevering application and energy, have surmounted great obstacles and attained to positions of usefulness and influence in their own walk of life. He was born in 1836, in the Island of Jura, Argyllshire, but removed to Glasgow in early life, where, in due time, he entered upon a commercial career. Some idea of one of the many disadvantages under which the greater part of the Highlands then lay, may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Mackechnie left his native island to fight the battle of life with but very little education and no English to speak of. A desire for self-culture, however, was strong within him. He attended evening classes; progress was at first slow, but perseveringly he toiled upwards, the result being that he reached the highest rung of the commercial ladder. He has been a citizen of "Auld Reekie" for the last 40 years, acting first as agent in Edinburgh and district for a large firm of distillers and commission agents, and subsequently in business for himself. He has now retired from active life, and devotes much of his time to literary pursuits.

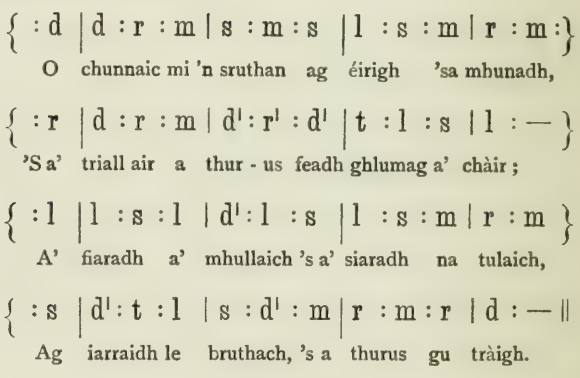
A collection of Mr. Mackechnie's Gaelic poems, songs, translations, and humorous sketches, entitled "Am Fear Ciùil" was published in 1904. While he makes attractive the road rendered smooth by the tramping of many feet, he also leads us into a pleasant by-path which points the way to heights not yet attempted in Gaelic song. A striking feature of his poetry is its

thoughtfulness. Greater care is taken with the versification, fewer meaningless phrases are made use of, and more of the inwardness of things is presented than was customary with the old school of Gaelic poets.

The prose pieces are permeated with an unconstrained humour, racy of the soil, giving results which are simply delightful. They are always interesting and lively, and possess a piquancy unique in modern Gaelic literature.

AN SRUTHAN.

KEY E Flat.—*Lively.*



O chunnaic mi 'n sruthan
Ag éirigh 'sa mhunadh,
'S a' triall air a thurus
Feadh ghlumag a' chàir ;
A' fiaradh a' mhullaich,
'S a' siaradh na tulaich,
Ag iarraidh le bruthach,
'S a thurus gu tràigh.

DONALD MACKECHNIE.

"The Jura Bard."

A shruthain, air t' athais ;
Nach dean thu rium maille?
Dé aobhar do chabhaig?
  Fan tamull mar thà.
Na cluanagan uaine,
An achlais nam fuar bheann,
'Cur cagar a' d' chluasan,
  Thu 'ghluasad gu fàil.

Chunnaic mi 'n sruthan
A' tèarnadh a' bhruthaich,
Gu mear a' cur chuir dheth
  'S na buinneachan blàth ;
A' ruith mu na stacain,
A' leum bhàrr nam bacan,
Is eòin bheag' na h-ealtainn
  Ri caiseamachd dhà.

A shruthain, a shruthain,
Nach dean thu rium fuireach,
'S gur goirid an turus
  O mhunadh gu tràigh ;
'Nuair ruigeas tu 'n réidhlean,
Cha bhi thu cho éibhinn,
Theid maille 'sa cheum sin
  Tha eutrom an dràsd.

Chunnaic mi 'n sruthan
Gu cianail a' siubhal,
A' chuing air a mhuineal,
  'S e umhal air fàs ;
A' gluasad gu dubhach,
An amar dubh giubhais,
A thionndadh na cuibhill,
  Aig muileann a' ghràin.

A shruthain, a shruthain,
Gur mise 'tha duilich,
A' sealltainn na buile
  Gu'n d' chuireadh thu 'n dràsd ;
Do bhùrn air a thruailleadh,
Do shruth air a bhuaireadh,
Is barrag na druaipe
  Mu d' bhruachan a' snàmh.

Chunnaic mi 'n sruthan,
Seach baile nan turaid,
A' giùlan nan luingeas
  Bu truime gu sàil' ;
Air caochladh cho buileach,
An aogasg 's an cruitheachd,
Bha 'n caochan a chunnaic
  Mi 'sruthadh troimh 'n chàr.

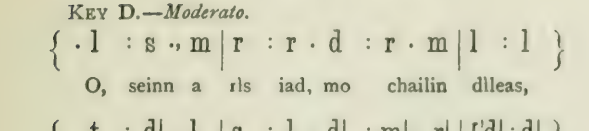
A shruthain, a shruthain,
Mo bheannachd a' d' chuideachd,
Cha 'n fhada ceann-uidhe
  Nan uile bho d' chàs ;
Tha fuaim a' chuain bhith-bhuain
A' d' chluasan a' dinneadh,
Gur suarach an t-slighe,
  'S i 'n giorrad a' fàs.

Tha feasgar an latha
A' tarruing am fagus,
An cala 'san t-sealladh
  'S an gabh thu gu tàmh ;
Ach faicear thu fhathast
Air sgiathan na maidne,
Gun smùr no gun smal ort,
  Mar chanach a' chàir.

NA SEANN ÒRAIN.

Melody by Iain Mac Calum.

KEY D.—*Moderato.*



O, seinn a rìs iad, mo chailin dìleas,
'S iad thogadh m' inntinn os cionn gach dòruinn ;
Tha 'n cridhe fuaraidh nach deanadh gluasad
Ri éisdeachd dhuanag air fuaim cho ceòlar.

Cho binn 's a dh' éireas am bàrr na géige,
Air mhadainn chéitein á beul na smeòraich ;
Air fuinn a dh' fhàsas 's na glinn gu nàdurr',
'S nach tig gu blàth, ach an sgàth nam mòr-bheann.

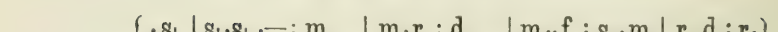
Tha greis o'n dh' fhàg mi an gleannan fàsail,
'S an d' fhuaìr mi m' àrach an làithean m' òige ;
'S an cual mi 'chànain tha 'm chluais gun fhàgail,
Am fuaim nan dàn air an robh mi eòlach.

O, creid gur fìrinn a tha mi 'g innseadh,
Is ionmhas prìseil do thìr a h-òrain ;
Cha dìleab shuarach o'n bhàrd a dhuanag,
Ged 's beag, mo thruaighe ! 'chuir i 'na phòca.

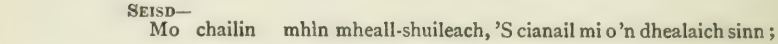
O, ceòl ar dùthcha, is spiorad iùil e
A tha 'g ar stiùradh air cùrsa mòrachd,
An cumaìl ùraìl nam beusan fiùghail,
A choisinn cliù dhuinn an cùis na còrach.

'Na fhann-ghuth gràsmhor, biodh ceòl nan àrd-bheann
Am chluais 'san là 'bhios gun mhàireach dhòmhsa ;
'S mo bheannachd dh' fhàgainn, an cainnt mo mhàthar,
Do 'n tìr 'rinn m' àrach an làithean m' òige.

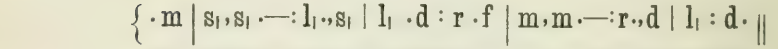
ANNA MHÌN, MHEALL-SHUILEACH.



SEISD—
Mo chailin mhìn mheall-shuileach, 'S cianail mi o 'n dhealaich sinn;



Mo nighean donn nam meall-shuilean, O Anna, thug mi spéis duit.



RANN—
A bhean nam beusan stòl-da, De'n chinneadh a bha mòr - ail,

Ged 's fhad o cheil' a sheòl sinn, Gu 'm b' òg a thug mi spéis duit.

SEISD:—

Mo chailin mhìn, mheall-shuileach,
'S cianail mi o 'n dhealaich sinn;
Mo nighean donn nam meall-shuilean,
O, Anna, thug mi spéis duit.

A bhean nam beusan stòlda,
De 'n chinneadh a bha mòrail,
Ged 's fhad o cheil' a sheòl sinn,
Gu 'm b' òg a thug mi spéis duit.
Mo chailin mhìn, etc.

Gun chaochladh no gun mhùchadh,
Tha 'n gaol a thug mi 'n tùs duit;
Ged rinn an saoghal mùiteach
Ar stiùradh fad o cheile.
Mo chailin mhìn, etc.

Ged tha mo cheann air liathadh,
'S mo là a nis air ciaradh,
'S i t' ìomhaigh ghaoil bha riamh leam
O 'n chiad là thug mi géill duit.
Mo chailin mhìn, etc.

Is cuimhne leam nuair bhà sinn
'N ar cloinn a' ruith mu 'n àiridh,
'S do chuailean donn bu tlàithe
'A snàmh 'san oitcig Chéitein.
Mo chailin mhìn, etc.

Gur tric gun fhios do chàch mi,
'Nuair 's àirde 'n guth 's an gàire,
A' cuimhneachadh nan là sin,
Ged 's fhada dh' fhàg mi 'm dhéigh iad.
Mo chailin mhìn, etc.

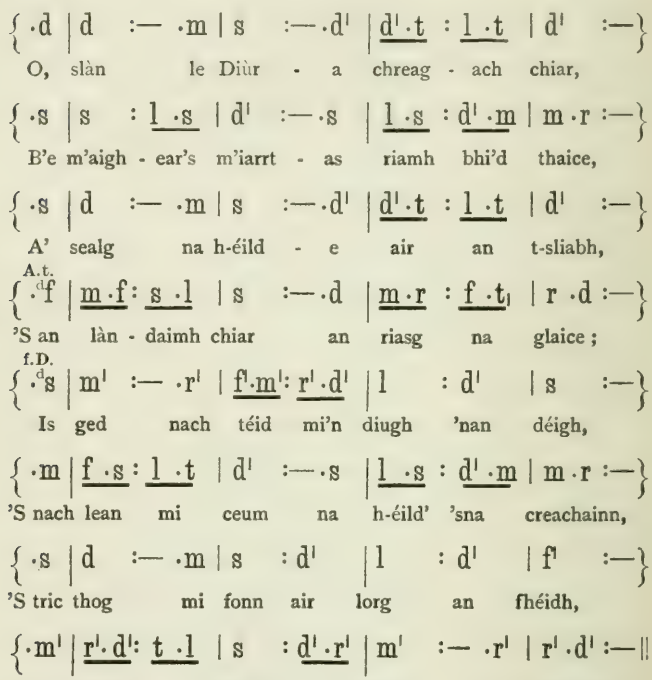
Ar leam gu bheil an saoghal
'S gach nì a th' ann air claonadh ;
Tha ceòl a mhàin gun chaochladh,
'S an gaol a tha 'ga ghleusadh.
Mo chailin mhìn, etc.

Mo shoraidh bhuan, a rùin leat,
Tha 'n tìm a' ruith gu siùbhlach,
Is sinne, mar is dùth dhuinn,
'Tigh'nn dlùth air ceann ar réise.
Mo chailin mhìn, etc.

SLÀN LE DIÙRA CHREAGACH CHIAR.

FONN—"*The Scottish Emigrant's Farewell.*"

KEY C.



O, slàn le Diùra chreagach, chiar,
B'e m'aighear 's m'iarrtas riamh bhi'd thaice,
A'sealg na h-éilde air an t-sliabh,
'S an làn-daimh chiar an riasg na glaice ;
Is ged nach tèid mi 'n diugh 'nan déigh,
'S nach lean mi ceum na h-éild' 'sna creachainn,
'S tric thog mi fonn air lorg an fhéidh,
Le m' ghunna gléist' fo sgéith mo bhreacain.

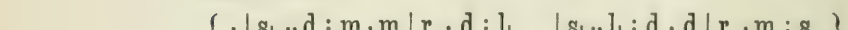
O, slàn le d'bheanntan corrach, àrd',
Gach cnoc is càrn is àiridh fhasgach;
Is ann fo'n sgàth bu mhiann leam tàmh,
Gu'n teid gu bràth fo'n chlàr mo thasgadh;
O, soraidh leis gach srath is raon,
Gach coire fraoich, is caochan blasda;
B'e fìon an fhuarain cuach mo ghaoil,
An ìocshlaint shaor,—gach braon dhi 'nasgaidh.

Do choilltean dlùth, 'san ùr-mhlos Mhàigh
Bu chùbhraidh 'm fàs fo sgàil a bharraich,
'S a' ghrian a' sùghadh tùis nam blàth
A mhosgail nàdur tràth an Earraich;
O, 's truagh nach d'fhuair mi fios 'na thràth,
Nach robh e'n dàn domh àit eil' fhaicinn,
A choisinn cliù is mùirn a' bhàird,
Mar rinn an t-àit 'san d'fhàg mi'm breacan.

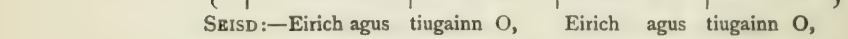
'S E CRÌOCH GACH COMUINN DEALACHADH.

Melody by Iain Mac Calum.

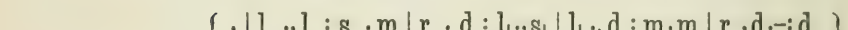
KEY A Flat.



SEISD:—Eirich agus tiugainn O, Eirich agus tiugainn O,

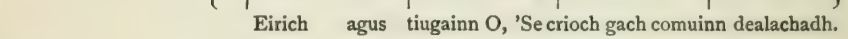


Eirich agus tiugainn O, 'Se crioch gach comuinn dealachadh.



RANN:—

An cuimhne leatsa 'n gleannan uain' Far an robh sinn òg is luath,



A' buain nan sòbhrach feadh nam bruach, 'S gun luaidh againn air dealachadh.

SEISD:—

Eirich agus tiugainn O,
Eirich agus tiugainn O,
Eirich agus tiugainn O,
'S e crìoch gach comuinn dealachadh.

An cuimhne leatsa 'n gleannan uain',
Far an robh sinn òg is luath,
A' buain nan sóbhrach feadh nam bruach,
'S gun luaidh againn air dealachadh.
Eirich agus tiugainn O, etc.

Is far an robh sinn ait le chéil',
A' ruith a' bhradain leis an leus,
No 'sealg a' choilich air a' ghéig
Mu'n d' thug sinn ceum an allabain.
Eirich agus tiugainn O, etc.

Ach 's cian bho'n sgaoil sinn deas is tuath,
Chaidh cuid thar bheann is cuid thar chuan,
Cha chluinn mi 'n diugh an coileach ruadh,
Ged bheirinn duais nach canainn air.
Eirich agus tiugainn O, etc.

Ach fàir do làmh mo charaid ciùin,
Is cuir an smalan so air chùl,
Oir chì sinn fathast tìr nan stùc,
Is bidh sinn sunndach aighearach.
Eirich agus tiugainn O, etc.

Air son na tìm chaidh seach cho luath,
'S air son gach caraid a tha bhuainn,
O ! éirich, cuir an deoch mu 'n cuairt,
'S bidh cuach againn 's an dealachadh.
Eirich agus tiugainn O, etc.

CHUNNAIC MI NA GRUAGAICHEAN.

Melody by Iain Mac Calum.

(By kind permission of An Comunn Gaidhealach.)

Key F.

{ · d | d :— · s$_l$ | l$_l$:— · s$_l$ | d :— · r | m }

O, chunnaic mi na gruagaichean,

{ : s | l : l | s :— · m | r :— · d | l$_l$ }

Le'n cumain is le'm buaraichean,

{ : d | m :— · s$_l$ | l$_l$:— · s$_l$ | m :— · r | r }

A' bleoghann a' chruidh ghuaillinn,

{ : m | l :— | l :— · s | s :— | — }

Air ua - bhar an t-sléibh ;

{ : m | f :— · s | l :— · f | s :— | m }

Le'n ceileirean 's le'n òrain,

{ : r | d :— · m | r :— · d | t$_l$:— | l$_l$ }

A' tional a' chruidh còmhla,

{ : s$_l$ | d :— · m | s :— · m | r :— | d }

Bu bhinne leam a' chòisir

{ : s$_l$ | l$_l$:— | d :— · r | d :— | — }

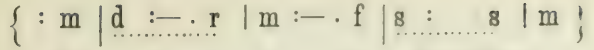
Na smeor - ach air ghéig ;

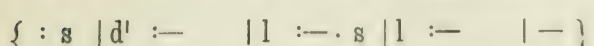
{ : m | f :— · s | l :— · t | d^l :— | d^l }

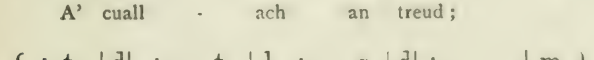
Ach 'nis cha'n fhaic mi gruagaich,

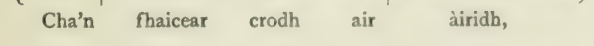
{ : l | s :— · m | r :— · d | l :— | s }

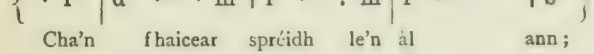
A' bleoghann cruidh air buaile ;

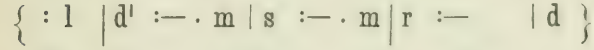












Chunnaic mi na gruagaichean,
Le 'n cumain is le 'm buaraichean,
A' bleoghann a' chruidh ghuailfhinn
  Air uabhar an t-sléibh ;
Le 'n ceileirean 's le 'n òrain,
A' tional a' chruidh còmhla,
Bu bhinne leam a' chòisir
  Na smeòrach air ghéig ;
Ach 'nis cha 'n fhaic mi gruagaich
A' bleoghann cruidh air buaile ;
No idir na buachaillean
  A' cuallach an treud ;
Cha 'n fhaicear crodh air àiridh,
Cha 'n fhaicear spréidh le 'n àl ann ;
'S ann tha na glinn a's àille,
  Na 'm fàsaich fo fhéidh.

Na srathan a bu bhòidhche,
'S an robh na daoine chòmhnaidh,
Is far am faight' an òigridh
  Bu mhòdhaire beus ;
An diugh gu fuaraidh, fàsail,
Gun aon chuid buar no bàrr annt,

Is dachaidh nam fear àbalt
'Nan làraichean réidh,
Cha 'n fhaicear tigh fo smùid ann,
Cha chluinnear ceòl no mùirn ann,
Is far am biodh na diùlaich
  Do'n dùthchas bhi treun;
Tha 'm fiadh a' dol 's a' bhùireadh,
Tha 'n coileach-dubh 's an durdail,
Is comunn gaoil mo rùin-se,
  'An dùthchanna céin.

Is ged nach fhaic an t-àl so,
Na h-uile nì mar bha e,
Cho cinnt' 's a tha mi 'g ràdh, chi
  An t-àl 'thig 'nar déigh,
Gach oilean agus fòghlum
A' togail suas na h-òigridh,
Is Gàidhil mur bu chòir dhaibh
  'Nan còraichean fein:
Na gleanntan bidh fo àiteach,
Na beanntan bidh fo àlach,
Is pailteas anns gach fàrdaich,
  Mar b' àbhaist o chéin;
'S an àite bròn is tùrsa,
Bidh aighear agus sùgradh,
Ma gheibh am Blackie cùirteil,
  Na cùisean g'a reir.

AN RIBHINN ÒG D' AN D' THUG MI GRADH.

Melody by Iain Mac Calum.

KEY A Flat.

{ · s, | d :— · r | m : d | r :— · m | s :— }
An rìbhinn òg d' an d' thug mì gràdh,

{ · l | s :— · m | r :— · d | l, :— | s, :— }
A nis air fàs dhiom suarach ;

{ · r | d :— · l, | s, :— · l, | d :— · r | m :— }
'S e sin a tha, an diugh 'gam chràdh,

{ · s | l :— · l | s :— · m | r :— | d :— }
'S a dh' fhàg cho bàn mo ghruaidhean :

{ · m | s :— · l | s :— · m | s :— l | s :— }
Ged thug thu rium do chùl an dràsd,

{ · m | l :— · m | r :— · d | l, :— | s, :— }
'S a dh' fhàg thu mi fo smuairean ;

{ · l, | d :— · s, | l, :— · d | r :— · m | l :— }
Tha t' iomhaigh ghaoil ri m' thaobh a ghnàth,

{ · m | s :— · m | r :— · m | r :— | d ||
'S do chòmhradh tlàth 'am chluasan.

An rìbhinn òg d' an d' thug mi gràdh,
A nis air fàs dhiom suarach ;
'S e sin a tha, an diugh, 'gam chràdh,
'S a d' fhàg cho bàn mo ghruaidhean :
Ged thug thu rium do chùl an dràsd,
'S a dh' fhàg thu mi fo smuairean,
Tha t' iomhaigh ghaoil ri m' thaobh a ghnàth,
'S do chòmhradh tlàth 'am chluasan.

'Nuair bha sinn òg, gun fheall, gun ghò,
'S sinn còmhla feadh nan cluanag,
Ag éisdeachd eòin na coill' ri ceòl,
'S an t-allt ri crònan suaineach:
Mar oiteag chéit am measg nan geug,
Gun fhios daibh féin 'gan luasgadh,
Thug sinne spéis do chàch a chéil',
Gun fhios duinn fein 's gun luaidh air.

Tha 'n t-allt mar bha, a' ruith gu tràigh,
'S na flùir a' fàs m'a bhruachan,
Is eòin na speur am bàrr nan geug,
A' seinn gu h-eutrom guanach;
Ach dhòmhsa, cha' n 'eil ni mar bha,
Tha 'n latha 's àille gruamach;
Tha maise 'n t-sléibh is glòir na speur,
'S gach ni fo 'n ghréin leam suarach.

BEAN A' CHÒTAIN RUAIDH.

FONN—"*Comin' through the Rye.*"

KEY A Flat.

{ | s_1 ., s_1 : s_1 ., m | r · d : r ., m }
C' àit an robh mo leannan bòidheach,

{ | s_1 · s_1 : l_1 ., s_1 | d :— }
Bean a' chòtain ruaidh?

{ (· s_1) | s_1 · s_1 : s_1 · m | r · d : r · }
An robh i cas-ruisgt' air an lòn,

{ (, m) | s_1 · s_1 : l_1 ., s_1 | d :— }
Is drùchd an fheòir cho fuar?

{ (· m) | s ., m : d · m | r ., d : r ., m }
No'n robh i ruith le 'casa beaga,

{ | s · m : d · m, s | l :— }
Feadh nam preas 's nam bruach?

{ (· l) | s ., m : f ., r | m ., d : r · }
Gun ghùn, gun chleòc, gun bhréid, gun bhròig,

{ (, m) | s_1 · s_1 : l_1 ., s_1 | d :— | — ||
Ach ann a còtan ruadh.

C' àit an robh mo leannan bòidheach,—
Bean a' chòtain ruaidh?
An robh i cas-ruisgt' air an lòn,
Is drùchd an fheòir cho fuar?
No 'n robh i ruith le 'casa beaga,
Feadh nam preas 's nam bruach?
Gun ghùn, gun chleòc, gun bhréid, gun bhròig,
Ach ann a còtan ruadh.

Cuailein bòidheach 's fiamh an òir dheth,
'S dath an ròis a' d' ghruaidh;
Suidh leam còmhla, 's ni mi òran
Air do chòtan ruadh;
Tha 'n còtan goirid mar is dùth dha,
'Tigh'nn gu d' ghlùn a nuas,
Ach troigh is bòidhche cha do chòmhdaich
Còta dubh na ruadh.

Socair ort 's an dean mi 'n t-òran
Air a' chòtan ruadh;
Cum do chasan as a' bheòlaich,
'S cum an còt' o'n luaith;
Ciod an feum a bhi 'cur séisd air,
'S thusa 'leum mu'n cuairt?
C' àit a nis am bheil thu réiseadh,
Ann ad' fhéileadh ruadh?

A rìgh, beannaich 's gléidh mo leannan,
'S gu 'm a fad i buan;
Dà shùil mheallach orm a' fanaid,
'S a' cur car 'am dhuan;
'Nuair bhìos airgiod ann am phòca,
Gheibh thu sròl thar chuan,
Ach cha bhi sròl no sìoda dhòmhsa
Mar bha 'n còtan ruadh.

AN T-SUIRIDH THUBAISTEACH.

FONN—"*Crodh-laoigh nam bodach.*"

KEY E Flat.

{ : s | d' :—. t : l | l : s : m | d' :—. t : d' | d : r }
Cha téid mise tuillidh a shealltainn na cruinneig;

{ : m | d' :—. t : l | l : s : m | s :—. m : r | r :— }
Cha téid mise tuillidh air shuiridh do'n ghleann;

{ : m | d' :—. t : l | l : s : m | d' :—. t : d' | r' : r' }
Cha téid mise tuillidh a shealltainn na cruinneig;

{ : t | d' :—. t : l | l : s : m | s :—. m : r | r :— ‖
Cha dìrich mi 'm bruthach cha 'n urrainn mi ann.

SEISD:—

Cha téid mise tuillidh a shealltainn na cruinneig;
Cha téid mise tuillidh air shuiridh do'n ghleann;
Cha téid mise tuillidh a shealltainn na cruinneig;
Cha dìrich mi 'm bruthach cha 'n urrainn mi ann.

'Nuair rinn mi mo bhròdan gu snasmhor a ghròbadh,
'S a ghluais mi cho ceòlar ri smeòraich air chrann,
A shealltainn na h-òighe tha thallad a chòmhnaidh,
Cha chreidinn am dheòin gur i 'ghòraich a bh'ann.
Cha téid mise tuillidh, etc.

Bha m' inntinn làn suigeirt 'nuair rainig mi 'n uinneag,
'S mi cinnteach gu'n cumadh a' chruinneag rium cainnt;
'Nuair dh' fhosgail i 'n duilleag 's a theann mi ri furan,
'S ann thaom i, an truille, an cuman mu'm cheann.
Cha téid mise tuillidh, etc.

'S mur tuiginn an sanas sin stuig i am madadh;
Bha 'màthair 'sa h-athair a' labhairt le sgraing;
Thuit cèo air mo léirsinn is m' anail 'ga m' thréigsinn;
An rathad cha b' léir dhomh is leum mi 'san staing.
Cha téid mise tuillidh, etc.

Mi fodha gu 'm shùilean an eabar an dùnain,
Mo bhrigis mu'm ghlùinean 's an cù oirr' an geall ;
Bu mhiosa na 'n corr leam bhi faicinn na h-òinsich
Aig uinneag a seòmair ri spòrs air mo chall.
Cha téid mise tuillidh, etc.

Marbh'aisg air an ullaid ! 'S i dh' fhàg mi am bhurraidh,
Mo chaiseart 'san runnaich 's mo thriubhas 'sa ghleann,
'S mi 'n so as mo léinidh ag altrum mo chreuchdan,
'San ionad nach léir dhomh am bréid a chur teann.
Cha téid mise tuillidh, etc.

'Toirt bóidean do Mhuire, ma chaomhnar mi 'm dhuine,
Ged gheibhinn an cruinne 's na h-uile nì th 'ann,
Nach téid mise tuillidh air chéilidh no shuiridh,
'S nach fhaicear mo luideagan tuillidh 'sa ghleann
Cha téid mise tuillidh, etc.

AM BÀRD.

Chunnaic mi 'm bàrd air tràigh na mara,
Is ràn na gaillinn 'na chluais,
'Coimhead gu geur nan steud-each geala
Bha leum ri cladach a suas,
Le stàirn cho cruaidh 's gu 'n d' ghluais mactalla
Le fuaths' a dh' aithris na fuaim,
Is toirm nan speur ag eirigh thairis,
'Cur séisd ri farum nan stuadh.

Torman nan dùl, air chùl na gaillinn,
A' dusgadh aigne á 'n suain;
Inntinn air ghleus is éud air anam,
Thoirt beul do earrann d' a smuain;
Ach cainnt g'an luaidh cha d' fhuaradh fathast,
No bàrd g'an aithris 'an duan;
Cha d' thig o'n bheul ach sgeul na h-amaid,
A dh' fheuchas caithream a chuain.

Chunnaic mi 'm bard air àiridh ghleannain,
Is nàdur fathast 'na shuain;
Le ciùine thlàth a snàmh mu thalamh,
Is sàmhchair cadail air chuan;
Mu 'n d' thog na flùir an sùil ri latha,
Is drùchd 'gan camadh a nuas;
'Lùbadh an glùin 'an ùmhlachd mhaidinn,
'S mar thùis an anail dol suas.

Dh' éirich, air ball, air crann 's a choille,
Àrd bhinn-ghuth loinneil an lòin;
'S fhreagair le fonn gach tom is doire,
'Nuair dhùisg le coirioll na h-eòin,
Thoirt fàilt' do 'n ghrein, bha ceudan feadan,
'An coisir leadarr' air seòl;
'S uiseag bheag chiar air sgiath na maidne,
'Cur trian de 'n athar 'na cheòl.

Oiteag a' Chéit feadh gheug is dhuille,
'Cur séisd ri luinneag an eòin,
Clàrsach na coill 'an laoidh na cruinne,
Gun suim co thuigeas a glòir.
Aingeal a' chiùil air cùl nan sumair,
'S cliath-lùth na cruitheachd f'a mheòir,
Deachdadh gu réidh air stéidh nan uile,
Gach gleus 's an cuirear an ceòl.

Cum-sa bho'n airc an làmh neo-airidh,
Tha làithreachd tharainn 's gach uair,
A dhiùlt do 'n bhàrd a chàil a chanas
Na b'àill leis aithris na dhuain,
Ach sin mar tha, mar bha, 's mar bhitheas,
Tha cainnt a' chridhe gun luaidh;
'S binne a' phàirt nach d' fhàg na bilean,
Na 'n dàn a's grinne thig uath.

Tha 'm bàrd leis fein air féill 's air faidhir,
Gun spéis do mhalairt an t-sluaigh;
Anam cha shleuchd air beulaobh Mhamoin,
Cha ghéill e ealain air luach,
Tha cheum leis fein air beinn Pharnassus,
'An teampull farsuinn na smuain;—
Teampull nan Dé,—gun bheum a' chlachair,—
A dh' éirich snasmhor is buan.

Buinibh gu réidh ris 's éisdibh tamull
R'a sgeul is canaibh a dhuain;
Seallaibh le spéis air fein 's air ealain,
Is seudan barraicht' a smuain;
Tréigidh sibh fein 'ur féill 's 'ur malairt,
Is theid sibh thairis g' ur duais,
Cian mu'n leigear gu beud aon earrann,
Do 'n t-seisd a chan e 'nur cluais.

'Nuair bha sibh shìos an tìr 'ur n-aineoil,
Bu phrìseil rannan a' bhàird,
A bha d'ur crìdh' mar ìocshlaint cheanalt',
D' an strìochd an gearan a's àird';
Orain 'ur dùthch', mar dhrùchd nam flaitheas,
Ag ùrach anam nan sàr;
'Toirt tìr 'ur rùin, as ùr, 'nur sealladh,
Gach stùc, is bealach, is càrn.

Buinibh gu réidh ris 's éisdibh tamull
R'a sgeul ged chan e ach pàirt;
'S ged tha fo 'n ghrein nach leir dha aithris,
'S nach géill do 'n ealain a's àird;
'S e buaidh a chiùil an tùs a mhosgail,
A chliù a choisinn na sàir;
C' àit an robh Fionn, is Goll, is Oscar,
As eugmhais Oisean am bàrd?

GUTH A' CHUAIN.

Fanaibhs', a chlann, air a' chòmhnard,
A' buain neòinean feadh nan tom;
No ma's fearr a' chulaidh chleas e,
Ruithibh greis 'am beul nan tonn.

Diridh mise 'n àird am bruthach,
Far am faic mi thugam 's uam,
'S bho 'n a tha mi gann de chuideachd,
Eisdidh mi ri guath a' chuain.

Tha 'n cuan dhòmhsa mar fhear-eòlais,
Tigh'nn 'am chòmhail air an tràigh,
Fiamh a ghàir' air aodann preasach,
'S a thuinn bheaga 'cur orm fàilt'.

'S tric 's na làithean a chaidh seachad,
'Bheachdaich mi air cruth nan stuadh,
'Tigh'nn chum teachdaireachd na mara
'Liobhairt air a' chladach chruaidh.

A bhi beachdachadh orr' daonnan,
Le 'n ceòl caochlaideach 'am chluas;
Dh' fhàg air m' inntinn samhladh morachd,
Nach dean briathra beòil a luaidh.

'S ged bha 'n teachdaireachd do-leughadh,
Gheuraich i, ar leam, mo smuain,
Gu bhi rannsachadh na duibhre
Tha 'gar cuibhreachadh mu 'n cuairt.

Tha mar chùirteinibh na pàillinn,
'Cùirneachadh na h-àirc mu'n cuairt,
'S am meall neòil a tha 'ga còmhdach,
Mar chirb glòire rìgh nan sluagh.

Ann an teampull mor na cruinne,
Tha ar cuid againn 's a' chùirt,
'S roinn-bhrat trìbilt air ar n-inntinn
A' cleith dìomhaireachd na cùis'.

Ciod, ma tà, is ciall do 'n t-sealladh
Chaidh a cheadachadh do 'n t-sùil;
Neamh is talamh mar fhaoin fhaileas,
Air nach d' fhuair sinn fathast iùil.

Na speuran sgaoilt' os cionn ar cinn;
An talamh fillte fo ar ceum;
Is freumh ar nàduir toinnte dlùth,
Mu gach dùil 's a' chruinne ché.

'S gach ni ghluaiseas sùil no cluas,
A' dùsgadh annainn smuain d'a réir;
Còrda fìnealta ar nàduir,
'Cumail càil a ghnàth air ghleus.

A' mhaoth-ghaoth chéit am measg nan geug,
A' luasgadh teuda gléist' 'nan crann,
Air sgiathaibh mìn' a' giùlan sìos,
Laoidhean binn nan iomadh rann.

Bho chiùin mhorbhan braoin air duille,
Gu àrd ghuth na gaillinn ghairg;
'Chreag a' freagairt fuaim na tuinne,
'S gun aon ni 's a' chruinne balbh.

Aom do chluas is éisd an luathghair
Tha 'dol suas o mhuir 's o thìr,
'S ged nach tuig smuain na chluinneas cluas,
Creid nach 'eil an fhuaim gun bhrìgh.

Ciod ma tha gach bith 's an domhan,
A' toirt molaidh réir a ghnè?
Haleluia! ioma-ghuthach,
Do 'n Tì chruathaich talamh 's neamh.

Cuir do bhròg an bhàrr do chasan,
So, da-rìreadh, tulaich Dhé!
A naomh-reachd sgrìobht' air clàr gach cloich
Is anns gach preas a làithreachd fein.

* * * * * * *

Tha mi cluinntinn guth na cloinne,
'Glaodhaich, "Athair, thig a nuas:"
Glaodh cho sean ri tùs na cruinne;
"Tha mi tighinn;" "Thig mi luath."

SEACHARAN SEILG.

Chaith mi 'n latha 'n déigh na faghaid,
Air feadh bheann is ghleann is dhoire,
Gus an d' chaill mi anns a' choille,
  Toirm nan gadhar 's lorg an fheidh ;
'S o'n bha 'n oidhche air tigh'nn frasach,
Sheall mi air son àite fasgaich,
Far am faighinn leaba 'nasgaidh,
  Am measg chàrna glas' is sleibh.

Fhuair mi sud aig bun a' bhruthaich,
Bothan-àiridh air dhroch thughadh,
Toll 'na mhullach air son luidheir,
  Sgroth 'san uinneig, taobh na gaoith ;
Sgathach bheithe air son còmhlaidh,
Nach ceileadh a' bheag de 'n dòlas,
'S a' chur eagail air na bòcain,
  Rinn mi dòigh air teine fhraoich.

Bha isean feannaig ann am phòca,
Air nach d' amais moran cloimhtich,
Chuir mi car dheth anns a' bheòlaich,
  'S bha e ròist' agam gu m' riar:
Choisrig mi an creutair neò-ghlan,
Le deur beag de shùgh an eòrna,
'S ged nach robh a' chuirm ro-shòghmhor,
  'S mairg bhiodh tòrmasach mu'n bhiadh.

Mar is gnàth leam an déigh féisde,
Rinn mi phìob thombaca 'ghleusadh,
Thug mi 'n taod á ceann mo reusain,
  'S leig mi fad na sréin le 'm smuain
Ghabhail iolla ris na dealbhan,
A bha 'g éirigh suas 'sa ghealbhan,
Samhladh faoin air nithe talmhaidh,
  Faileis anfhann anns an luath.

Anns a' cheò bha snàmh mu 'n cuairt orm,
Cruthan caochlaideach a' gluasad,
A' cur m' inntinn ann am buaireas,
  Nach 'eil soirbh a luaidh 'an cainnt:
Cha robh buidseachd a' cur sgleò orm,
'S cha robh geilt orm roimh bhòcain,
Ach bha cruth air bràigh na còmhladh,
  A chuir m' fheòil air chrith 's gach reang.

Dà shùil lasrach 'an clar aodainn,
Nach robh choimeas farasd fhaotainn,
Sròn cho fada ris an taobhan,
'S paidhir adhaircean air a cheann:
Dh' éirich mi gu grad air m' uilinn,
'S thug mi ionnsaidh air a' ghunna,
Ach cha d' thug e suim no umhail,
Mar gu 'm b' ìomhaigh umha bh' ann.

Spìon mi bhoineid bhàrr mo bhathais,
Dh' aithris mi mo chreud 's mo phaidir,
Ghearr e leum is rinn e sraitheadh,
Mar fhuaim canain ann am chluais:
Cheart cho fìor 's tha sròn air m' aodann,
Chuala mi gu soilleir gleadhraich,
Mar gu 'm bithead tu a' slaodadh,
Slabhraidh chaol thar chlachan cruaidh.

Rìgh gabh agam! Sin e rithist!
Thog mi 'n gunna 's leig mi ris i,
Dh' éirich e mar eun air ite,
'S teine drilsneach as a dhéigh:
Le stoth pronnaisg 's toit an fhùdair,
Thuit mi seachad air an ùrlar,
'S 'nuair a dh' fhosgail mi mo shùilean,
Cha robh dùil leam ach mi-fhein.

Dh' fhàs a nis an oidhch' ro shalach,
Bhrùchd na tuiltean troimh na gleannaibh,
Fhreagair creag is beinn le farum,
Fuaim na gaillinn air an raon;
Las an iarmailt suas mar fhùirneis,
Le tein'-athair ghathach, lùbach,
'Na dearg stìll mu chinn nan stùcan,
'Leum na spùt o thaobh gu taobh.

Ach, mu dheireadh, bhrist an latha,
'S thionndaidh mi mo cheum gu baile,
Thug mi sùil air cùl an tighe,
Dh' fheuch am faighinn lorg an laoich;
Ach an àite crodhain Shàtain,
Bhi r'am faicinn anns a' chlàbar,
'S ann a fhuair mi each a Ghàidseir,
Toll 'na mhàileid 's fuil mu 'n fhraoch.

PEADAR 'S AM BÀRD.

Thuit mi 'm shuain aig an abhainn
Tha 'gluasad thairis gu séimh,
Eadar sinn 's Nuadh-Valhalla,
A luaidh ar n'athraichean, neamh.

Chunnaic mi 'm shuain, 'an sealladh,
Gu'n d' fhuair mi thairis leam fein,
'S gu 'm fac mi uam am baile,
'S mu 'n cuairt air balla de 'n ghréin.

Rainig mi 'n geata 's bhreab mi,
'S air m' fhacal, eadaruinn fein,—
Chunnaic mi dlùth, air seideig,
Piob-chiùil is feadan na Féinn.

Thog sud mo mhisneach 's fhreagair
Mi ceistean Pheadair gun fhiamh;
"Cia as a thug thu 'm breabadh?"
"A Diùra chreagach nam fiadh."

"Ciamar a chaith thu 'n latha?"
"An déigh damh cabrach na cròic,
'S greis a' cur taod ri bradan,
'S a' brìodal chaileag gun ghò."

"Dad eile bu mhiann leat aithris?"
"O, rinn mi rannan nach b' fhiù;"
"An robh iad air stéidh a b' airidh?"
"Té dhiù air ablach Fear-ciùil."

"Ri bochd an d' roinn thu t'aran?"
"Cha robh bheag agam dhomh fein;
Ach fhad 's a mhair na bh' agam,
Cha' n fhac mi 'n t-ainnis gun ghréim.'

"An d' labhair thu sìth ri anam
Na dhìth, gun aire, gun treòir?"
"Athair, cha b' urrainn domh labhairt;
Thug mi na bh' agam,—mo dheòir."

"Gabh, suas, cha tuar thu fathast,
Air duais nam flaitheas a's àird';
Tha 'n cridhe truacant' airidh,
'S tha suaip 'a t'anam de'n bhàrd."

MALCOLM MAC FARLANE.

BORN 1853.

PAISLEY'S reputation for having produced a numerous progeny of the "tuneful brethren" is well known, and who has not heard of the pointed and neat sign-post maxim coined for that town by Beaconsfield. The author of a recent work on Gaelic literature has expressed an opinion to the effect that the Gael must now, and in the future, "keep his eye" on the populous towns and cities of the South when on the quest for the best living Gaelic bards. Accepting his dictum as regards the present, although hoping for a better order of things in the times to come, the seekers' eyes are pointed by the maxim in the direction of Paisley. Now, a proverb is sometimes a mere will-o'-the-wisp; yet at other times it may be a true guide. On this occasion we are not landed in a morass, for from Paisley emanated the sweet Gaelic lyric, "Mo Dhachaidh," which

> "Invites the eye to see and heart to feel
> The beauty and the joy within their reach,
> Home and home loves, and the beatitudes
> Of nature free to all."

In these times of greedy lust for gold and self-aggrandisement we have much need to listen to the message of our Gaelic bards, for they, one and all, teach that "worth makes the man." In "Mo Dhachaidh" a Highland cottage is dressed with love's own fancies, and human happiness is summed up much in the manner of Burns when he said—

> "To mak' a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life."

Malcolm Mac Farlane was born at Kilmun Farm, Dalavich, Lochaweside, about the close of the Crimean War.

A few years later his parents removed to the neighbourhood of Paisley, where he grew up and still resides. He is a measurer and land surveyor. Love for the Gaelic language led him to become an author. He has been a member of the Executive of "An Comunn Gaidhealach" from its inception, and is the author of "Phonetics of the Gaelic Language," and of a system of Gaelic phonography. He is also one of the editors of Rob Donn's songs and music, and editor of "Songs of the Highlands," "Scottish Gaelic as a Specific Subject," "An Lon-dubh," and "An Uiseag," the two last mentioned being collections of Gaelic songs for schools. He has written some favourite Gaelic lyrics. As a translator he has been successful in transmitting much of the spirit of the Gaelic original into English verse. During the past twenty years Mr. Mac Farlane has contributed articles to Highland magazines and newspapers.

"Mo Dhachaidh" must be regarded as his best production, and, singularly enough, he had never less trouble with anything of the kind which he undertook. It was written under the following circumstances:— Mr. Archibald Ferguson, Glasgow, sent him the air for which he had words that did not satisfy him, asking him to try and make a song to the tune. How he came to adopt the idea Mr. Mac Farlane himself cannot tell. He started there and then. It all seemed to come to him, and in a little over two hours it was completed, as our readers now find it, except for a word or two, and that it was written in eight-line stanzas and no chorus. Mr. Ferguson got it next day, and returned it insisting on a chorus, which was provided, and it was then printed for the St. Columba Gaelic Choir. It was translated by Mr. Mac Farlane himself later, and inserted in the "National Choir," issued by Messrs.

J. & R. Parlane, Paisley. Later still, it was happily translated by Alexander Stewart, police constable, Polmont. The air is known as "Posadh Piuthar Iain Bhàin," and is found in Mac Donald's collection of Gaelic airs, published a hundred years ago. Mr. Ferguson got his version several years ago, and it tallies very closely with Mac Donald's.

MO DHACHAIDH.

KEY E Flat.

SEISD :—

: s·f	m :—·d	: d	d :—·m	: s	d¹ : t	: l	s :—
Seinn	hìribh	o	hiùraibh	o	hùgaibh	o	hì ;
: f	m : d	: d	d : r	: m	f : m	: f	r :—
So	agaibh	an	obair	bheir	togail	fo	m' chrìdh',
: s	m :—·d	: d	d : m	: s	d¹ : t	: l	s :—
Bhi	stiùradh	mo	chasan	do	m' dhachaidh	bhig	fhìn,
: f	m : d	: m	r : t_l	: r	d :—	:—	d :—
Air	crìochnachadh	saothair	an	là			dhomh.

RANN :—

: d·d	d :—·r	: m	m :—·m	: m	s :—·m	: m	m :—
Rachadh	treun-fhir	an	céin	an	déigh	sonais	is glòir,
: m	f :—·m	: f	r :—·m	: f	s :—·m	: d	d :—
'S na	pòiteirean	gòrach	'nan	tòir	do'n	tigh-òsd ;	
: s	l :—·f	: f	d¹ : t	: l	s : f	: m	d¹ :—
Biodh	splocairean	crìonnda	'gan	iarraidh	'san	òr,	
: f	m : d	: m	r : t_l	: r	d :—	:—	d :—
Gheibh	mise	lan -	shòlas		'nam fhàrd	-	aich.

SEISD :—

Seinn hìribh o hiùraibh o hùgaibh o hì ;
So agaibh an obair bheir togail fo m' chrìdh',
Bhi stiùradh mo chasan do m' dhachaidh bhig fhìn
Air crìochnachadh saothair an là dhomh.

Rachadh treun-fhir an céin an déigh sonais is glòir,
'S na pòiteirean gòrach 'nan tòir do 'n tigh-òsd ;
Biodh spiocairean crìonda 'gan iarraidh 'san òr,
Gheibh mise lan-shòlas 'nam fhàrdaich.

Seall thall thar an aiseig am fasgadh nan craobh,
Am bothan beag glan ud, 's e gealaicht' le aol ;
Sud agaibh mo dhachaidh : 's i dachaidh mo ghaoil,
Gun chaisteal 'san t-saoghal a's feàrr leam.

Tha maise an àite ag àrdach' a luach ;
Tha 'n t-sòbhrag 's an neòinean a' còmhdach nam bruach ;
Tha toman 'ga dhìonadh o shìon an taobh-tuath :
'S mu 'n cuairt air tha cluanagan àillidh.

Tha Nàdur 'san àit' ud a ghnàth 'cur ri ceòl ;
Mur e 'n smeòrach 'san duilleach 's e 'n uiseag 'sna neòil ;
No caochan an fhuarain a' gluasad troimh 'n lòn ;
No Mòrag ri crònan do 'n phàisde.

Mo dhùrachd 's mo bheannachd dhuit, bheanag na loinn,
Tha fritheal mu m' fhàrdaich 's ag àrach mo chloinn ;
Do chridhe 's do nàdur gun àrdan, gun fhoill,
Ach caoimhneas a' boillsgeadh 'nad bhlàth-shuil.

Air ciaradh do 'n fheasgar 's mi seasgair fo dhìon,
Mu 'n cuairt air a' chagailt bidh aighear gun dìth ;
Na pàisdean ri àbhachd 's am màthair ri snìomh ;
'S mo chrìdh-s' air a lìonadh le gràdh dhoibh.

Air falbh uam a' mhòrchuis, an t-òr agus cliù ;
Cha 'n 'eil annta ach faoineas is saobh-ghlòir nach fhiù ;
Cha 'n fhàgainn mo dhachaidh 's bean-chagair mo rùin
Gu bhi 'sealbhachadh lùchairt le bànrigh'nn.

NA GAIDHEIL AN GUAILLIBH A CHEILE.*

Melody by J. Lindsay Mackay, M.A., LL.B., Glasgow.

KEY A Flat.—*Lively and well marked.*

{ :d·r | m :—·r : d | r·d :—: l, | s, :—·m, : s, | l,·d :—}

Do làmh dhomh, a charaid, Oir 's Gaidheil a th' annainn,

{ : r | m :—·r : d | d·s :—: m | m :— :— | r :—}

D' an còir a bhi 'tarruing ri chéil - e;

{ :d·r | m :—·r : d | r·d :—: l, | s, :—·m, : s, | l,·d :—}

Is bràithrean sinn uile, 'S cha dèan e feum tuilleadh

{ : r | m :—·f : s | m : r : d | l, :— :— | d :—}

Bhi roinnte 'nar buidhinnean eud - mhor;

{ : r | r :—·r : r | s : r : t, | t, : l, : s, | l, : t,}

'Nar buaireadh air uairibh Do 'n choimheach mhi-shuairce

{ : d | r :—·r : r | s :—·r : t, | m :— :— | r :—}

'Tha 'g iarraidh le cluain a thoirt beud oirnn;

{ : r | r : r : r | s :—·fe : s | l :—·s : m | m·s :—}

Ar sreathan air fuasgladh An àite bhi gluasad

{ :fe·m | m :—·r : t, | t,·r :—: t, | l, :— :— | s, :—}

rall.

Mar 's dùth dhuinn, an guaillibh a chéil - e.

SEISD :—*A tempo.*

{ :s,·s, | d :—·m : r | d : t, : l, | s, :— :— | s, :—}

Thugaibh ó robha hiùiribh o éil - e!

{ :d·d | r : d : r | m : s : m | r :— :— | r :—}

Air na Gaidheil an guaillibh a chéil - e!

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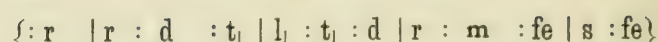
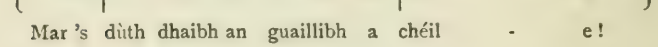
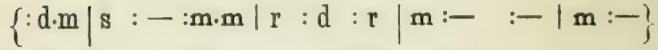
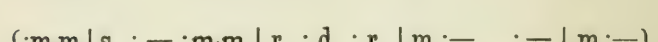








Do làmh dhomh, a charaid,
Oir 's Gaidheil a th' annainn,
D'an còir a bhi 'tarruing ri chéile;
Is bràithrean sinn uile,
'S cha dèan e feum tuilleadh
Bhi roinnte 'nar buidhinnean eudmhor;
'Nar buaireadh air uairibh
Do'n choimheach mhi-shuairce
'Tha 'g iarraidh le cluain a thoirt beud oirnn;
Ar sreathan air fuasgladh
An àite bhi gluasad
Mar 's dùth dhuinn, an guaillibh a chéile.

G. MacKenzie, *Paisley.*

MALCOLM MACFARLANE.

SEISD:—

Thugaibh ó robha hiùiribh o éile!
Air na Gaidheil an guaillibh a chéile!
Air Nàile! cha suarach am feachd iad a' gluasad
Mar 's dùth dhaibh an guaillibh a chéile!
Thugaibh ó robha hiùiribh o éile!
Air na Gaidheil an guaillibh a chéile!
'S gu'n ruigeadh ar glaodh gach Gaidheal 's an t-saogh'l,
'S gu'n togadh gach aon diubh an t-séisd leinn.

Tha 'chuiseag so-aomaidh
Do 'n oiteig a's faoine
Thar monadh is raon a bhios séideadh;
Ach seall oirre snìomhte
Am meadhon an t-sìomain—
Gu 'm bacadh a rìghnead an steud-each.
Sud earail bu chòir dhuinn
'Bhi 'g aithris an còmhnuidh
'S a' tarruing as eòlas 'chum feum dhuinn—
Ma 's math leinn bhi buadhmhor,
Is fheudar bhi gluasad
Mar 's dùth dhuinn, an guaillibh a chéile.
Thugaibh ó, etc.

Tha eachdraidh ag ìnnseadh
Mu mhòrachd ar sìnnsir
'S gu 'n robh iad 'nan linntibh-san treunmhor;
An cliù a thaobh dìlse
Cha leigear air dhìochuimhn'
Gus an sguirear de sgrìobhadh 's de leughadh.
Ach 's beag ni e dh' fheum dhuinn
Bhi 'luaidh air am beusan
Mur bi sinn fhéin gleusda 'chum euchdan,
Ar giùlan fior-uasal,
Ar n-onoir gun truailleadh
'S ar gluasad an guaillibh a chéile.
Thugaibh ó, etc.

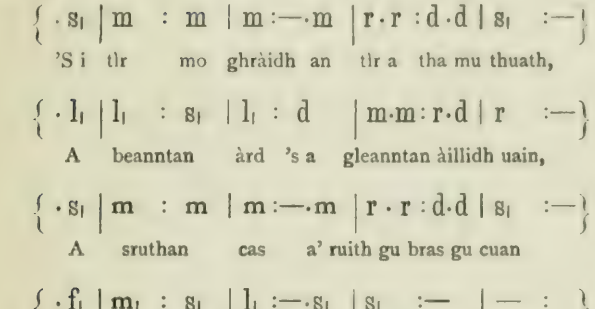
'S i tìr nam beann àrda,
'San d' fhuair sinn ar n-àrach,
An dùthaich a's àille fo 'n ghréin leinn;
'S i 'Ghàidhlig a' chànain
A dh' ionnsuich sinn tràthail
Ri briathraibh ar màthar ag éisdeachd;
'S e 'm fraoch bharr a' mhonaidh
Ar suaicheantas dosrach—
Có 'n Gaidheal nach nochdadh mór-spéis da!
Gach àbhaist a's dual dhuinn,
Ma 's airidh iad, suas leò!
Ach gluaismid an guaillibh a chéile.
Thugaibh ó, etc.

Nis leagamaid mìothlachd
Is togamaid fìor-ghradh,
Is cleachdamaid dìcheall is geur-chuis
A réiteachadh cùisean
Ar cinnidh 's ar dùthcha,
Gun smaointinn air tionndadh no géilleadh ;
E mar bhóid is mar bhriath'r dhuinn,
Ma 's tràill no ma 's triath 'th' ann
'Tha 'bagairt no miannachadh beud oirnn,—
Gu 'n cas sinn a suas ris,
'Toirt buaidh as gach cruaidh-chàs
Le bhi 'gluasad an guaillibh a chéile.
Thugaibh ó, etc.

TÌR MO GHRÀIDH.

Melody by M. Mac Farlane.

KEY B Flat.



'S i tìr mo ghràidh an tìr a tha mu thuath,
A beanntan àrd 's a gleanntan àillidh uain,
A sruthan cas a' ruith gu bras gu cuan
Le fuaim nan iomadh steall.
'Nam òige dh' fhogluim mi mo ghaol do'n tìr
Nuair bha mi 'm ghiulan siubhal cluain is frìth ;
'S tric shil mo dheòir 's a dh' at gun deòin mo chrìdh
Aig léirsinn lìth nam meall.

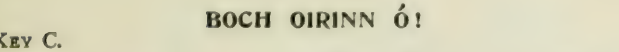
D'a còrsa garbh tha bèarnach, creagach, liath,
Thig gaoth thar sàil le gàir o 'n àirde-'n-iar,
A' giùlan blàths is slàinte air a sgiath
'S glan fhiamh do shìol nam beann.
Tha 'm fraoch gu bòidheach còmhdach sléibh is cruaich;
Fìor shamhladh è 'na ghnè do 'n dream mu thuath:
So-lùbach, tlàth; ach làidir, righinn, cruaidh,
'S cho buan ri luibh a th' ann.

An soillse 's gruaim tha tuar air tìr mo spéis,
Gun choimeas, grinn, nach cinn air dùthaich chéin:
Mar shùilean blàth mo ghràidh, fo dhèarrsadh gréin',
Mar ghnùis fir thréin, fo ghreann.
Tog ort, a gheamhraidh chranndaidh, thar a' chuain;
Teann thusa nall, a shamhraidh, 's ruaig e bhuainn;
Tha miann mo chrìdh' air sgrìob a thoirt gu tuath,
Gu luath, an còir nan gleann.

Cha 'n e Ceann-tìr, no Ile gorm an fheòir,
Druim-Albann àrd, Ceann-tàil, no 'n t-Eilean Leòbhas;
Cha ghleann, cha chrìoch, cha sgìre bheag no mhòr
Mu'm bheil mo cheòl 's mo rann;
Ach Tìr nan treun, gu léir, o dheas gu tuath:
Gu 'm mair ar dìlse dhì-se daingeann, buan;
Gu 'n seas sinn dlùth a chum a cliù chur suas
Is buaidh dhi anns gach àm.

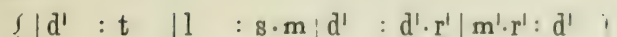
BOCH OIRINN Ó!

KEY C.

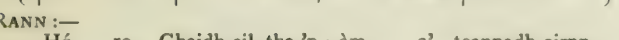


RANN:—

Hó ro, Ghaidh-eil, tha 'n t-àm a' teannadh oirnn



'Nuair bhios grian na saor - sa 'dealrachadh:



SEISD:—

Boch oirinn O! Boch oirinn, oir - inn, boch oirinn O!

Hó ro, Ghaidheil, tha 'n t-àm a' teannadh oirnn
'Nuair bhios grian na saorsa 'dealrachadh:

SEISD:—Boch oirinn O! Boch oirinn, oirinn, boch oirinn O!

Grian bhuidhe bhòidheach na saorsa 'dealrachadh
Feadh nan gleann, nam beann 's nam bealaichean;

Dùsgadh misnich is sùird mu 'r tealaichean;
Fuadach ainneirt, sannt is ainniseachd;

Leigheas thruaghan bochd tha fannachadh
Fo chruaidh dhaors', a cuing 's a ceanglaichean,

Is laghan fiar rinn tighearnan fearainn duinn
'Nuair bha ùghdarras is ceannas ac'.

Sùil a mach, ma ta, 's bithibh faireachail;
Gun mhi-rùn no tnùth 'gar dealachadh;

Cumaibh suas ur meas air fearaghleus;
Bithibh dìleas, dalma, leanailteach;

Leas nan Gaidheal a ghnàth fo 'r n-aire-sa
Anns gach cùis is càs 'san cathaich sibh;

Chum, le foill, ur còir, nach caillear i;
Chum, le brosgul faoin, nach meallar sibh.

Hó ro, suas i! 'chathghairm aigeantach:
"Buaidh do 'n chòir is bàs do 'n ana-ceart."

MO ROGHAINN A' GHÀIDHLIG.

KEY A.

mf Le aonar. *p Leis a' chuideachd.*

{ : d·r | m : s, : l, | s, : — : m, | s, : l, : d | s, :— }

Faill ith - ill ho ró; Faill ith - ill ho ró;

mf Le aonar. *p Leis a' chuideachd.*

{ : s, | l, :—·s, : l,·t, | d : d : d·ta, | l, : s, : ta, | l, : s, }

Mo rogh - ainn a Ghàidhlig; Mo roghainn a' Ghàidhlig;

mf Le aonar. *p Leis a' chuideachd.*

{ : m, | s, : l, : d | s, : — : m, | s, : l, : d | s, :— ‖ }

Faill ith - ill ho ró; Faill ith - ill ho ró.

Le aonar.

{ : r·m | f : r : m·f | s : s : s·f | m : d : r | d : l, }

'S i 'chànain is binn - e Air uachdar a' chruinne

{ : s, | f : m : f | s : s : s·l | s :—·f : m·r | r : d }

Gu òr - an a ghabhail, Gu òr - aid a labhairt;

Leis a' chuideachd. *rall.*

{ : r·m | f : s, : l, | s, : — : r·m | f : s, : l,·t, | d :— ‖ }

'S gu 'n robh àdh air na sèoid Leis an àill i bhi beò.

Faill ith-ill ho ró;
Mo roghainn a' Ghàidhlig;
Faill ith-ill ho ró.

'S i 'chanain is binne
Air uachdar a' chruinne
Gu òran a ghabhail,
Gu òraid a labhairt;
'S gu'n robh àdh air na sèoid
Leis an àill i bhi beò.

'S i cànain na céille,
'S i cànain na féile,
'S i 'chànain is blàithe
Air bilean na màthar.

Cha robh riamh air an t-saoghal
Dream cho dèigheil air saorsa
Ris na curaidhean dàna
Ghlaodhadh còmhrag 'sa Ghàidhlig.

O linn Eubha 'sa ghàradh
Cha robh òigh ann cho gràdhach
Ri finne nam blàth-shul
Dheanadh mànran 'sa Ghàidhlig.

Ge luachmhor an dìleab
Dh' fhàg Solamh an rìgh dhuinn,
Tha gliocas a's àirde
An seanchas na Gàidhlig.

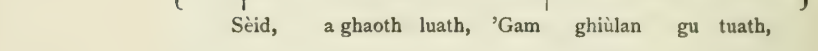
Théid an uiseag 's an smeòrach
Gu gogail 's gu ròcail
Mu 'n caill mi mo chàil do
Na h-òrain bhinn Ghàidhlig.

Gun oilean, gun nàire
Luchd-dearmad an cànain ;
Fìor uasal na sàir ud
Tha dìleas do 'n Ghàidhlig.

ÒIGH MO RÙIN.

KEY A Flat.

SEISD :—



RANN :—

SEISD :—

An Eilean a' cheò,
Fo sgàil nam beann mòr,
  Tha tuineachas òigh mo rùin.
Séid, a ghaoth luath,
'Gam ghiùlan gu tuath,
  Air bharraibh nan stuadh a nunn.

Bha m' aigne gu fann
Air talamh nan Gall,
  Gun ise bhi ann fo 'm shùil,
Caomhag nam beus
D' an d' thug mi mòr spéis:
  Co gheal ris a' ghréin a cliù.

Bruadair an raoir—
Mi 'laighe 'san fhraoch,
  'Nam aonar aig taobh a' chùirn,
A' feitheamh mo ghràidh,
'S i 'tighinn 'nam dhàil—
  'S e neartaich mo chàil as ùr.

Na 'n robh mi mar eun,
Gu 'n siùbhlainn troimh 'n speur
  Air sgiathaibh bu déine lùgh,
Gun mhoille, gun tàmh;
'S 'nuair ruiginn a làth'r,
  Gu 'm fillinn mo ghràdh rium dlùth.

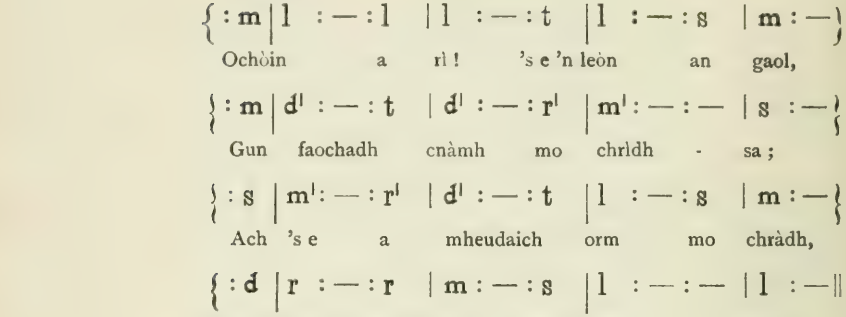
Na 'm faighinn mo mhiann,
Gu 'm bithinn 'nam thriath,
  'S gu 'n togainn air sliabh mo dhùn;
Gu 'n riaghlainn ri m' bheò
An Eilean a' cheò;
  'S 'gam chòmhnadh bhiodh òigh mo rùin.

Gu 'n trusainn an sluagh
Do 'n fhearann mu 'n cuairt,
  'S gu 'm fògrainn gach uail o 'n ùir;
'S gu 'm fàgainn do m' ghràdh
Bhi leigheas gach cràidh
  Le solus caomh, blàth a gnùis.

OCHÒIN A RÌ! 'S E 'N LEÒN AN GAOL.

KEV C.

SEISD:—



SEISD:—

Ochòin a rì! 's e 'n leòn an gaol,
Gun faochadh cnàmh mo chrìdh-sa;
Ach 's e a mheudaich orm mo chràdh,
Nach fhaod mi 'n tràth so ìnnseadh.

Ge bòidheach, beusach òigh mo rùin,
'S nach dùraiginn té eile,
'Nuair their mo chrìdh' rium "nochd do ghràdh"
Bidh onoir 'g ràdh rium "ceil e."
Ochòin a rì! etc.

An ciomach bochd a théid gu bàs
Air sgàth a shliochd 's a dhùthcha,
Bidh dùrachd 's eud 'ga chumail suas
'S a chàirdean 'luaidh air 'chliù-san.
Ochòin a rì! etc.

Ach dé ma bhios do ghaol air té,
'S gu 'm feum thu 'chumail uaigneach!
Gun nì ann 'leasaicheas do chor—
Co-mhothachadh is fuath leat.
Ochòin a rì! etc.

Ach thig mi beò an dòchas treun
Gu'n éirich saorsa fòs domh,
'S gu 'm faigh mi còir air làmh 'us crìdh'
Na rìbhinn òig a leòn mì.
Ochòin a rì! etc.

LEIS AN LURGAINN.*

A BOAT SONG.

KEY D.—*With spirit.*

{ : l ., t | l : l · s | m' : m' · r' | d' : r' · m' | r' }

SEISD :—
Leis an Lurg-ainn o hì, Leis an Lurg-ainn o hò,
CHORUS :—
With the Loor-geen o hee, With the Loor-geen o ho,

{ : m' ., s | s : l ., t | d' ., t : l · s | m : m · s | l ||

Beul an ana - moich o hì, 'S fheudar falbh le 'cuid seòl.
In the gray dusk of eve, O'er the waves let us go.

SEISD : —
Leis an Lurgainn o hì,
Leis an Lurgainn o hò,
Beul an anamoich o hì,
'S fheudar falbh le 'cuid seòl.

An Cuan Eirinn o hì,
Muir ag éirigh o hò,
Cha bu léir dhuinn o hì,
Nì fo 'n ghréin ach na neòil.

Seachad Ile o hì,
'M beul a h-oidhche o hò,
Las sinn coinnlean o hì,
'S chuir sinn combaist air dòigh.

Seachad Aros o hì,
Bha e gàbhaidh o hò,
'N fhairge làidir o hì,
Suas gu bàrr a' chroinn-sgòid.

Thuirt an sgiobair o hì,
Ri chuid ghillean o hò,
"Glacaibh misneach o hì,
'S deanaibh dìchioll, a sheòid.

"Mar bu nòs dhuibh o hì,
Seasaibh dìleas o hò,
'Bheil e coltach o hì,
Gu 'n tig dosgainn 'nar còir?

*Gaelic words from Sinclair's "Oranaiche." Translation by Mr M. Mac Farlane.

"'Suas a h-aodach o hì,
Rì 'croinn chaola o hò,
'Snàmh cho aotrom o hì,
Ris an fhaoilinn air lòn.

"Muir 'ga bualadh o hì,
Taobh an fhuaraidh o hò,
Bith'dh sinn buadhar o hì,
'S gillean uallach air bòrd."

CHORUS:—

With the Loorgeen o hee,
With the Loorgeen o ho,
In the gray dusk of eve,
O'er the waves let us go.

On the ocean, o hee,
Waves in motion, o ho,
Naught but clouds could we see
O'er the dark sea below.

Islay looming, o hee,
In the gloaming, o ho,
Our ship's compass set we,
And our lights we did show.

Aros passing, o hee,
'Twas harassing, o ho,
The strong billows to see
High as masthead to flow.

Skipper bellows, o hee,
To his fellows, o ho,
"Steady! courage take ye
Though a tempest should blow.

"Look a-head, mates, o hee,
Without dread, mates, o ho,
Those that danger would flee,
Let them sneak down below.

"Crowd her sails on, o hee,
And though gales come, o ho,
Light as sea-gull will she
O'er the heaving waves go.

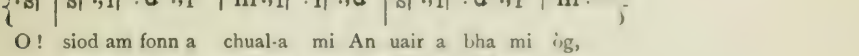
"Billows lashing, o hee,
Waters crashing, o ho,
Without blenching we see:
There be stout hearts on board."

AM FONN.*

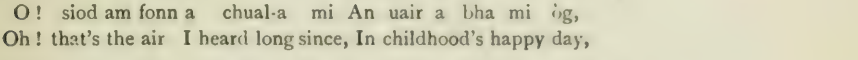
THE MELODY.

AIR—"*An nochd gur faoin mo chadal dhomh.*"

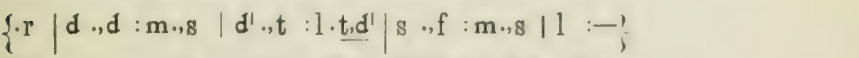
KEY G.—*Moderato, with feeling.*



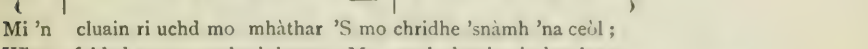
O! siod am fonn a chual-a mi An uair a bha mi òg,
Oh! that's the air I heard long since, In childhood's happy day,



Mi 'n cluain ri uchd mo mhàthar 'S mo chridhe 'snàmh 'na ceòl;
When folded to my mother's breast, My soul drank in her lay;



'S 'nuair 'chuala mi a rithis e Aig nighinn ghil nam bò,
Again, when round my father's cot, I frisked a sportive boy,



Gu 'n thàl-aidh i mo chridhe leis 'S mi mireagaich mu'n chrò.
Full oft the milkmaid waked the strain, And thrilled my soul with joy.

O! siod am fonn a chuala mi
An uair a bha mi òg,
Mi 'n cluain ri uchd mo mhàthar
'S mo chridhe 'snàmh 'na ceòl;
'S 'nuair 'chuala mi rithis e
Aig nighinn ghil nam bò,
Gu 'n thàlaidh i mo chridhe leis
'S mi mireagaich mu 'n chrò.

Bu tric o sin 'ga chlàistinn mi,
Mu eadradh àrd-thra nòin,
'S mi beadradh, air an àiridh,
Ri mo Mhàiri àillidh òig;
No feadh nan glacag fàileanta
'S an tàrladh dhuinn, gun ghò,
'Bhi coinneachadh, gu mànranach,
Fo sgàilean Choill-nan-cnò.

*Gaelic words from J. Munro's "Filidh," where they are signed "Eagar," the pen name of Rev. Martin Macintyre—a brother of the late Rev. John Macintyre, LL.D., Kilmonivaig. Translation by Mr M. Mac Farlane.

Ach b' éiginn dòmhs' an àiridh
  Agus Màiri 'chur air chùl,
Is siubhal fad' o'n àite sin
  'S an robh mo ghràdh 'us m' ùigh,
A sheasamh anns na blàraibh
  'N aghaidh nàmhaidean ar dùthch':
'S an làtha dh' fhàg mi 'm Bràighe,
  Rìgh! bu chràiteach m' aigne bruit'!

O! siod am fonn a chuala mi,
  'S a chuaileanaich mu 'm chrìdh',
A 's tric a dhùisg dhomh sealladh
  Air mo leannan 's air mo thìr;
An uair a bhithinn airtnealach
  'N am chairtealan, le sgìos,
Gu 'n taislicheadh e m' anam
  'Nuair a chanainn e leam fhìn!

Ach thog am fonn an tràth-so dhomh
  Fàth cànrain agus bròin;
Oir dhùisg e ìomhaigh Màiri
  'Us mo mhàthar, 's iad fo'n fhòid;
Gach caochladh agus sàrach
  'Thàinig air na Gàidheil chòir,
O 'n àm 's 'n a bhuail an dàn ud mi
  Le gràdh, 'nuair 'bha mi óg!

Oh! that's the air I heard long since,
  In childhood's happy day,
When, folded to my mother's breast,
  My soul drank in her lay;
Again, when round my father's cot,
  I frisked a sportive boy,
Full oft the milkmaid waked the strain,
  And thrilled my soul with joy.

And oft since then I've heard its notes
  With rapture fill the ear
At noonday in the shieling, when
  My Mary lilted near;
Or when, in evening's peaceful calm,
  Our steps together strayed,
With song and artless gaiety,
  Adown the scented glade.

But cruel Fate at length decreed
  That I should wander far
From Mary and my kindred dear,
  To fill the ranks of war—

My country's rightful cause to stand
  Against a foreign foe:
That day I left the glen I loved,
  What words could tell my woe!

Again I've felt its moving tones
  Around my heart entwine,
Awakening thoughts of home and love,
  And joys that once were mine,
When, far away 'mid other scenes,
  I thought of bygone years,
And hummed it o'er with melting heart
  And eyes bedimmed with tears.

But when I hear it now, it wakes
  Sad thoughts within my breast;
It minds me of my mother,
  And my Mary, now at rest;
The evils that befell our land,
  The wrongs my country bore,
Since first I heard that melody
  In the happy days of yore.

HENRY WHYTE.

("FIONN.")

BORN 1852.

THERE is no worker in the Celtic field who is so well known at home or abroad as "Fionn"—the pen-name of Mr. Henry Whyte, Glasgow. A native of Easdale, in the district of Lorn, Argyllshire, "Fionn" removed to Glasgow when quite a youth, where he has been ever since in close fellowship with his countrymen in every movement having for its object the advancement of the interests of Highlanders. "He is patriotic in the best sense of the word," writes Mr. Malcolm Mac Farlane, "having long advocated the cause of the Highland people, and he enjoys their confidence in a marked degree. From long association and frequent contact with all classes of his countrymen, he knows thoroughly the temper of their mind and character; and his command of the Gaelic language, which he uses fluently and idiomatically, has caused his services as a platform speaker or lecturer to be in great demand. In the bestowal of these he is extremely obliging. Indeed, in that connection it may be said his sympathies are truly catholic, as he never shows himself to be influenced in the smallest degree by prejudices begotten of class, creed, or clan."

The pen-name of "Fionn" has been for many years recognised as authoritative on all subjects connected with the language, history, poetry, folk-lore, and music of the Highlands, and the popularity which his various publications have enjoyed is best evidenced by the fact that they have either passed through more than one

HENRY WHITE.

"Fiona."

edition or are entirely out of print. His "Celtic Lyre" is, without doubt, the most popular collection of Gaelic song and music ever published, and his "Martial Music of the Clans" dealt exhaustively with a subject which has not hitherto been adequately treated by any previous writer. As a translator of Gaelic poetry he has few equals, and in his "Celtic Lyre" and "Celtic Garland" he has given to English literature translations from the Gaelic, not only beautiful and faithful to the original, but with the additional merit of being singable to their native Gaelic airs.

In the field of Highland music and song no writer of our time has contributed so extensively to the literature on the subject, or has done more to create the present-day popularity of Highland music than "Fionn." Not only has he written many original and popular songs in the vernacular tongue, but he has also composed the music of one of the most popular Gaelic songs at present sung at Highland gatherings, "Suas leis a' Ghaidhlig" (for the song and biographical sketch of its author see Vol. II.)—"Up with the Gaelic"—and many other pleasing melodies.

He has also done solid work in Highland history, many of the sketches of the clans which appear in Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston's work, "The Tartans of the Clans and Septs of Scotland," being from his pen. This publication, in two volumes, is admittedly the most exhaustive and sumptuous work ever published on this subject.

Mr. Whyte's many articles on the history, social condition, and folk-lore of the Highlands, which have appeared in numerous newspapers, would, if collected, form material for many interesting volumes.

He was assistant secretary of the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901, but since the close of that successful undertaking, he has devoted himself entirely to Celtic journalism. In September, 1906, the King was graciously pleased to confer on Mr. Whyte a Civil

List pension of £50 for his contributions to Gaelic literature.

A melancholy interest is attached to "A' mhaighdean aluinn" and "Dealachadh Leannain," two of the lyrics included in the following selection. They were composed many years ago in praise of the Highland lady who became his wife, and who died in January, 1906.

A' MHAIGHDEAN ÀLUINN.

FONN—"*Slàn gu 'n till na Gaidheil ghasda.*"

KEY G.—*Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*

{ | l_1 :—: d | r :—: r | m :—: d | r :—: d }

SEISD:—Seinn - eam duan a nis do 'n mhaigh-dinn

{ | l_1 :—: l_1 | l :—: l | l : s : f | m :—: s }

A tha aoibh - eil, cridh - eil, caoimhn-eil;

{ | l :—: r | r :—: m | r : d : l_1 | s_1 :—: s_1 }

'S lìon-mhor fear a bheir - eadh oigh-reachd,

{ | l_1 :—: l_1 | d :—: r | f :—: m | r :—:— ‖

Air son roinn de gràdh a crìdh'.

SEISD:—

Seinneam duan a nis do'n mhaighdinn
A tha aoibheil, cridheil, caoimhneil;
'S lìon-mhor fear a bheireadh oighreachd,
Air son roinn de gràdh a crìdh'.

Tha mo leannan dreachmhor, dìreach,
Is 'n a gluasad socair, sìobhalt';
Cha 'n 'eil maighdean anns an sgìreachd
'Thig a nìos riut ann an gnìomh.

'S ann fo sgàile nam beann-àrda
Dh' fhàs an rìbhinn a tha àluinn;
Labhraidh i gu blasda 'Ghàidhlig,
'Chainnt a's feàrr a tha 's an tìr.

Dh'fhàs i suas mar shóbhraig bhòidhich,
Modhail, màlda mar an neòinein;
Cha d' fhuair amaideachd no gòraich'
Aite-còmhnaidh riamh 'n a crìdh'.

Tha mo ghaol-sa cridheil, ceòlmhor—
Có 'n a cuideachd a bhiodh brònach?
'Nuair a theannas i ri òrain
Faodaidh 'n smeòrach a bhi bìth.

Falt a cinn 'n a dhualan òrdail;
Dheth cha 'n ioghnadh i 'bhi spòrsail;
Ceum gu bràth nach dochainn feòirnein;
  Meòir a's bòidhche air an sgrìobh.

Cha 'n 'eil maighdean anns an dùthaich
'Tha cho measail no cho cliùiteach;
'S iomadh h-aon a thug dhuit ùmhlachd,
  Is a lùb dhuit anns gach nì.

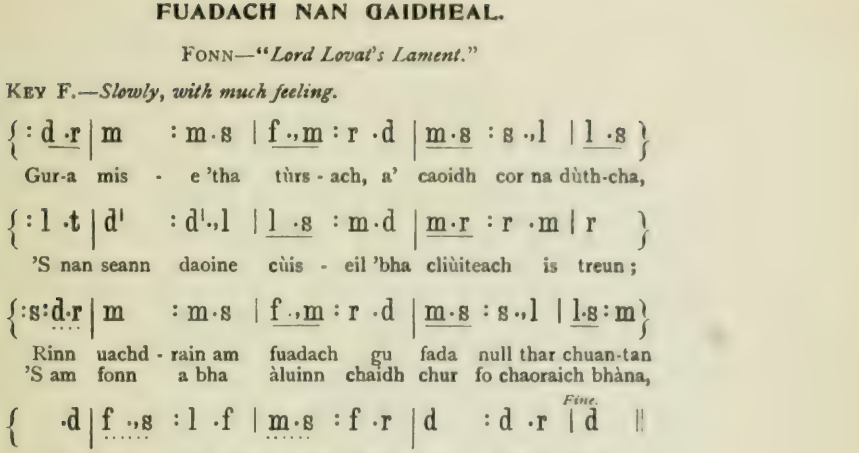
O'n a chuir mi fhéin ort eòlas,
'S tric a bha sinn cridheil còmhla;
Ach tha mis' an diugh a'm ònar
  Dubhach, brònach, 'us thu 'm dhìth.

'S ged a tha mi fad' air faontradh
Thall 's a bhos air feadh an t-saoghail,
Air mo spéis dhuit cha tig caochladh;
  Thug mi gaol dhuit 'bhios gun chrìch.

FUADACH NAN GAIDHEAL.

FONN—"*Lord Lovat's Lament.*"

KEY F.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*



Gur a mise 'tha tùrsach,
A' caoidh cor na dùthcha,
'S nan seann daoine cùiseil
'Bha cliùiteach is treun;
Rinn uachdrain am fuadach
Gu fada null thar chuantan
Am fearann chaidh thoirt uapa
'S thoirt suas do na féidh.
'S e sud a' chulaidh nàire
Bhi faicinn dhaoine làidir
'G am fuadach thar sàile
Mar bhàrrlach gun fheum;
'S am fonn a bha àluinn
Chaidh chur fo chaoraich bhàna,
Tha feanntagach 's a' ghàradh
'S an làrach fo fheur.

Far an robh móran dhaoine
Le 'm mnathan 'us le 'n teaghlaich,
Cha'n 'eil ach caoraich-mhaola
  Ri fhaotainn 'n an àit' :
Cha 'n fhaicear air a' bhuaile
A' bhanarach le 'buaraich,
No idir an crodh guaill-fhionn
  'S am buachaille bàn.
Tha 'n uiseag anns na speuran,
A' seinn a luinneig gleusda,
'S gun neach ann 'g a h-éisdeachd
  'Nuair dh' éireas i àrd ;
Cha till, cha till na daoine
Bha cridheil agus aoibheil—
Mar mholl air latha gaoithe
  Chaidh 'n sgaoileadh gu bràth.

DEALACHADH LEANNAIN.*

A LOVER'S PARTING.

KEY B Flat.—*Moderato.*

{ : m,·s, | s, ·l, : d ·,t, | l,,s, ·—: m·s | f ·m : r ·d | r }

Dhealaich mise 'nochd ri m' leannan, Dhealaich mi ri m' leannan fhéin ;
I have parted with my lassie, Yester eve she went a-way ;

{ : m̀·s | f ·m : d ·,r | m,f·—: s ·,f | m·m : r ·r | d }

Dhealaich mise 'nochd ri m' leannan, Mìle beannachd as a déigh.
Sad I parted with my lassie, Heaven's blessing with her stay.

Dhealaich mise 'nochd ri m' leannan,
Dhealaich mi ri m' leannan fhéin ;
Dhealaich mise 'nochd ri m' leannan,
Mìle beannachd as a déigh.

Och mo thruaigh, cha d'fhuair mi fanachd
Leis a' chaileag 'mheal gach buaidh,
Theich an uair air sgiath na cabhaig'
'S b' fheudar dealachadh ri m' luaidh.

Ceart mar thriallas sgàil an tanaisg
No mar dhealan anns an speur,
'S ann mar sin a chaill mi sealladh
Air an ainnir 'fhuair mo spéis.

Bho'n a chuir mi fhéin ort aithne,
Bha thu beusach, banail, ciùin ;
'Chaoidh cha 'n fhaic mo shùil air thalamh,
Té cho airidh air gach cliù.

Blàth-shuil chaoin a's caoile mala,
Cuailean mìn nan camag' donn ;
Deud gheal, ghrinn fo bhilean tana,
Cneas mar eala bhàn nan tonn.

Cha téid mise 'chùirt nan gallan,
Cha'n 'eil aighear dhomh fo 'n ghréin,
'S ann a bhios mo chrìdh' fo smalan
Gus an till mo leannan fhéin.

* Gaelic words, melody, and translation by "Fionn."

I have parted with my lassie,
Yester eve she went away;
Sad I parted with my lassie,
Heaven's blessing with her stay.

I had scarce exchanged the greeting
Of the maid I loved so well,
For the moments quickly fleeting
Made us breathe a sad "farewell."

With a vision's rapid motion,
Or like lightning in the sky,
Fled the dream of my devotion,
Leaving me to weep and sigh.

Since I knew thee, dearest maiden,
Thou wast faithful, kind, and free;
Now I'm sad and sorrow-laden,
For thy like I ne'er shall see.

Auburn nymph, so blithe and merry,
Would that I could see thee now;
Cheeks that vie with rowan-berry,
White as snow thy gentle brow.

Nought on earth can give me pleasure,
Mirth and music cause me pain;
Never, till I see my treasure,
Shall I be myself again.

AN RIBHINN ALUINN.

FONN—"*Mo Mhàiri Bhàn.*"

KEY E Flat.—*Moderato, with expression.*

{ ·r :r ·m | s :l ·s :m ·r | r :— }
O - chòin a Rìgh, 's i mo rìbhinn donn,

{ ·d' :t ·l | r' :l ·d' :t ·l | s :— }
'Dh' fhàg mi fo mhì - ghean is m' inntinn trom!

{ ·s :l ·d' | r' :l ·d' :t ·l | s :d }
Gur e a bòichead a rinn mo leònadh,

{ ·d :r ·r | f :m ·l :s ·m | r :—. ‖
'S cha bhi mi beò gun mo rìbhinn donn.

Ochòin a Righ, 's i mo rìbhinn donn,
'Dh' fhàg mi fo mhìghean is m' inntinn trom!
Gur e a bòichead a rinn mo leònadh,
'S cha bhi mi beò gun mo rìbhinn donn.

Is truagh an dràsda nach robh mi 'm bhàrd
A ghleusadh clàrsach 's a sheinneadh dàn,
'S gu 'n innsinn buadhan
Na maighdinn uasail,
Mu 'bheil mo smuaintean gach oidhche 's là.

Is tric a bha mi mu luidhe gréin'
Le m' nìgheanaig àluinn fo sgàil nan geug,
Sinn ri sùgradh
Fo'n bharrach chùbhraidh,
Ach 's cianail tùrsach mi 'n diugh na déigh.

'Nuair thig an Céitean do ghleann an fhraoich
Gu 'n toir e fàs air gach blàth-lus raoin
Is gheibh mi samhladh
An sin do m' annsachd,
Am flùran greannar a dh' fhàs cho caoin.

Mar chanach mòintich tha cneas mo luaidh,
Dearg mar chaorunn tha dreach a gruaidh,
A beus 's a nàdur
Mar neònain màlda,
No sóbhrag 'd' fhàsas fo sgàil nam bruach.

Gur bòidheach, dualach an cuailean mìn
A th' air a' ghruagaich a bhuair mo chrìdh',
Gur binne 'còmhradh
Na guth na smeòraich ;
'S tha mise brònach o'n 'dh 'fhàg i mi.

'Nuair 'chì mi 'n iarmailt aig ciaradh là,
Gu'n iarr mo shùil-sa reul-iùil an àigh,
A's grinne soillse,
'S a's caoine baoisge ;
Mar sud bha 'mhaighdean a rinn mo chràdh.

Ged 'tha mo ghrian-sa a' triall fo sgleò,
'Us mise 'm bliadhna mar ian 's a cheò,
Togaidh 'n sgàile
'S ni ise deàrrsadh,
'S gu 'm faigh mi slàinte gach là ri m' bheò.

MO GHILLE DUBH.

KEY F.—*Moderato.*

{ ·d | m : m ., r | m , s .— : l . }
Mo thruaigh mi 's mar tha mi'n diugh,

{ ·l$_1$ | l$_1$: d ., l$_1$ | l$_1$., s$_1$: s$_1$. }
Mo thruaigh mi 's gur muladh - ach;

{ ·d | m ., m : m ., r | m , s .— : l . }
'Se 'n gaol a thug mi 'n ghille dhubh,

{ ·l | s ., m : m ., r | d : d . }
A rinn an diugh mo leòn - adh.

Verse.
{ ·d | m ., r : m ., s | l : l$_1$. }
Gu'n tug mi spéis do 'n àr - munn

{ ·l$_1$ | d ., l$_1$: s$_1$., l$_1$ | d : d . }
Am bothan beag na h-àir - idh,

{ ·r | m ., r : m ., s | l : d^1 . }
'Se cuimhneachadh an dràsd air

{ ·l | s ., m : m · r | d : d · ‖ }
A dh'fhàg mi dubhach, bròn - ach.

SEISD:—

Mo thruaigh mi 's mar tha mi 'n diugh,
Mo thruaigh mi 's gur muladach;
'Se 'n gaol a thug mi 'n ghille dhubh,
A rinn an diugh mo leònadh.

Gu'n tug mi spéis do'n àrmunn
Am bothan beag na h-àiridh,
'Se cuimhneachadh an dràsd air
A dh' fhàg mi dubhach, brònach.
Mo thruaigh mi, etc.

Mur faigh mi e mar chéile,
Ni tuireadh 's bròn mo léireadh,
'S gun ni 'san t-saogh'l ni feum dhomh
As eugais gaol an òigeir.
Mo thruaigh mi, etc.

Ged tha mi nis gu cràiteach
'S a' caoidh o'n rinn thu m' fhàgail,
Gur tric a bha mi làmh riut,
'S mo chridhe 'snàmh an sòlas.
Mo thruaigh mi, etc.

O, thug mi gràdh nach caochail
Do dh'òigear an fhuilt chraobhaich;
'Sa nis mur dean mi fhaotainn,
Gur neoni 'n saoghal dhòmhsa.
Mo thruaigh mi, etc.

Gur tric a bha sinn mùirneach,
Ged tha mi 'n dràsd gu tùrsach;
'S ma 's e 's gu'n tug e cùl rium
San ùir bidh m' àite-còmhnuidh.
Mo thruaigh mi, etc.

DH' FHALBH MO LEANNAN FHÉIN!

KEY B Flat.—*Slowly, with much feeling.*

{ | d .,d : l_1 .l_1 : s_1 | m .,f : s .,f : m .r }
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin ! Dh' fhalbh mo chéile lurach ;

{ | m .,f : s .,l_1 : l_1 | s_1 .,l_1 : d .,d : r .m }
Misneach mhath na dhéigh ; Dhòmh-sa b' éig-inn fuireach ;

{ | r .,d : l_1 .l_1 : s_1 ||
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !

*SEISD :—
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !
Dh' fhalbh mo chéile lurach ;
Misneach mhath na dhéigh ;
Dhòmh-sa b' éiginn fuireach ;
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !

'Nuair a thog thu siùil,
Bha mo shùil a' sileadh ;
Dhuit-se ghuidh gach beul—
"Slàn gu'n dean thu tilleadh."
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !

Ghoid thu leat mo shlàint',
'S rinn thu m' fhàgail dubhach ;
Gus an till thu 'ghràidh,
'Chaoidh cha'n fhàs mi subhach.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !

Tha mi ghnàth ga d' chaoidh,
'S mi ga 'm chlaoidh le fadal ;
Bho 'n a sheòl thu 'rùin,
Tha mo shùil gun chadal.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !

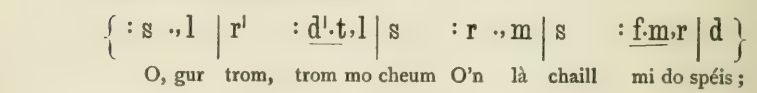
Thainig sgeul gu tìr
'Leòn mo chrìdh' mar shaighead,
Gu'n robh thusa 'luaidh,
'N grunnd a' chuain a'd' laidhe.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !

'S cianail leam an sgeul—
Ciod am feum bhi fuireach?
Bith'dh mi leat gun dàil,
'S gheibh mi fàilte 's furan.
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin!

* Chorus old, Gaelic words by "Fionn."

GUR TROM, TROM MO CHEUM

KEY E Flat.—*With feeling.*



O, gur trom, trom mo cheum
O'n là 'chaill mi do spéis;
'S tric na deòir ann am shùil,
'S mi gu tùrsach a'd dhéigh.

Gheall thu dhòmhsa, a luaidh,
Gaol 'bhiodh firinneach, buan;
Ach 's ann shearg e mar bhlàth
'Dh' fhàgas fàl air a' chluan.

Thug mi gaol dhuit 's mi òg;
'S bhithinn dìleas ri m' bheò;
Chaidh na saighdean a'm chrìdh',
'G éisdeachd brìodal do bheòil.

O'n nach d'fhuair mi do làmh,
O, cha dual dhomh 'bhi slàn!
Cuiridh 'm bròn mi do'n chill
As nach till mi gu bràth.

Gus an dùinear mo shùil
Anns a' chlò as nach dùisg,
Bidh mo ghaol ort gach là,
Fhir nam blàth-shùilean ciùin.

THA MO GHAOL AIR AIRD' A CHUAIN.*

KEY F.

{ | d :—.d | d : d | m : d | m : s }
Feasgar ciùin an tùs a' Chéitein,

{ | l :—.d' | s : m | r :—.d | l, : d }
'Nuair 'bha'n ialtag anns na speuran,

{ | d :—.d | d : d | m : d | m : s }
Chualaim rìbhinn òg 's i deurach

{ | l : d' | s : m | r :—.d | d :— }
'Seinn fo sgàil nan geugan uain'.

{ | s : l | d' : s | l :—.s | m : s }
Bha a' ghrian 'sa chuan gu sìoladh,

{ | l :—.s | s : m | r :—.d | l, : d }
'S reult cha d'éirich anns an iarmailt,

{ | d :—.d | d : d | m : d | m : s }
'Nuair a sheinn an òigh gu cianail

{ | l : d' | s : m | r :—.d | d :— ‖
"Tha mo ghaol air àird a' chuain."

Feasgar ciùin an tùs a' Chéitein,
'Nuair 'bha'n ialtag anns na speuran,
Chualaim rìbhinn òg 's i deurach
'Seinn fo sgàil nan geugan uain'.
Bha a' ghrian 'sa chuan gu sìoladh,
'S reult cha d'éirich anns an iarmailt,
'Nuair a sheinn an òigh gu cianail,
"Tha mo ghaol air àird a' chuain."

* "Jamie's on the Stormy Seas," translated by "Fionn."

Thòisich dealt na h-oidhch' ri tùirling,
'S lùb am braon gu caoin na flùrain,
Shéid a' ghaoth 'na h-oiteig chùbhraidh
Beatha 's ùrachd do gach cluan.
Ghleus an nigh'nag fonn a h-òrain,
Sèimh is ciùin mar dhrùchd an òg-mhios,
'S bha an t-séisd so 'g éirigh 'n còmhnuidh—
"Tha mo ghaol air àird a' chuain."

Chiar an là is dheàrrs na reultan,
Sheòl an ré measg neul nan speuran,
Shuidh an òigh, bha 'bròn 'ga léireadh,
'S cha robh déigh air tàmh no suain.
Theann mi faisg air reult nan òg-bhean,
Sheinn mu 'gaol air chuan 'bha seòladh;
O, bu bhinn a caoidhrean brònach—
"Tha mo ghaol air aird a' chuain."

Rinn an ceòl le deòin mo thàladh
Dlùth do rìbhinn donn nam blàth-shul
'S i ag ùrnuigh ris an Ard-Righ
"Dìon mo ghràdh 'th 'air àird a 'chuain."
Bha a cridh' le gaol gu sgàineadh,
'Nuair a ghlac mi fhéin air laimh i,
"Siab do dheòir, do ghaol tha sàbhailt,
Thill mi slàn bhàrr àird a' chuain."

The following to be sung to the second half of the melody:—

'S tric fo sgàil nan geugan bòidheach
'Ghleusar duanag ghaolach, cheòlmhor.
'S bith'dh t-séisd so 'g éiridh 'n còmhnuidh
"Thill mo ghaol bhàrr àird a chuain."

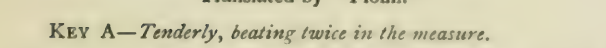
TÀLADH.

AN OLD FAIRY LULLABY.

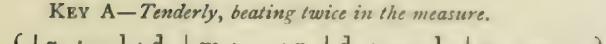
Translated by "Fionn."

KEY A—*Tenderly, beating twice in the measure.*

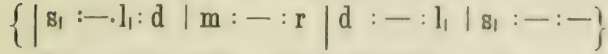
Nam bu leam fhéin thu thàlaidh-inn thu,
Wert thou mine ain I'd fon - dle thee,



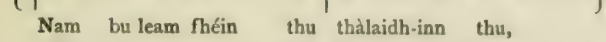
Nam bu leam fhéin thu thàlaidh-inn thu;
Wert thou mine ain I'd fon - dle thee;



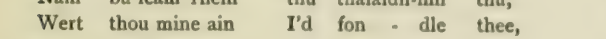
O, nam bu leam fhéin thu dheanainn do bhriodal,
Wert thou mine ain dearie, nae ill wad come near ye;



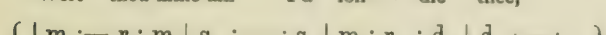
Is nam bu leam fhéin thu thàlaidh-inn thu.
My heart's dearest treasure I'd fon - dle thee.



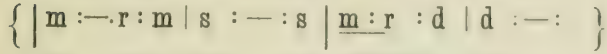
SEISD—Thàlaidh-inn thu 's gu'n tàlaidh - inn thu,
CHORUS—Fon - dle thee, yes, fon - dle thee,



Thàlaidh- inn thu 's gu'n tàlaidh - inn thu,
Fon - dle thee, yes, fon - dle thee,



Dean cad- al mo leanabh, 's mo ghaol agad cheana,
O, sleep noo, my lammie, ne'er fash for your mammie,



A chagair mo chridhe gu'n tàlaidh-inn thu.
My bonnie wee mannie, I'll fon - dle thee.

Nam bu leam fhéin thu thàlaidhinn thu,
Nam bu leam fhéin thu thàlaidhinn thu:
O, nam bu leam fhéin thu dheanainn do bhriodal,
Is nam bu leam fhéin thu thàlaidhinn thu.

SEISD:—
Thàlaidhinn thu, 's gu 'n tàlaidhinn thu,
Thàlaidhinn thu, 's gu 'n tàlaidhinn thu,
Dean cadal mo leanabh, 's mo ghaol agad cheana,
A chagair mo chridhe gu 'n tàlaidhinn thu.

Chunnaic mi seachad mu 'n taca so 'n dé,
Duine mór foghainteach, làidir treun,
Le 'bhogha 's le shaighead,
Le 'sgiath is le 'chlaidheamh,
'S mór m' eagal gu 'n tachair do mhàthair ris.
Thàlaidhinn thu, &c.

TRANSLATION.

Wert thou mine ain I'd fondle thee,
Wert thou mine ain I'd fondle thee;
Wert thou mine ain dearie nae ill wad come near ye;
My heart's dearest treasure, I'd fondle thee.

CHORUS:—
Fondle thee, yes, fondle thee,
Fondle thee, yes, fondle thee,
O, sleep noo, my lammie, ne'er fash for your mammie,
My bonnie wee mannie, I'll fondle thee.

Yesterday even' I heard them say,
A braw and brave gallant gaed by this way,
Wi' bow and wi' arrow,
Wi' sword keen and narrow;
I'm feared that your mammie's awa' wi' him.
Fondle thee, &c.

This sweet and simple *Tàldah*, or song of caressing, is worthy of preservation on account of its inherent beauty, but to me it has a peculiar interest, because I got it from the late Sheriff Nicolson, that gifted son of Skye, who produced one of the most interesting books in the Gaelic language. I refer to his "Collection of Gaelic Proverbs." Writing from Kirkcudbright in October, 1879, Sheriff Nicolson says:—"I have much pleasure in giving you the words of that little *Tàlaah* you inquire for. It is one of the sweetest things I ever heard, and brings moisture to my eyes at this moment crooning it all to myself, partly perhaps, because it reminds me of the kind, genial soul from whom I got it in 1865, the late Rev. John MacDonald, in whose manse of

Harris I stayed for several nights spending the time every night till hours in the morning talking of Gaelic things and singing Gaelic songs. He had a good voice; and I can remember the two of us chanting away at that *Tàladh* together at two in the morning, he pacing up and down the floor and I stretched on a sofa. He was dead within a year of that—from the result of an accident. That is the only *Tàladh* I know that I haven't seen in print."

The *Tàladh* is supposed to have been sung by a good fairy, who, having entered a house, found a baby sleeping in a cradle, its mother having evidently deserted it. The translation is somewhat free, but will be of service to musical readers whose Gaelic education has been neglected.—FIONN.

SHERIFF NICOLSON.

1827-1893.

ALEXANDER Nicolson was born at Husabost, Isle of Skye, in 1827. His early education was obtained in his native parish. He went to Edinburgh, with a view of entering the ministry of the Free Church, but after pursuing his studies for some time at the University, he changed his mind, and left the Church for the Law. He was assistant for some time to Sir William Hamilton in the Chair of Logic of Edinburgh University, and for two years he assisted in reading the lectures for Professor M'Dougall in the class of Moral Philosophy. Mr. Nicolson was called to the Bar in 1860, and in 1872 was appointed Sheriff-Substitute of Kirkcudbrightshire. He filled that office till 1885, when he was transferred to Greenock. Whilst there his health gave way, and he spent a considerable holiday in the Mediterranean. Although he returned much invigorated, he felt unable permanently to discharge his arduous judicial duties, and he retired from office in 1889.

In 1865, the Education Commission, presided over by the Duke of Argyll, appointed him assistant Commissioner to visit and report upon the state of education in the Highlands and Islands. The result of his labours is embodied in a report, which, while imparting valuable information, also forms entertaining reading, and presents a graphic picture of the state of education in the Western Highlands. This report was aptly described by the late Lord Ardmillan, when he said regarding it, that "it was the most readable blue-book ever printed." Sheriff Nicolson was also a member of

Lord Napier's Commission, appointed in 1883, to inquire into the condition of the crofters. He did great service on that inquiry from his knowledge of Gaelic, and the kindly way in which he dealt with witnesses, many of whom, being unaccustomed to Courts, were naturally timid in giving evidence, until they were made to feel at home by Sheriff Nicolson addressing them in their native tongue.

He was a man of intellectual power, scholarly attainments, and great literary taste. His song "The Isle of Skye" was originally composed in English, and afterwards rendered into Gaelic. Both versions are given below. In this lyric, he gives expression to that strong and deep love for his native island, which was one of the most noted features of his character:—

Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome,
I would see them before I die;
But I'd rather not see any one of the three,
Than be banished for ever from Skye!

One of his best known effusions is the march set to the air of "Agus hó Mhórag," in which the doings of the Highland regiments are chronicled in vigorous English verse.

He was the author of a memoir of the late Adam Black, and also one of the editors of the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." His principal contribution to Gaelic literature was an admirable volume of Gaelic proverbs published in 1881. He was a frequent contributor to "An Gaidheal," and other publications, and was one of the Committee appointed by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge for the revision of the Gaelic Scriptures. He had a fervent love for his native Gaelic, and took a prominent part in assisting Professor Blackie to secure the endowment of a Gaelic chair in Edinburgh University. He received the degree of LL.D. from his Alma Mater. Sheriff Nicolson died in Edinburgh on 13th January, 1893.

SKYE.

My heart is yearning for thee, O Skye!
Dearest of islands!
There first the sunshine gladdened my eye,
On the sea sparkling;
There doth the dust of my dear ones lie,
In the old graveyard.

Bright are the golden and green fields to me,
Here in the Lowlands;
Sweet sings the mavis in the thorn-tree,
Snowy with fragrance:
But oh for a breath of the great North Sea,
Girdling the mountains!

Good is the smell of the brine that laves
Black rock and skerry,
Where the great palm-leaved tangle waves
Down in the green depths,
And round the craggy bluff, pierced with caves,
Seagulls are screaming.

Where the sun sinks beyond Hunish Head,
Swimming in glory,
As he goes down to his ocean bed
Studded with islands,
Flushing the Coolin with royal red,
Would I were sailing!

Many a hearth round that friendly shore
Giveth warm welcome;
Charms still are there, as in days of yore,
More than of mountains;
But hearths and faces are seen no more,
Once of the brightest.

Many a poor black cottage is there,
Grimy with peat smoke,
Sending up in the soft evening air
Purest blue incense,
While the low music of psalm and prayer
Rises to Heaven.

Kind were the voices I used to hear
Round such a fireside,
Speaking the mother tongue old and dear,
Making the heart beat
With endless tales of wonder and fear,
Or plaintive singing.

Great were the marvellous stories told
Of Ossian's heroes,
Giants, and witches, and young men bold,
Seeking adventures,
Winning kings' daughters and guarded gold
Only with valour.

Reared in those dwellings have brave ones been;
Brave ones are still there.
Forth from their darkness on Sunday I've seen
Coming pure linen,
And, like the linen, the souls were clean
Of them that wore it.

See that thou kindly use them, O man!
To whom God giveth
Stewardship over them, in thy short span,
Not for thy pleasure!
Woe be to them who choose for a clan
Four-footed people!

Blessings be with ye, both now and aye,
Dear human creatures!
Yours is the love that no gold can buy
Nor time can wither.
Peace be to thee and thy children, O Skye!
Dearest of islands!

THE ISLE OF SKYE.

An Edinburgh Summer Song.

The beautiful isles of Greece
Full many a bard hath sung;
But the isles I love best lie far in the west
Where men speak the Gaelic tongue.
Ithaca, Cyprus, and Rhodes,
Are names to the Muses dear;
But sweeter still doth Icolmkill
Fall on a Scotsman's ear.

Let them sing of the sunny South,
Where the blue Ægean smiles,
But give to me the Scottish sea
That breaks round the Western Isles!
Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome,
I would see them before I die,
But I'd rather not see any one of the three
Than be exiled for ever from Skye!

What are the wonders there,
Stranger, dost ask of me?
What is there not? I reply like a Scot,
For him who hath eyes to see.
But if you're a delicate man,
And of wetting your skin are shy,
I'd have you know, before you go,
You had better not think of Skye!

Lovest thou mountains great,
Peaks to the clouds that soar,
Corrie and fell where eagles dwell,
And cataracts dash evermore?
Lovest thou green grassy glades,
By the sunshine sweetly kist,
Murmuring waves, and echoing caves?
Then go to the Isle of Mist!

The Matterhorn's good for a fall,
If climbing you have no skill in,
But a place as good to make ravens' food
You will find upon Scoor-na-Gillian.
And there you will see at Strathaird
That Grotto of glittering spar,
With its limpid pool, where Mermaids cool
Their brows when they travel from far.

There frowns the dark Coruisk,
Which made the great Wizard wonder,
Even Voltaire might have worshipped there,
Methinks, in the time of thunder;
There towers the wild Cuiraing,
With its battlements grim and high,
And the mighty Storr, with its pinnacles hoar,
Standing against the sky.

Sail round the cliffy west,
And, rising out of the main,
You there shall see the Maidens three
Like Choosers of the Slain;
And go wherever you may,
With a new and deep surprise,
The Coolin blue will fill your view,
And fix your gazing eyes.

Were I a Sovereign Prince,
Or Professor at large in vacation,
I'd build me a tower in the Isle of Skye
At the expense of the Nation;
And there like a Sea-King I'd reign,
But with a more gentle rule—
I'd harry no cattle, nor slay any man,
But I'd drive all the children to school.

There in the bright summer days,
Stretched on the sward I would be,
And gaze to the west on Blaven's crest,
Towering above the sea;
And I'd watch the billowing mist
Roll down his mighty side,
While up from the shore would come evermore
The music of the tide.

And when the sun sinks to his rest,
'Mid glory of purple and red,
There will flash the light of a thousand spears
On Blaven's cloudy head;
And each turreted ridge of black
Is lit with a flame of gold,
As they hang on high, 'twixt earth and sky,
A wondrous sight to behold!

Pleasant it is to be here,
With friends in company,
But I would fly to the Isle of Skye
To-morrow, if I were free!
Dunedin is queenly and fair—
None feels it more than I—
But in the prime of the summer-time,
Give me the Isle of Skye!

AN T-EILEAN SGITHEANACH.

Oran Samhraidh.

(Air eadar-theangachadh leis an Ughdair.)

Air Innsean na Gréig is àill',
  Tha luaidh nam bàrd nach gann;
B' e m' ulaidh-sa riamh na h-Eileanan-iar
  Far an cluinnear cainnt nam beann.
Tha Itaca, Cíprus, is Róds,
  Ionmhuinn le clann nam fonn;
Ach I-Cholum-Chille, 's i gràdh gach filidh
  Chaidh altrum an Alba nan sonn.

Ged 's bòidheach a' ghorm mhuir-dheas,
  Far an cleasaich 'n a neart a' ghrian,
'S ann leam gu'm b' fhèarr bhi coimhead an t-sàil
  A' briseadh air cladach na h-iar.
Beinn Shioin, an Aithne, 's An Ròimh,
  Faiceam mu'n téid mi fo'n ùir,
Ach 's beag mo spéis do bhaile fo'n ghréin,
  An coimeas ri Eilean mo rùin!

Ars an coigreach, a' fiosrach dhiom fhéin,
  "Ciod iad na h-ioghnaidh a t' ann?
"Ciod iad nach 'eil," do fhreagair mi deas,
  "Ma tha sùilean gu faicinn 'nad cheann?"
Ach bheirinn a' chomhairle dhuit,
  Ma 's duin' thu tha meata 'nad chàil,
Ma 's fuath leat fras, na ruith gu bras
  A choimhead air Eilean mo ghràidh!

An toigh leat na beanntan mòr,
  Cruachan 'sna neòil gu h-àrd?
Coireachan, frìthean, dachaidh an fhìreoin,
  'San cluinnear na h-easan a' gàir?
An toigh leat na glacagan grianach,
  Innisean sgiamhach nam bò,
Is uamhan bheir fonn ri guth nan tonn?
  Siubhail gu Innis-a'-cheò!

Tha Matterhorn taght' air son chàs,
  Ma 's àill leat thu fhéin a mhilleadh;
Ach cothrom cho saor a ghiorrach do shaoghail,
  Gheibh thu air Sgùr-nan-gillean.
Air cladach an t-Srath chì thu 'n còs,
Mar gheal shneachd reòidht' gun smàl,
Le lochan dubh fuar, far an tig air uair
  Na maighdeannan-mara a shnàmh.

An Coir-uisg chì thu 'n sud fo dhubh-ghruaim,
Cul'-uamhais measg strith nan dul ;
'Nuair bhriseas an torrunn le fuaim na doininn,
Is mairg nach lùbadh an glùn !
Is chì thu àrd-ioghnadh Chuith-Fhraing,
Le bhaidealan aibheiseach, mòr,
'S an Stòrr cho cas le bhinneinean glas,
Eadar do shealladh 's na neòil.

Stiùir timchioll nan creagan gu h-iar,
Is chì thu ag éirigh 'sa chuan,
Triùir Mhaighdeann Mhic-Leòid a' seasamh gu stòld',
Measg ghàirich ghairbh nan stuadh :
'S ce b' e àite an toir thu do cheum,
Chì thu le ioghnadh ùr,
A' Chuilfhionn ghorm a' leantainn do lorg,
'S a' sàsachadh fradharc do shùl.

'S truagh nach robh mise 'nam thriath
A' riaghladh an Eilean mo chrìdh' !
Thogainn mar b' àbhaist o bhunait Dun-sgàthaich,
Is gainne 'nam thalla cha bhìodh ;
An sud dheanainn suidhe mar rìgh,
'S cha chlaoidhinn mo shluagh gu teann,
Cha togainn creach, 's cha spùinninn neach,
Ach thrusainn do 'n sgoil a' chlann.

'S ann leamsa bu mhath a bhi ann,
'S grian shamhraidh a' lasadh an driùchd,
'Nam shìneadh air feur a' coimhead nan neul,
A' cadal air Blàth-bheinn nan stùc ;
Is chithinn an ceathach a' snàmh,
'S a lùbadh mu shlios nan cruach ;
'S a ghnàth 'nam aire bhiodh fonn na mara,
'Gam thàladh gu foisneach gu suain.

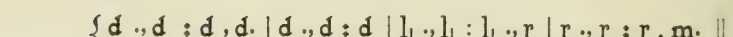
'San fheasgar, 'nuair thèarnas a' ghrian,
Gu rìoghail 'san iar gu tàmh,
Air mullach nam beann mar mhìle lann,
Bidh boillsgeadh nan gathan àigh :
'S gach dubh-sgòrr a' deàrrsadh gu cas,
Fo lannair nan lasraichean òir,
Gu h-àrd 'san speur eadar talamh is nèamh :
Sealladh na maise 's na glòir !

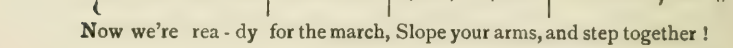
'S taitneach measg chomunn a' bhlàthais,
Bhi suidhe 's mo chàirdean ri m' thaobh,
Ach na'm bu leam iteag, 's mi theicheadh an tiota
Do 'n Eilean Sgitheanach chaomh.
An t-urram aig cathair Dhùn-Eideann—
'S mi fhéin a sheinneadh a cliù—
Ach thigeadh an samradh, 's bidh mise 'nam dheann-ruith,
A' greasad gu Eilean mo rùin !

A HIGHLAND MARCHING SONG.

AIR—"*Agus O, Mhórag.*"

KEY G.





Now we're ready for the march,
Slope your arms, and step together !

CHORUS :—
Agus O, Mhórag !
Hó-ró ! march together !
Agus O, Mhórag !

Keep your fours, and march in order,
Singing chorus altogether.

Lift your heads and step out proudly,
Look not down, or round about you.

He that wears the kilt should be
Erect and free as deer on heather.

When he hears the bagpipe sound,
His heart should bound like steed for battle.

Think of them who went before us,
Winning glory for the tartan !

Vainly did the mighty Roman
Check the Caledonian valour ;

Still from each unconquered glen
Rose the men no yoke could fetter.[1]

With the Bruce they drew the sword,
On the gory field of Bannock.[2]

[1] A.D. 79-420. [2] 24th June, 1314

In the ranks of great Gustavus [1]
With the bravest they were reckoned.

'Neath the banners of Montrose
Like a storm-cloud swept the tartan; [2]

And when fell Dundee victorious,
On Rinroy's blood-stained heather. [3]

On the field of Fontenoy [4]
They held nobly up their banner.

In the steps of Royal Charlie
Many a laurel did they gather,

From the rout on Preston brae
Till the day of black Culloden: [5]

And in Fortune's darkest hour
Closer round him did they rally.

Thy green earth, Ticonderoga,
Keeps their glory fresh for ever. [6]

At Quebec their pibroch shrill
Up the hill went breathing terror. [7]

On the sands of Aboukír
Rang their cheer mid hail of bullets. [8]

When Sir Ralph, the good and brave,
On Iskandria's plain was stricken.

Heedless of life's ebbing tide,
He stood beside his Forty-Second. [9]

Many were their deeds of arms
'Gainst the swarms of Hyder Ali.

The grim fort of Savendroog
They refused not to adventure;

1 1629-32. 2 1644-46. 3 27th July, 1689. 4 42nd, 11th May, 1745.
5 21st September, 1745, to 16th April, 1746.
6 42nd, Fraser's Highlanders (then 78th), Montgomery's Highlanders (then 77th), 7th July, 1758.
7 Fraser's Highlanders, 13th September, 1759.
8 42nd, 79th, 92nd, 8th March, 1801. 9 42nd, 79th, 92nd, 21st March, 1801.

And the dizzy rock they scaled,
Which none dared before or after: [1]

Leaguered close in Mangalore,
Tippoo and his hordes they baffled: [2]

And the Sahib's cruel power
'Neath Seringa's towers they buried. [3]

First of many a field of war,
Where great Arthur ruled the battle,

Do their colours tell the tale
Of the famous fight of Assaye. [4]

So the story is of Maida,
Where the pride of France they levelled. [5]

On Corunna's bloody shore
Their onset gladdened Moore in dying; [6]

And on many a field of Spain,
To their ancient fame they added:

Talavera, [7] Fuentes d'Onor, [8]
Vittoria, [9] Salamanca! [10]

Badajoz, [11] Ciudad Rodrigo, [12]
Pyrenees, [13] and San Sebastian! [14]

When they crossed the Bidassoa, [15]
Still before them Soult retreated:

Nivelle [16]—Nive [17]—Orthes [18]—Toulouse [19]—
Scarce the Muse their steps can follow!

On the slopes of Quatre Bras
The Frenchmen saw them stand unbroken.

1 71st and 72nd, 21st December, 1791.
2 73rd, May, 1783—30th January, 1784.
3 73rd and 74th, 4th May, 1799.
4 74th, 78th, 23rd September, 1803.
5 78th, 4th July, 1806.
6 42nd, 71st, 92nd, 16th January, 1809.
7 79th, 91st, 27-28th July, 1809.
8 42nd, 71st, 74th, 79th, 92nd, 5th May, 1811.
9 71st, 74th, 92nd, 21st June, 1813.
10 74th, 79th, 22nd July, 1812.
11 74th, 6th April, 1812.
12 19th January, 1812.
13 42nd, 71st, 74th, 79th, 91st, 92nd, 28th July, 1813.
14 92nd, 31st August, 1813
15 42nd, 71st, 74th, 79th, 91st, 92nd, 7-9th October, 1813.
16 10th November, 1813.
17 9th December, 1813.
18 26th February, 1814.
19 10th April, 1814.

On the day of Waterloo
The pibroch blew where fire was hottest.[1]

When the Alma heights were stormed,
Foremost went the Highland bonnets;[2]

And before their "thin red line"
The Cossack rider turned and vanished.[3]

When on India's burning plains
Dearly saved was Britain's honour,

Outram, Havelock, and Clyde,
Led the Highlanders to conquest.[4]

Joyful rang the pibroch loud
Through the sounding streets of Lucknow;

And, like angels sent to save,
Came the brave ones to the rescue.[5]

When Ashantee's savage lord
Loosed his dusky hordes for havoc,

Through Adansi's horrid wood[6]
In order good they led the battle;

And their stately tramp awakened
Thy forsaken streets, Coomassie![7]

When we smote the Afghan bold,
As of old there shone the tartan:

From Cabul to Candahar,
Glorious was the march with Roberts:

Nor shall he that war who ruled,
Donald Stewart, be forgotten![8]

On Egyptian sands they bore,
Yet once more, the brunt of battle;

Rushing, with terrific cheer,
On Tel-el-Kebír resistless;[9]

1 42nd, 71st, 73rd, 79th, 92nd, 16th and 18th June, 1815.
2 42nd, 79th, 93rd, 20th September, 1854.
3 93rd, 25th October, 1854. 4 July, 1857—November, 1858.
5 78th, 25th September, 1857. 42nd, 78th, 79th, 93rd, 19th March, 1858.
6 42nd (with 135 of the 79th), 31st January, 1874.
7 4th February, 1874 8 72nd, 92nd, 8-13th August, 1st September, 1880.
9 42nd, 72nd, 74th, 75th, 78th (2 companies), 79th, 13th September, 1882.

As the Red Sea's mountain tide
Swept o'er Pharaoh's pride triumphant!

As it was in days of yore,
So the story shall be ever:

Where the doughtiest deeds are dared,
Shall the Gael be forward pressing:

Where the Highland broadsword waves,
There shall graves be found the thickest.

But when they have sheathed the sword,
Then their glory is to succour;

Hearts that scorn the thought of fear
Melt to tears at touch of pity;

Hands that fiercest smite in war
Have the warmest grasp for brothers;

And beneath the tartan plaid
Wife and maid find gentlest lover.

Think, then, of the name ye bear,
Ye that wear the Highland tartan!

Jealous of its old renown,
Hand it down without a blemish!

Agus O, Mhórag!
Hó-ró! march together!
Agus O, Mhórag!

The air and leading words of the chorus are borrowed from one of the most popular songs of Alexander M'Donald (MacMhaighstir Alasdair), the Tyrtæus of the '45, in which Prince Charlie is addressed as a beautiful golden-haired maiden named Mórag (Little Marion). The peculiar rhyme of the Gaelic (assonance—"march" and "arms," "order" and "chorus," etc.) is imitated. "Mhórag," pronounced "Voerak," is the voc. case of "Mórag," and the three leading words of the chorus mean simply, "And O, thou little Marion!" an impassioned expression of affection towards the young Chevalier.

Pains have been taken to make this composition a correct historical summary of the chief achievements of Highland warriors, from the earliest times to their latest battle. The dates are given in chronological order, with one exception. The Regiments engaged from 1745 to 1815, and the dates, are given chiefly on the authority of General Stewart of Garth. The first edition of the song was made in 1865.—A. N.

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